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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF
GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. LXIV.
OCTOBER, 1896, TO MARCH, 1897.

NEW YORK :
THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
120 WEST 60th STREET.

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1896, Sep 26 - 1897, Feb 27
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THE COLUMBUS PRESS, 120 WEST 60TH ST., NEW YORK.

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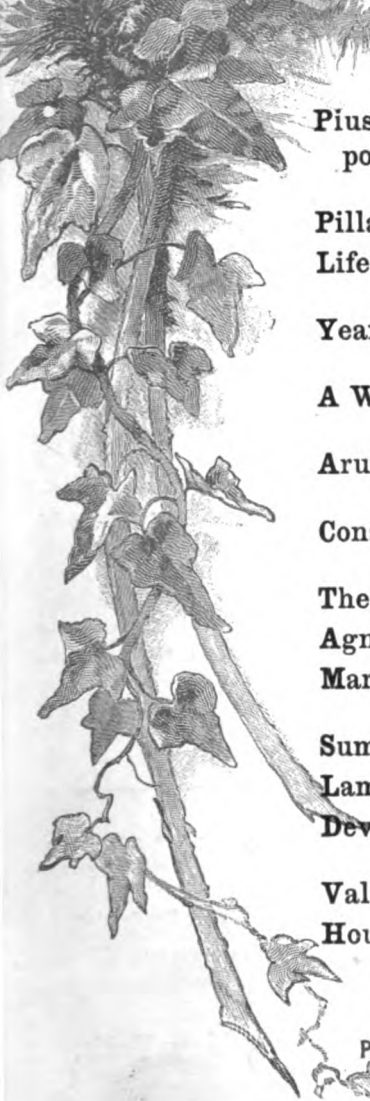
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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

1896 OCT 23

VOL. LXIV.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 379.

PIUS VI. AND THE FRENCH DIRECTORY.—THE
TEMPORAL POWER.

BY RIGHT REV. FRANCIS SILAS CHATARD, D.D.



WE are so much engrossed in the great questions of the period in which we are that no one can find fault with the feeling, spontaneously arising, that one's patience is tried by bringing up things a century old. We confess to having had something of this feeling ourselves when we first saw the title of Monsignor Pietro Baldassari's book: *The Account of the Adversities and Sufferings of Pius VI.* But sober second thought made one reflect that the work was historical, and therefore useful; moreover a brief criticism in a Roman paper told of valuable documentary evidence akin to that which made the memoirs of Cardinal Pacca so interesting, and in fact necessary for the understanding of the great ecclesiastical and religious questions of the latter part of the last and of the early part of the present century. We resolved to send for the work, and were rewarded for our trouble.

The old poet once wrote: "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas." He appreciated the difficulty of finding out the causes of things, and esteemed the man lucky who could succeed in doing so. The same difficulty ever exists, and what

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VOL. LXIV.—I

he said then is true now. Fortunately, circumstances arise, quarrels between governments or between diplomats, a desire to vindicate or exalt a great man, or a broad and noble view of the mode of treating historical questions such as in recent years has manifested itself among the governments of Europe, and has especially been shown by the present reigning Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., and the historian places before the eyes of men the original papers, the "*pièces justificatives*" that lay bare the springs of action, and reveal the true causes of things.

THE REPUBLIC LOOKING FOR A CAUSE OF QUARREL.

All the world knows the animosity of the French Revolution to the Catholic Church, the massacre of many of her priests and the exile of others, that sent to our shores devoted missionaries whose names are in benediction. The Directory that followed the end of the Reign of Terror inherited the hatred, while it condemned the blood-thirstiness, of the *sans culottes*. In 1793, after having treated the church and the pope with arrogance and insult, the Directory insisted that the Sovereign Pontiff should recognize the Republic, and that the arms of France should be erected on the houses of the consular agents of France; a thing not customary where a government had not been duly recognized. In such a condition was France with regard to the pope. Pope Pius VI. did not deem it proper to accede at once to this demand. Whereupon the French agents in Italy, at Naples, and elsewhere resolved to force him to do so. From this attempt came about the killing of Hugo Basseville. It must be stated first that this person was not an accredited agent of the French government. He was in their interest and co-operating with their agents, but was, after having delivered a message to the cardinal-secretary of state from the French agent at Naples, residing in Rome as a private individual to attend to his affairs, as he himself stated.

A SPARK IGNITES THE MAGAZINE.

In the meanwhile the French agent at Naples, though not accredited to the Papal government, sent a message to Cardinal de Zelada, secretary of state to his Holiness, by means of a messenger by name La Flotte. The purport of this communication was that the pope should put no obstacle in the way of the French consul placing the arms of France over the entrance to his residence, he having received an official order

from his government to do so within twenty-four hours. The cardinal-secretary replied that he would lay the matter before his Holiness, and receive his orders. Basseville was with La Flotte when he presented this dispatch on January 12, 1793. La Flotte, full of arrogance, made known to others the purport of his visit, and his determination to see the order to place the arms of France over the door of the consul's house carried out. As a matter of course the news spread like wild-fire, and the people became aroused at this piece of French assumption, and La Flotte and his friends were warned of the danger. They did not heed the warning. To prevent an uprising the government gave orders to have the troops under arms and patrol the city. About an hour before sundown on January 13 La Flotte with Basseville and some others, in a carriage, entered the Piazza Colonna, wearing the tri-color cockade, and one holding aloft a tri-colored streamer. This was the spark that set off the pent-up feeling of the people. Cries were heard, and stones thrown at the carriage. Some one in or near the carriage fired a shot, striking, however, no one. The coachman whipped up his horses and took to flight, followed by the people. The party took refuge in the house of the banker La Moutte. The house was invaded by the excited men, and in one of the rooms Basseville was found with a poniard in his hand. He was attacked. He defended himself as best he could, wounding some one slightly; but in the fight he received a death-wound in the abdomen, from which he died next day, regretting that he had become the victim of a crazy fellow (La Flotte), asking pardon of the pope, and fortified with the sacraments of the church.

This is the fact upon which the further aggressive acts of the Directory and of Napoleon were grounded. The assassination of "the ministers of France" is a phrase which Napoleon permits himself to use in carrying out his unjust and tyrannical measures against the Papacy, notwithstanding the pope had done all he could to satisfy the French government and make it evident that the death of Basseville was the result of a sudden and violent outbreak of popular fury, which his troops had not even time to repress. The consequences were, nevertheless, most serious and disastrous, as we shall see. For this unfortunate occurrence was simply one of those facts of history which, finding a state of feeling already existing, acted as the spark which explodes the political mine and brings on mighty ruin.

INSOLENT LANGUAGE OF THE DIRECTORY.

The business which brought about Basseville's fatal visit to Rome regarded two French artists, Rater, a sculptor, and Chinard, an architect. These two had been gravely suspected of conspiring against the government, and had been arrested. M. Makan, minister of France at Naples, interceded for them, and the men were eventually liberated. The letter which was addressed to the pope by the French government on account of this arrest, and which bears date November 23, 1792, demonstrates the animus of the Directory towards the pope. It begins: "The Provisional Executive Council of the French Republic to the Prince Bishop of Rome." "Some free French citizens, children of art, who by their sojourn in Rome sustain you, and show you their genius and the talents whence comes the honor of which Rome herself boasts, have been by your order subjected to unjust persecution. Arbitrarily torn from their labors, shut up in close prison, pointed out and treated as guilty, whereas no tribunal has pronounced sentence on their crime; or rather, while no reproof can be made them beyond their having expressed their respect for the rights of man, and their love for the country that rewards them, have been marked as victims who are to be sacrificed to despotism and to superstition.

"Certainly if it were lawful to purchase the triumph of a good cause at the expense of innocence, it would be necessary to permit such an excess. The already shaken throne of the Inquisition will totter to its destruction the day it will dare to exercise its fury; and the successor of St. Peter will cease to be a prince the day he will tolerate such a thing. Reason has everywhere made her powerful voice heard; she has awakened in the heart of man oppressed the knowledge of his duties and the feeling of his strength; she has broken the sceptre of tyranny and the talisman of regal dignity. Liberty has become the centre of universal union, and to princes vacillating on their thrones remains only the part of seconding it, if they wish to avoid a violent fall. . . . Pontiff of the Roman Church, and up to the present prince of a state you are about to lose, you can to-day no longer hold it unless by a disinterested profession of those evangelical principles that inspire the purest democracy, the most tender love of man, the most perfect equality: principles with which the successors of Christ clothed themselves only to increase a power that is going to

ruin through age. The ages of ignorance are passed away; henceforth men cannot be subjected save through their being convinced. They can no longer be guided but by the truth, nor can their affections be fixed on anything but their own happiness."

In this impudent fashion did these men speak to the venerable Vicar of Christ; and, confessing that whatever was sound in their own views regarding the rights of man and his nature had been taught by the Old Church, unblushingly accused her rulers of having so taught to selfishly advance their cause and aggrandize their power. Hearing them thus talk of high ethical principles reminds one of the remark of Charles I. when he heard the noble but dissolute instructor of his son advocating the cause of virtue. This letter was signed by Roland, Monge (the regicide), Clavière, Lebrun, Pache, Garat, and the secretary Grouvel.

The above letter was followed by another of like tenor written by Lebrun, minister of foreign affairs, couched in language as insulting. It seems to have no date but that of November of this year, 1792.

JUSTIFICATION OF NO AVAIL.

By order of the pope, Cardinal de Zelada replied in dignified terms to these tirades, reminding the minister of what had occurred in France: of the burning of the pope in effigy in Paris, and of the fact that no reply had been given to the expostulations of the nuncio, who on that account had been obliged to leave France; of the violent seizure of territory belonging to the pope; of the taking down of the Papal arms at Marseilles, their being hung up to a lamp-post (*à la lanterne*), and then being broken into pieces by the mob. The government had taken no step to give satisfaction for this outrage beyond promising a trial. He ended by remarking that marks of honor on the part of nations must be reciprocal, and as France had dishonored the pope and his arms, she could not expect the sovereign of Rome to honor the arms of France. Moreover, the house of the consul at Marseilles had been invaded and searched by two public officials without finding anything to compromise him. The Directory, however, were in no mood to redress wrongs, and the letter failed of any effect then. Its effect has been reserved for history. It was consigned to the French consul in the early part of January, 1793.

Having thus given the state of the relations of the two

governments prior to the appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte upon the scene, we shall find from what follows that the Directory kept on its way of hate and of destruction, and that they had a thorough ally, if perchance more discreet from the fact that he was on the spot, while they were in Paris.

After the battle or skirmish of Lodi Bonaparte entered Milan; no sooner was he master of that city when he issued, on May 23, 1796, a fiery proclamation to his army, in which among other things he said: "There remain other rapid marches to undertake, other enemies to overcome, laurels to gather, insults to avenge. Let those who have sharpened the poniards of civil war in France, who cowardly assassinated our ministers, who burnt at Toulon our vessels, tremble: the hour of vengeance has struck." "To re-establish the Capitol, place there in honor the statues of the heroes who made it famous, awaken the people of Rome, lulled to sleep by so many centuries of slavery, will be the fruit of our victories."

A CAMPAIGN OF LOOT.

On the 7th of May the Directory had sent secret instructions to Napoleon regarding his action against Austria and central Italy. With regard to Pius VI. they write: "If Rome offer to make terms, the first thing to do is to require the pope to have solemn prayers for the prosperity of the French Republic. Some of his fine monuments, statues, pictures, medals, libraries, bronzes, Madonnas of silver, and also bells, will repay us for our outlay."

Pius VI., seeing the storm gathering, bethought him of taking steps to ward it off. For this purpose he sent the Marchese Antonio Gnudi and the Chevalier d'Azara to meet Napoleon and come to an agreement that might prevent the invasion of the Papal States. They reached Milan after the proclamation cited above. They had an interview with Napoleon, who told them that no resolution had been taken regarding Rome. About the same time he told the Marchese Manfredini, who had come to see him in the name of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to give himself no uneasiness, for if any movement of troops took place, it was to be against the Papal States, not against Ferdinand III. of Naples. On the 7th of June he wrote to the Directory: "From the conversation I had this morning with M. d'Azara, the Spanish minister, envoy of the pope, it seemed to me he had orders to offer us contributions. I shall soon be in Bologna. Do you wish me, in return for granting

an armistice to the pope, to accept twenty-five millions (francs) in money, five millions in provisions, three hundred pictures, statues and manuscripts in proportion, and that I cause to be released all patriots in prison on account of the revolution?" Other instructions were also asked for. The Directory, through Carnot, on the 15th of June, wrote approving the plan. Later on the armistice, with its onerous conditions, was accepted, and the French agents sent to Rome took good care that the conditions were fulfilled. In the meantime, in accordance with the second article of the agreement, on granting the armistice, the pope had sent Count Cristoforo Pieracchi, as his minister plenipotentiary to the French government with instructions to recognize the new government of France, with powers to conclude a definite treaty of peace. He gave him also an apostolic letter in the form of a breve, dated July 5, 1796. In this the pope says: "It is a Catholic dogma that principdoms are ordained and erected by the wisdom of God, that men, in the confusion of things, may not find themselves tossed by the waves and overturned like the sea in a storm. Therefore, St. Paul has taught that all power comes from God, and he who resists authority (or power) resists the ordinance of God. That they (the people of France) should take heed lest they be deceived, and under the appearance of piety give to the authors of new things an occasion and pretext to blame the Catholic religion. They should rather obey with alacrity and diligence those who are in command, because by so doing they would discharge a duty due to God; and those at the head of the republic, seeing that the orthodox religion is not seeking to subvert the civil laws, would be led to favor and protect it. They should not listen to any one announcing teaching other than this, saying that it comes from the Holy See."

The Directory, however, did not want peace with Rome. They exacted an impossible condition from the pope, "that he should disapprove, recall, and annul all the bulls, breves, rescripts, admonitions, apostolic charges, etc., emanating from the Holy See from 1789 to the present day." On this being declined, Count Pieracchi was told that negotiations were broken off and his mission was at an end.

It would take too much space to narrate the successive steps that led to the final invasion of the Papal States and to the treaty of Tolentino. The pope turned to Naples for help, and to Austria. He began to prepare for defence, calling his subjects to arms and asking them for assistance. They re-

sponded nobly. But all was of no avail. The French troops crossed the line, and at the Ponte di Faenza routed the Papal troops opposed to them in a skirmish. This was the only action between the two armies, and the enforced treaty of Tolentino was the result. We do not propose to go further than the conclusion of this compact; it would be beyond our scope. What we wish to do is to lay before the reader certain documents of what seems to us of first importance as foreshadowing the history and the trials of the Papacy during the past hundred years. Here are the papers; our few deductions will close this article.

CRAFTY POLICY OF NAPOLEON.

Both the Directory and Napoleon labored to counteract the influence of Rome, of which the latter recorded his opinion in a letter to the former, dated October 8, 1796. Wishing to detach Naples from Rome, he advised speedy peace with King Ferdinand, as such an alliance would be formidable. He says: "Diminish your enemies. The influence of Rome is incalculable. To break with this power has been a very bad step." In consequence of this strong letter of Bonaparte the treaty with Ferdinand was concluded at once. But it was policy, a desire to gain time, not consideration for the pope and the church, that caused any delay in his action against Rome. He strove to isolate the pope, and he succeeded. To gain time, and have his hands free to meet Austria, he carried out his intention of so doing by the following letter to Cardinal Mattei:

"HEADQUARTERS OF FERRARA, October 21, 1796.

"The court of Rome has refused to accept the terms of peace offered by the Directory. It has broken the armistice, suspending the execution of it; it is now arming; it wants war and it will have it. But before looking in cold blood on the ruin and death of those who are senseless and oppose the phalanxes of the Republic, I owe it to my nation, to humanity, to myself, by a last endeavor to bring back the pope to sentiments more moderate, more in conformity with his real interests, his character, and reason.

"My Lord Cardinal, you know the forces and the strength of the army I command. To destroy the temporal power of the pope I have but to will it. Go to Rome; see the Holy Father, and enlighten him with regard to his true interests, etc., etc."

Three days after he writes to the French agent in Rome, Cacault, October 24, 1796: "The Directory gives me the information that you are charged to continue the negotiations with Rome. Keep me informed of what you will do, that I may seize the moment favorable to carry out the intentions of the Directory. You understand well that after the peace with Naples and Genoa, after our harmonious relations with the King of Sardinia, after the recovery of Corsica and our manifest preponderance in the Mediterranean, I shall only await the opportune moment to throw myself on Rome and avenge the honor of the nation; just now the great thing is to gain time, etc."

THE REAL OBJECT OF THE QUARREL.

What the intentions of the Directory were about this time are evident from a letter addressed to Bonaparte on February 3, 1797, by Rewbell, the president of that body:

"The Directory, considering all the obstacles to the stability of the French constitution, are persuaded that the Roman cult is that of which the enemies of liberty can, for a long time to come, make a most dangerous use. Accustomed as you are, citizen general, to reflect, you will certainly have become aware, not less than ourselves, that the Roman religion will always be an irreconcilable enemy of the Republic. . . . Certainly there are means to be used here in France to render, insensibly, void of influence the Catholic religion. . . . It belongs to the government to find them. Nevertheless there is one point, which perhaps is not less essential to reach the desired attainment of that end, *to destroy*, that is if it can be done, *the centre of Roman unity*; and to you, who hitherto have known how to unite the most distinguished qualities of a captain with those of an able statesman, it belongs to fulfil this desire, if you judge it practicable. Wherefore the Directory invite you to do what may seem to you possible . . . in order to destroy the Papal government, placing Rome under another power, or establishing (what would be better) a form of national government that would render odious and contemptible the government of the priests, and *the pope and the Sacred College could have no hope of residing in Rome, and would be obliged to go seek a residence elsewhere, or at least would no more have temporal power.*"

Bonaparte, however, did not judge that the time had come to entirely destroy the temporal principedom of the pope. He

wrote from Macerata, on February 15, to the Directory thus: "I will grant peace to the pope provided he cede his right of property to the Republic of France over the legations of Bologna, of Ferrara and of the Romagna, the Duchy of Urbino and the Marches of Ancona, and pay us, in the first place, the three millions, the value of the treasure of Loreto; in the second place, fifteen millions due on account of the armistice; give up all horses and arms and send away (General) Colli and all the Austrians. If these conditions are not accepted, I will go to Rome. But I prefer to conclude an agreement for the following reasons: First, in this way I shall avoid a discussion with the King of Naples which might become serious. Secondly, if the pope and his principal advisers were to fly from Rome I could not get what I ask. Thirdly, Rome despoiled of her fairest provinces will not be able to subsist long, and the revolution will come of itself. Fourthly, since the Roman court will have ceded all its rights over the said provinces at the general peace, this conquest will not be considered as a momentary success, for it will be a matter definitely settled."

It is hardly necessary to make any comment on these documents; they speak for themselves. Nevertheless, by way of conclusion we may be permitted to present one or two reflections that spontaneously offer themselves.

The first is, that this hatred of Rome and of the temporal power of the popes came from the very condition of things at the time. It was once said in the Italian Parliament that there was no possibility of conciliation between Rome and Italy, because the constitution of Italy was but the substance of the condemned propositions of the Syllabus. The French Revolution was the incarnation of infidelity and of deism. The mutual essential opposition of naturalism and of revealed religion necessarily gave rise to the ideas expressed by Rewbell and by Napoleon. Reason had been deified, religion had been cast out, Freemasonry had done its work.

FREEMASONRY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CONSPIRACY.

We note another interesting fact: that the plan the revolution has been carrying out during the past century, from 1796 to 1896, was thoroughly laid out by the French Directory speaking through Rewbell, the president—the destruction of the centre of Roman unity, by taking away the temporal power of the popes. What is the reason that there has been such

consistency in carrying out this means to an end deemed so efficacious in overthrowing the Catholic Church? The answer is an easy one. The secret societies conceived the idea, and set the machinery in motion. A moral body, the sect of Freemasonry does not die. It lives on to carry out its purpose, and the same spirit it had in 1796 it has had during the whole century, and it has it to-day; and the proof of this is before our eyes in the complete spoliation of the pope, who, from September 19, 1870, to this day has remained a prisoner in the Vatican, out of which, during these twenty-six years just passed, he has never put his foot. It seems to us that what is revealed by the letters just quoted should convince us that if the clear insight of the avowed enemies of the Catholic Church made them appreciate the importance of "destroying the centre of Roman unity," by doing away with the temporal power of the pope, Catholics should appreciate the importance of preserving the centre of Roman unity by the restoration of the temporal power. It is useless to cry out against this, that the times are not suited to the restoration of the temporal power. Who made these times such as they are? Naturalism, hostility to Catholicity on the part of non-Catholic churches, unconsciously sympathizing with the efforts of naturalism, and finally indifference on the part of Catholics to their religion, the assistance of which they care not to have during health, but earnestly seek in time of sickness or when in danger of death.

THE DUTY OF CATHOLICS.

As for the times, are free institutions going to take possession of all the kingdoms of the earth? For our part we do not feel justified in answering affirmatively. One thing is certain: there is nothing intrinsically evil in a monarchical form of government, and the present Pontiff has explicitly said that there is no special form of government that has the monopoly of right, and that the form of government is best which, the law of justice being observed, best suits the people who are to live under it. Italy is a kingdom. It was not a republic despoiled the pope; it was a kingdom, backed by an empire, both obeying the behests of Freemasonry. This is the simple truth that cannot be gainsaid. In view of this we see no incongruity in the restoration of the Pope to his sovereign temporal power; while, with the Freemasons of France and of Italy, we recognize the possession of that temporal power as of vital

importance for the maintenance of Roman or Catholic unity. How such a restoration is to come about it is not in the power of any one to say, nor can the form of that temporal sovereignty be outlined. Moreover it pertains to the Sovereign Pontiff himself, when the time comes, to say what it is to be, what he will accept, and what he will refuse. The part of a good Catholic is complete harmony of view with the Vicar of Christ in what vitally affects the interests of the church; a harmony of which in these days of ours we have had a noble and grand example in the Catholics of Germany, led on by their distinguished leader, Windthorst, when, in obedience to the wishes of Pope Leo XIII., they laid aside their opposition to the Septennat, thus gaining, as far as could be, the good will of the Emperor and of Prince Bismarck.

NAPOLEON'S FAULTS AND MERITS.

As for Napoleon, though he was at first an instrument of the French Revolution, and is shown by this work of Monsignor Baldassari to have been a man of undoubted duplicity, it is generally said he never lost his faith. We believe this. He forgot his duties to it, and warred against the pope; and God, in his mercy, chastised him for it, perhaps in reward for what he did for religion in France, once he became its ruler. It is human to err, and men are very human. We may cast a veil of pity over their wrong-doings, and give them praise for what they did well. So with Napoleon, as we see him in the bitterness of his trials condemning himself for what he did wrong, we may look only to the many good deeds performed for the preservation of the greatest gift God has given to man, the faith and hope that for these he has received an eternal reward.



PILLARS OF SALT.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M.A.



It is the day of the convert. How to make one, how to develop him when made, then how to make more converts—these, it would seem, will presently be the questions most discussed by the Catholic press. There possibly was never a time before when one heard so much about non-Catholics as such. Nor, indeed, is this to be wondered at in view of the growing company of pilgrims pouring across the Campagna of bleak negation, by every highway, into the Eternal City.

"All roads lead to Rome"—eventually. The world is likely to find this out quite soon, thanks to the new sign-posts which Leo XIII. is setting up. Every encyclical of his is one, and set up, too, at the perplexing cross-roads of our modern thought.

It may be that his reign will most be celebrated in the days to come because of just this motley concourse of those whom his compelling love has won to God: strangers at Rome, and proselytes innumerable, and the dispersed.

At all events, it is a time of conversions and of converting energy. Hence the peculiar prominence given the subject. To every phase of it attention has been called not only by newspapers published by Catholic authority, but (in a different temper) by the non-Catholic religious press.

The latter frequently has that to say which, ludicrous as it must seem to us, nevertheless throws light on, let us not say the facts, but what is quite as useful, namely, their own interpretation of phenomena which from our safe, near side seem clear enough.

Of late, for instance, it has become the fashion among these journals to say of converts,

"Leave them alone,
And they'll come home," etc.

The Episcopalian Bo-Peep, whose sheep are for ever being lost in the adjoining Papal pastures, does presently much comfort herself with the above refrain. So much so, indeed, is she sustained by that hope that the editor of her foremost paper, in

commenting upon the return of a "pervert" the other day, jauntily declared that "most all of them return, anyhow, after a year or two."

We know, as does also the reverend editor, that hope and prejudice between them beget a delicious indifference to facts, and that nothing is easier than hasty generalizing, unless, perhaps, hateful generalizing. At Charleston the first earthquake seemed an awful exception; the second shock had a familiar look; the third fixed the earthquake habit, and for months the negroes looked for the cataclysm as regularly as for sunrise.

Given our cat and another cat on the roof, and the imagination of the boy at once prompts the statement of the old nursery tale, "There must be a million cats on our roof." Editors *will* be boys.

No, not "most" converts fall away. One can count those that do, but not those that do not. Moreover, such a spiritual revulsion is quite the most inexplicable movement that one sees. It stands out above and apart from the conceivable; it is exceptional, singular, disquieting. Hence two, three, half a dozen cases, and our editor flies off into his "most of them."

Not most! Infinitesimally few. But inexpressibly saddening these few, are they not? And full, moreover, of significance to us and our day of convert-making.

To the average Catholic mind it seems strange beyond all else that devout men and women, earnestly striving to face God and the light, can live and die outside the church. How utterly beyond comprehension must it seem, therefore, that any one who has once passed the stormy trials inseparable from a conversion to the Truth, can deliberately retrace his steps and choose again the city of confusion for his soul's abode! And yet this "looking back" to the abandoned city does occur at times, and the ineffably sad spectacle is seen of some one hurrying across the plain to enter once again the very Sodom or Gomorrah from which he had but yesterday escaped with fear and anguish!

When these relapses shock us by their nearness to us we feel, as possibly at no other time, our Blessed Lord's swift, terrible injunction: "*Remember Lot's wife!*" But to no Catholic can these pathetic derelictions speak as to such Catholics as have themselves come from the desolation that is doubt. The present writer knows no subject quite so full of pain, no problem so perplexing and saddening withal. A few thoughts bearing on it may not be now amiss.

First of all, then, the reasons commonly assigned for these reversioners are superficial and anything but charitable. We hear that "So-and-So," having "turned Catholic" a year ago, has just thought better of his ill-digested step and has returned to his former church. And in explanation we are told that he had found that all is not gold that glitters; that he has found things behind the scenes not as fair as in front of the foot-lights; that now that the glamour and tinsel are seen close by, their cheapness is discovered; and that "the human element" under saintly robes and back of spectacular mysteries has now been felt too palpably!

The re-vert who declares these reasons have actuated him only echoes the statements of an unthinking world—or, if he does so earnestly, degrades himself unspeakably.

Either in leaving his first position or in deserting his new he confesses that he has acted in the most humiliating lack of the only motives which can for a moment be held sufficient for so unspeakably important a step.

Look at it. It is inconceivable that any one would think at all of putting every sacred tie in life to the perilous strain involved in a change of faith except for some compelling, fundamental, vital reason. A conversion to the Catholic religion means, usually, the giving shame, heart-ache, anxiety to parents, friends, fellow-Christians. It involves the repudiation of all that is held sacred by those who love one most. It scandalizes, disturbs, disgusts those whose respect has been one's chiefest measure of satisfaction. It seems to be a betrayal of honor in its very soul, when the convert is called and thought to be a priest of God. And—since man is still an animal—it nearly always costs him suffering. In nearly every instance it means a loss of comfort, influence, respect, money! Therefore it would most certainly not once be thought of but for the voice within which will not down. Some lofty, powerful reason must be sought for a self-injury so grievous.

The Holy Spirit moves in many ways. Perhaps no two recount the same impelling motives; but surely, coming from whatever point, the panting pilgrims when they fall within the bosom of the dear old church *all* know and say that they have come from doubt, confusion, and uncertainty, in quest of the "*City which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.*" Yes! they have come for these two things—Certitude and the Presence! For these only was the sacrifice made; these alone were before father or mother or wife or lands or houses.

Nor is it conceivable, furthermore, that a man could take the awful responsibility, and inflict and incur so much pain, unless the *negative untenableness* and untruthfulness of his present position had first prompted the search for the positive good of some other. Only after the heart has starved, and the soul has fainted, and the mind grown bewildered by the discord and godlessness of a church, is it to be thought possible that a man can think of escape. Even then he searches diligently for *reasons for remaining*; he calls aloud for some one to comfort and to reassure him. Oh! the pitiful clinging to the house where one's faith lies dead. Oh! the hungering quest of those who, though abiding in the tents of their fathers, "*show plainly that they seek a country.*"

They remain, God knows, till they cannot; some even till they die. To those whose escape we take note of comes an hour when they must go!

Now, is it credible that one so harassed and constrained by the lack of truth where he is, and having—at infinite cost and pain—sought it in the despised Nazareth of Catholicity, can for any of the commonly alleged causes *return* to the city of the plain? Never!

And yet some do return. Why? God only knows! But that a soul so turning back can possibly be anything less pitiful than was Lot's wife I cannot think. Pillars of Salt, at best, whose bitterness is this—they found no refuge.

Of these are also doubters, troubled souls, who for some cause have not received that "*Margarita preciosa*"—Faith! These re-verts stand out from the dreary plain quite the most needy of our prayers and pity.

Think of it! Theirs was no soul to take its ease amid the Babel of confusion and the death of truth. They heard and heeded when the Voice bade them flee! They broke their very heart-strings for the sake of Truth, and fled from home and friends and good repute. And we rejoiced to see them reach our sweet walled city. And then, to our unutterable amazement, we saw them leave. Whither? Apparently to go whence they had come; but fancy to what bitterness the soul has sunk when, having thought God had a place and home where man could know him, it has come to think there is not such a place nor home—and so, heart-sick, chagrined, plods back to that which was a hell of torments. The man may reach it—his joy and peace do not; they are congealed, a very monument of dried-up tears, there on the trackless plain. God pity them!

All this talk about "the human element in the church" scandalizing the raw convert, and the disappointment on finding human nature under Catholic conditions, is nonsense. As if there were any lack of the human element in the Protestant denominations! I was constantly amused when I was first thrown with Catholics, after becoming one myself, by their efforts to explain and apologize for this human element, finding myself thought to be a very tender, not to say squeamish, sort of a Miss Nancy who would be shocked by the downright common sense and lack of cant found, thank God! among Catholics.

So far from this precious human element scandalizing the recent convert, I believe that nothing is more refreshing than this very naturalness of Catholicity, after the long suffocation, artificiality, and emotionalism of Protestantism. Poverty, plainness, simplicity, bluntness, downrightness are glories, and they seem so to the convert fresh from the plush and unction of official Protestantism.

Nor can we find any sufficient reason for a relapse in the experience of the convert as a practical Catholic. No. There is one reason—his faith is dead. It was given to him; he has lost it. What can he learn of the history of the church, of the doctrines, of the life, after becoming a Catholic, that he could not before? Nothing. In fact, it is beyond belief that any one could possibly endure the throes of a conversion, unless and until all that is included in the Catholic faith burned itself into the conscience as God's inexorable truth. What happens is the death of faith. And so the wretched soul creeps back to the familiar faces and accustomed scenes of the old Babel from which while faith remained he fled at any and all costs!

It is not logical to say "he found Rome wanting, therefore he returned"; for he did not seek Rome till all else failed. Does the Episcopalian din turn into God's own order during the temporary absence of some convert? Certainly not. Why, then, return? Ask of Lot's wife.



LIFE AND DEATH IN CORSICA.

BY J. WISEMAN KEOGH.

"À l'odeur seule je devinerai la Corse les yeux fermés."—*Napoleon.*

O those who have once visited Corsica this well-known saying of the greatest among her many great sons at once vivifies past memories. The scent of the multitudinous aromatic plants of the deep and flowery brushwood—the Corsican *maquis*—is so strong that it is often perceptible many miles out to sea. It is this *maquis* which yields shelter to Corsica's famous, and still existing, bandits. The Corsican system of brigandage is (and more especially *was*) very different from that of Italy, Sicily, and Greece. Originally it had nothing to do with robbery; and the Corsican outlaw still takes to the *maquis*, not for the sake of plundering indiscriminately but because he has put himself under a legal ban. He has committed murder, in obedience to the strict code of honor of his country. His victim may have been his family's hereditary foe, or his own enemy, of yesterday's making; but if there were an insult or a blood-feud to avenge, ancient or recent, Corsican opinion holds that the avenger has fulfilled a duty, rather than committed a crime. The frame of mind that rules the laws of the vendetta is not difficult to realize for any one who has entered into the spirit of continental armies, of German students' corps, or of polite society in the English duelling days.

In one period of thirty years—1821 to 1850—there were no less than 4,319 murders in Corsica. The duel recognized a hostile meeting and bloodshed as the only "remedy" for deep insult. The Corsican code is infinitely more deadly, because the last victory always calls for renewed violence. This terrible vendetta has been attributed to two principal causes: the first, early misgovernment (under Genoese rule redress for wrongs was almost unattainable, and private vengeance for homicide or insult was the natural consequence); the second, the Corsican's immemorial custom of wearing arms in everyday life. This habit led to the bloody termination of many a quarrel.

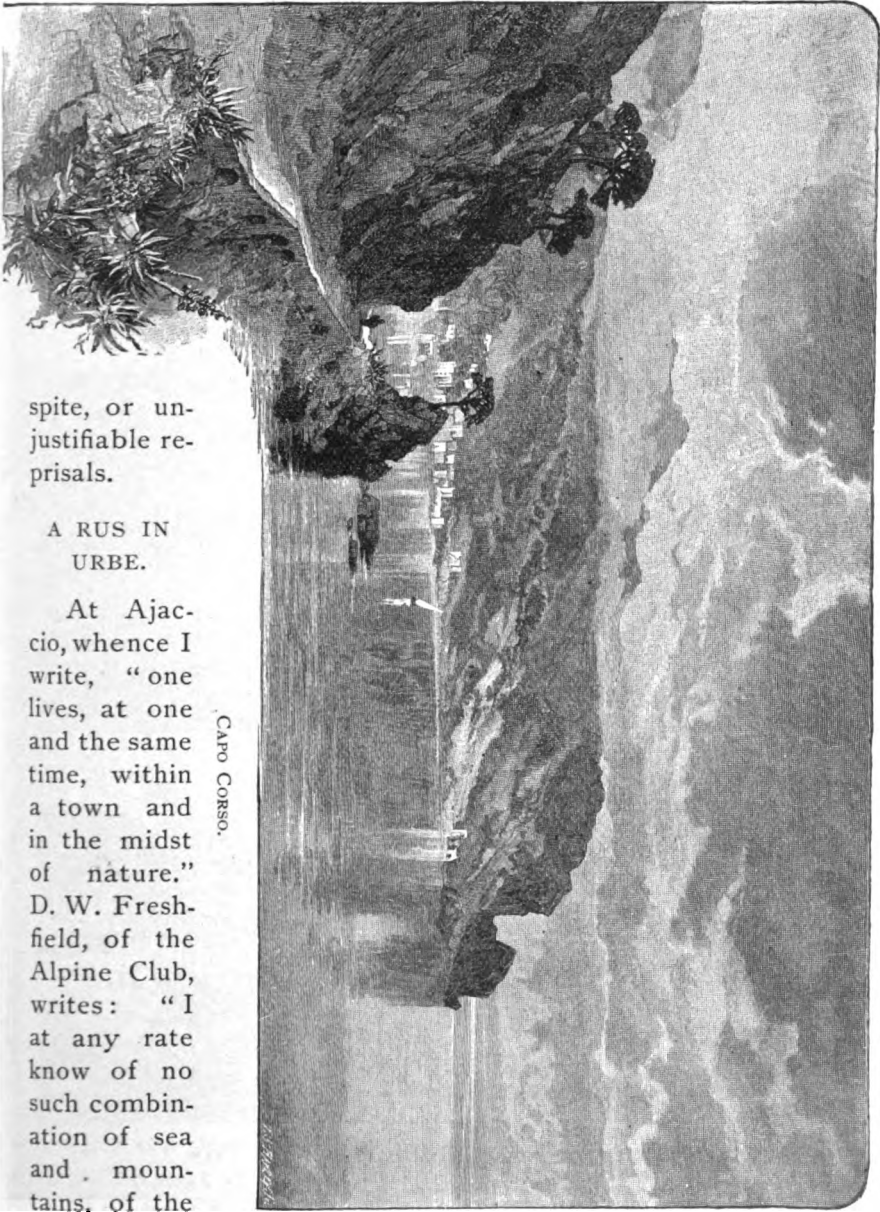
The vendetta, alas! is fast losing much of what has been called its "ancient morality." It is often now a cloak for mere

spite, or unjustifiable reprisals.

A RUS IN
URBE.

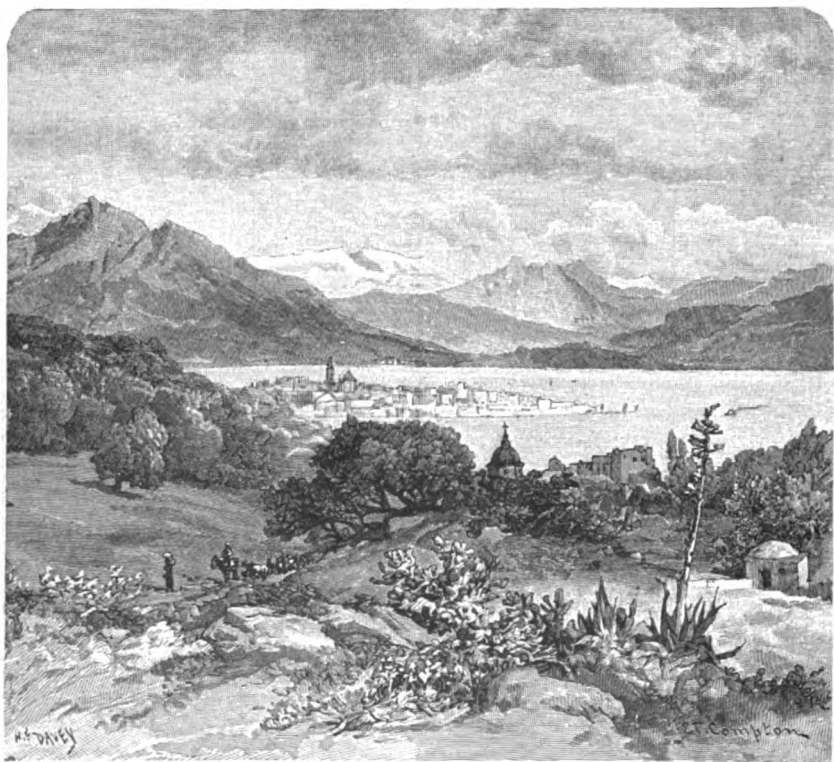
At Ajaccio, whence I write, "one lives, at one and the same time, within a town and in the midst of nature." D. W. Freshfield, of the Alpine Club, writes: "I at any rate know of no such combination of sea and mountains, of the sylvan beauty

of the north with the rich colors of the south; no region where within so small a space nature takes so many sub-



CAPO CORSO.

lime and exquisite aspects as she does in Corsica." The bay of Ajaccio resembles a vast Italian lake. "From the snow-peaks of the interior to the southern extremity of the bay," says a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "peak succeeds peak, and ridge rises behind ridge in a line of wonderful variety and beauty, while the sea below is blue and rarely troubled. In the early morning Monte d'Oro sparkles like a Monte Rosa with its fresh snow. In the evening violet and purple tints, and the golden glow of Italian sunset, add a new lustre to this fairy-land. In fact the beauties of Switzerland and Italy are curiously blended in this landscape." The town itself is simply a healthy, fairly well-appointed winter resort, the only one in Corsica offering the comforts, or even the mere accommodation,



THE BAY OF AJACCIO RESEMBLES A VAST ITALIAN LAKE.

needful for a lengthened stay. The "Cours Grandval," or strangers' quarter, possesses some good hotels; one of which is really excellent, and both for beauty of position and for comfort can quite hold its own with any on the Continent.

Private dwellings are few and difficult to obtain. The older town, the principal streets excepted, is very dirty; and it is really inconceivable how a prosperous municipality, anxious to attract strangers, can tolerate its present condition. The



GROTTOES OF BONIFACIO.

interior of the island is in many parts also of great beauty. Valleys of alpine verdure are succeeded by tracts of chestnut woods, or pine and beech forests. Large parts of the country are left in their primeval wildness. In spring peach and almond blossoms abound, and the roadsides are bordered with asphodel and violets. The *maquis* blazes with cistus flowers, red and silver; and golden brown mixes with the dark purple of the great French lavender. Over the whole mass of blossoms wave plumes of Mediterranean heath and sweet-scented coronilla. At this season, indeed, the home of the bandits is fair to look upon.

A CORSICAN EXECUTION.

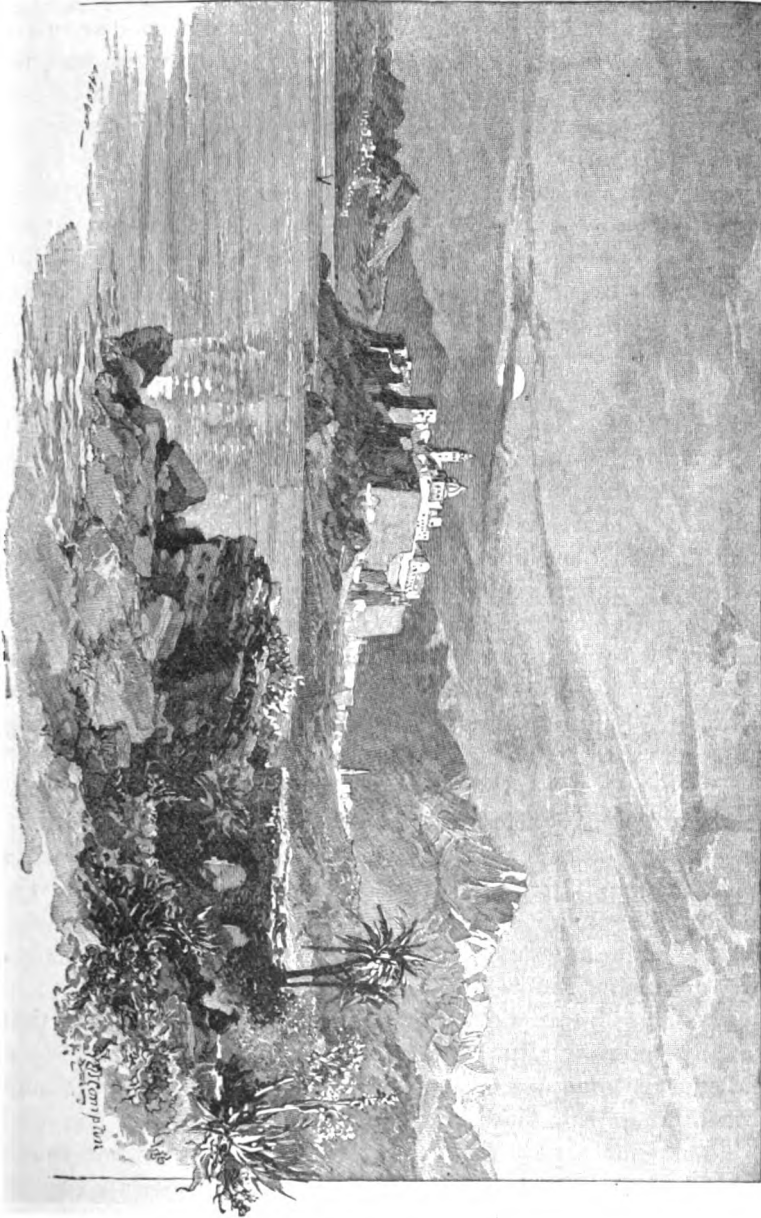
Ajaccio had been astir from 3 A. M. The crowd and the cries were increasing under the windows, and I dressed and

sallied forth in the gray dawn to examine a historical machine about which I felt some curiosity—the guillotine. Deibler, his son, and two assistant executioners had just erected it. A platform stood on the ground, on a level with the lowest step in the flight leading up to the court-house. On this platform is the important *bascule*, the movable portion which jerks the condemned into position. And the *lunette*, which supports his neck at the proper angle to the great knife. Above the platform rises the gibbet-like structure from which descends the bevelled steel blade. Below the *lunette* stands the black box, half full of sawdust, ready to receive the head. The *bascule* drops the headless trunk of the victim into a long, black, wicker, coffin-like receptacle, which is also half filled with sawdust. As I walked toward the ghastly scaffold, outlined upon a whitening sky, a bridal procession streamed out into the street. The niece of our *femme de ménage* had been married at the *mairie* the day before. The local custom ordains that feasting and dancing shall be kept up between the time of the civil ceremony till about the hour for the couple to go to be married in church. The bride swept the muddy street with her trailing white wedding dress. A procession of maids and bachelors followed her. The roadway afterwards wore trace of their passage like the track of an English brush-fitted mud-cart. The wedding guests looked rather wan and weary in the gaslight and the dim dawn.

A few steps nearer the guillotine the last noisy revellers from a masked ball were pouring into the thronged street. Some still wore their dominoes. Some were dressed as *Pierrots* and others had various flimsy calico disguises. All the doorways and windows, as well as the thoroughfares, were crowded with the people drawn by the grim spectacle of an execution. Presently the wedding guests, the masked keepers of carnival, and the throng of Ajaccions, were driven forward, and to right and left, by a large body of soldiery, marching, as it seemed, with muffled tread. Till the soldiers came the crowd had yelled greetings to distant acquaintances; had argued loudly; and protested against neighbors' encroachments; the half-tipsy masks had shouted snatches of song, and had taken noisy farewell of each other. Had not Bonelli's execution been watched for daily during the last three weeks? The feeling was abroad that Sunday morning might furnish the morbidly curious with their twenty-second disappointment. He might be reprieved. But with the quiet appearance on the scene of the two hundred

soldiers a change came over the spirit of the crowd. Men held their breath ; and women, of whom there were a majority,

CALVI.



became silent and awe-struck. Not having any turn for slaughter-house sights, I was leaving the *Place Palais de Justice*

when some gentlemen at a window beckoned me, insisting vehemently that I should come to where they stood. It took some time to thread my way through the crowd in the street, through a tightly packed entrance, and then an equally full hall, and when I found myself face to face with the men who had summoned me with such insistence, the troops had formed three sides of a square facing the steps of the court-house, and surrounding the scaffold; mounted *gendarmes* were posted at intervals; the prison door opened, and Bonelli appeared, preceded by the prison chaplain, holding aloft a crucifix. The executioner and his assistants issued forth from the same door at the same time. Prompted by an irresistible impulse, officers and officials all uncovered as the condemned man passed. The priest prayed and exhorted. The unfortunate man responded. He walked as firmly as is possible to one whose hands are tied behind his back, and further attached by a cord to one heel. Bonelli fixed his eyes upon the uplifted cross. It was broad daylight now, and there were floods of early sunshine. The man was handsome, tall, lithe, and thirty years of age. His bare breast was startlingly white. A growth of soft dark beard fringed his chin. His face was pale. The upward glance gave his countenance a lightsome, inspired expression; and I was compelled to think as I looked at him of a mediæval saint, painted by some great Italian master.

He advanced as rapidly as his constrained position permitted. When he appeared there was one great sobbing cry from the crowd. Then a perfect stillness fell.

The chaplain embraced the prisoner in farewell; a jerk from the assistant executioners placed him, face downwards, upon the *bascule*; another touch was needed to bring the head to the precise spot in the *lunette*. Deibler touched a lever, and the glittering knife severed the neck. From his prison door to step to instantaneous death was the affair of a moment—one long, agonizing moment for the spectators.

The first impression was one of wonder and relief that the death penalty could be exacted so mercifully, so decently. And every soul present seemed to live through the supreme moment in unison with the condemned man.

There was a sort of gasp, or groan, which went round the dense crowd when all was over, and then a solemn silence fell. The crowd broke up, white-faced and deeply impressed. What a contrast the street presented (as I made my way home) from its early aspect, with the gaping populace, the somewhat faded

and weary wedding procession, and the noisy revellers from the ball!

The crime for which Bonelli suffered was the murder of a beggar-man, whose half-burned remains he tried to pass off as



ON THE ROAD TO BASTIA.

the corpse of Casanuova, or "Cappa," a bandit on whose head the authorities had set a price. A cowardly and sordid crime, in which it was impossible to believe while I gazed at the comely young fellow, who had left the army with the rank of non-commissioned officer, who was a municipal councillor, a householder, and the father of a family.

DISPUTATIVE PREACHING—PLANTING THE CROSS.

I was in Ajaccio cathedral when a charming old lady—pretty and sprightly though white-haired—came towards me whispering: "Will you help us to *plant the cross*? There is no fund available for such a purpose. It rests with us ladies to collect a sum." I had then no notion what "planting a cross" meant, but speedily discovered that a new cross is erected wherever a "mission" has been held. Six members of a preaching order had taught, held conferences, and lectured during Lent. During the Easter holidays they gave "Dialogues" every evening in the cathedral. Their plan is this: one of the reverend brethren mounts the pulpit; another is seated in one of the canons' stalls. As soon as the congregation inclines to be drowsy the cleric in the stalls takes objection to something that has fallen from the pulpit. Politely, but with decision, he protests that

the preacher goes too far. Instantly the congregation wakes up, and is attentive to the very end. Let us say the sermon is against theft. The preacher has been ten minutes laying down the law in a rich southern voice. The day's end is near; the light is dim. Soft sleep has settled on several of those present. A new voice from another quarter cries: "Pardon me, rever-



ASCENT OF MONTE CINTO.

end brother, but is it not straining the law to say *every* theft is sinful?" The preacher quotes: "Thou shalt not steal." The objector continues: "Supposing I take, meaning to give

back." "Borrowing may be lawful" is the reply—with a dissertation on the "borrowing" that is *not* lawful. And the lax view is upheld spasmodically from the choir-stalls until the



A PITEOUS PICTURE OF THE OLD BEREAVED MOTHER.

objector is forced behind his entrenchments, whence he hurls a case: "Suppose I am starving in a rich master's house; may I not lawfully take food enough to save my life?" Whereupon

the preacher says : " Here enters the duty of self-preservation and the rights of labor " ; whereupon both clerics admit that they are of one mind as to essentials, but that there is a slight margin of difference open to theologians, even in the matter of theft, and amongst those high above all suspicion of unorthodoxy. Then the occupant of the pulpit sums up, and perorates without further interruption. The preaching campaign wound up on Low Sunday with a remarkable procession, intent upon cross-planting. The new cross was first erected on a platform on the Place du Diamant, the great square where Napoleon rides in effigy, with his four brothers (who were kings of his creating) walking, two at either side.

Ten men carried the cross northward to the little church of St. Lucie, above the railway station. The procession was headed by the clergy of St. Roch parish, with their red-robed acolytes, cross-bearer, and *suisse* (a verger in effective livery and cocked hat). Next followed the various guilds, or confraternities, in their parti-colored " habits " ; and after them came several hundred school children. Behind these walked the missionaries, local priests, the students of the clerical college ; and next came the great cross itself. The municipal band marched after this monument, and was immediately followed by the chapter of the cathedral, preceded by a unique specimen of a sacristan—an old man in skull-cap and dressing-gown-like garment, trimmed with broad red bands down the front. The venerable bishop, crozier in hand, followed his canons. The whole population " processed " too ; and the windows overlooking the Cours Napoléon were gaily decorated with bed-quilts, colored tablecloths, carpets, and odds and ends. Such is the local notion of high state and ceremony !

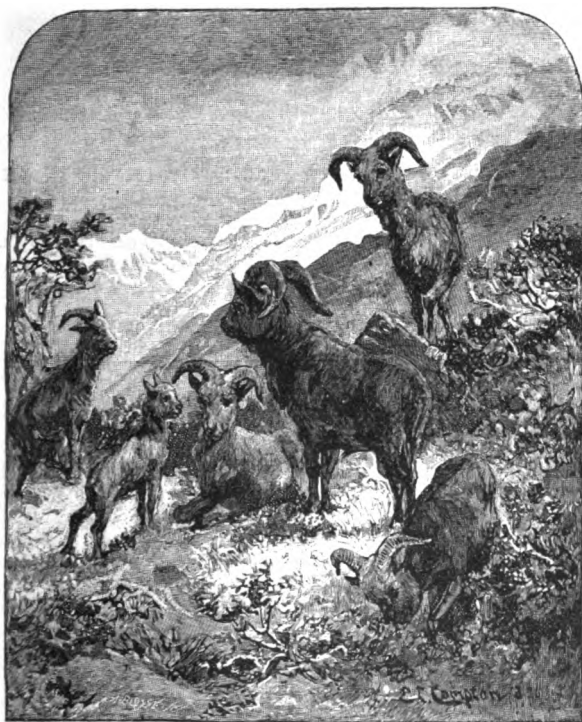
THE VOCERO.

Some years ago I heard the Irish Caoine, now so rare. There was talk of war in Africa, and some artillery militia from Waterford were ordered to Malta. To the ignorant women this meant little short of certain death to their sons, husbands, or brothers. And the railway station for a whole hour rang with the Caoine. It was most painful to hear, and my ears can still recall the sound.

Among the old Corsican customs, which are fast dying out, is the *Vocero*, or funeral chant, improvised by women over the bodies of the dead. This dirge is not unlike the Caoine, but it can be fiercer, to match the ferocious temper and savage pas-

sions of this strange race—a song pouring forth vengeance and imprecation. At times, again, it shows tenderness and poetical imagination difficult to surpass. Many of these *Voceri* have been written down and preserved.

Imagine a cheerless house in the mountain village of Bocognano, overshadowed by mournful chestnut-trees, and the corpse of a murdered man lying inside. "The *Gridata*," or wake, is assembled in a dark room. On a wooden board, called *tola*, the corpse is stretched, and round it are women, veiled in the black-blue mantle of Corsican costume, moaning and rocking



MOUFFLON.

on their chairs. Round the room are men with savage eyes—armed and keen for vengeance. The dead man's musket and pistol lie beside him, and his bloody shirt is hung up at his head. Suddenly, above the groans and muttered curses, rises a sharp cry. A woman starts up—the sister of the dead man. She seizes his shirt, and, holding it aloft, gives rhythmic utterance to her grief and rage. "I was spinning, when I heard a great noise. It was a gun-shot, which went to my heart. I

ran to the room above. I took the blow to my breast. He is dead; and there is nothing to give me comfort. Who will undertake his vengeance? When I show thy shirt, who will vow to let his beard grow till the murderer is slain? Who is there left to do it? A mother near her death? A sister? Of all our race there is only left a woman, without him; and a poor orphan, a girl! Yet oh, my brother! never fear; for thy vengeance thy sister shall suffice! Give me the pistol; I will shoulder the gun. My brother, heart of thy sister, thou shalt be avenged!" And, still fiercer in her maledictions, she prays Christ and all the saints to extirpate the murderer's whole race; to shrivel it up till it passes from the earth!

But all the *voceri* are not so murderous. Some have been composed for unwedded girls. Perhaps the best of these dirges is one which celebrates the death of a certain Romana. It is a pretty picture of the girl: "Among the best and fairest maidens, you were like a rose among flowers; like the moon among stars; so far more lovely were you than the loveliest. The youths in your presence were like lighted torches, but full of reverence; you were courteous to all, but with none familiar. In church they gazed at you, but you looked at none of them; and after Mass you said, 'Mother, let us go!' Oh! who will console me for your loss? Why did the Lord so much desire you? But now you rest in heaven, all joy and smiles; for the world was not worthy of so fair a face. Oh! how far more beautiful will Paradise be now!" Then follows a piteous picture of the old bereaved mother, to whom a day will seem a thousand years. She must wait for death that she may again join her darling.



YEAR AT OCTOBER.

BY EDWARD A. UFFINGTON VALENTINE.



WAS red October's ruined reign :
Leaves a-falling ;
Swallows calling, calling,
Through the wild winds of the
year ;

'Twas October, blear and bane,
Who, with torches lurid-bright,
Sets the very world alight ;
'Twas October, sad and sere !
She, my love, and I, together,
Stood within the woeful weather.

Tell me, sweet, why thy dear eyes
Hold the dew of autumn skies ?

The flowers are fallen, the flowers are dead !
Weeping she hath answerèd.

Ah, dear heart ! their seeds are sown
On the dreamlands all our own ;
Thou may'st pluck them there for asking,
Fresh in memory's sunlight basking :
Love within his golden clime
Knows no waste of winter-time.

But the leaves, the leaves are flying,
Leaden leaves, ah ! watch them lying,
Hither, thither, in our way.
And, my love, how bright were they !

What, oh ! what are loosened leaves,
• That thy spirit sorely grieves ?
They were like a darkened glass,
All too dim for eyes to pass,
Keeping soul to earth's short measure,
Forfeit of the purer pleasure,
When we gaze on open skies,
Where God looks into thine eyes.
Leaves, that were a darkened glass !

Nay, but note the withered grass ;
Withered, whitened, though it lingers,
'Neath the touch of frosty fingers !


Ah ! the eye may pierce the deeper,
Find the headstone of the sleeper,
Where lies love forgotten of time,
Knowing naught of rain or rime,

Naught of fever or of fret,
Nor the joys that we abet!
(Who remembers in June closes,
When the brow is bound with roses,
And the grasses tangle green,
Of the dead that lie between?)
Is it better, sweet, to know
They are sleeping there below,
They whose lips like ours were red,
And who now are dumb and dead?
It is better, sweet, to know
That our love may warmer grow,
That we both may learn to give
More to each the while we live!
Were it best that we forget,
Until tears the eyes bewet;
Letting love grow careless, colder,
(Ah, perchance, a turning shoulder!)
While the olden lips refuse
Love's old favors, love's old dues?
Nay, but see the fleeting swallow,
Fleeing, while his kindred follow;
Fading—fading—lost, alas!
To the purple south they pass;
Hearken, how the last notes burn,
Falling as from summer's urn!
Even thus, when time doth order,
We shall go to death's dream-border,
Borne along like yonder swallows,
Soul with soul that closely follows,
Borne with singing lips and wings
Unto Love's perpetual things!



A WOOF OF PROVIDENCE ; OR, GOD'S FIRE-
LADDIE.

BY JOHN J. A BECKET.

OCTOR FARNHAM tore the letter in pieces and impatiently flung the fragments into his waste-paper basket. Another day — perhaps two or three ! He had been heavily taxed as it was in holding feeling and reason down to an even gait, that his Car of Life should not be too rudely jarred. So even this delay irked him intolerably.

Almost a fortnight ago he had received the rudest shock he had ever known. His sister had left him in the morning for her wonted round of errands of mercy to suffering humanity. Beneficence to her less fortunate brethren of the human family was the mission of her life. Doctor Farnham had not the slightest objection to this. He didn't believe in human nature very much, and in God or religion he did not believe at all. Without qualifying helpfulness to the needy by any epithet, he regarded it as one of the best things that could engage human activities. He only laid down inflexibly that his sister should not personally care for any infectious case, and that she would have a reasonable restraint in her altruism. He would not hear of her giving more than just so much of her time, strength, and sympathies to others. He insisted that one of her primary duties was to be a benefactress to herself and also to him.

"It is unreasonable not to consider one's own self as the primary and most important beneficiary of personal action, just as it is to make self the one engrossing term of our activity," he said sententiously, with the courage of his convictions.

This was Doctor Farnham's creed, and his ambition was to live up to it. His sister was also a believer in the same school. But they experienced diametrically opposite difficulties in practising this religion of theirs. Miss Farnham was always prone to neglect herself in care for others. Doctor Farnham, with his cynical feeling for mankind in general, was often disinclined to do a favor or a good action because the meanness

or offensiveness of the man, woman, or child made it distasteful to him to help them, even while admitting their need.

Music, literature, and quiet dinner parties to some two or three chosen friends were the recreations of their lives. Doctor Farnham would not permit his sister to trench on the time which he felt should be given to these. In his calm, masterful way he adored his sister. In her sweet, intensely clinging, womanly way she worshipped him. Their lives were ideally content and rich in happiness.

This until a fortnight ago. The doctor was awaiting the return of Miss Farnham. The lights in the dining-room were lit and the two great chairs stood on either side of the table elegantly laid for dinner. Doctor Farnham liked plenty of light, tasteful appointments, and good living. Their dinners together were always very pleasant reunions after the occupations of the day. They had paid their debt to outside humanity—"the mean, cheap people that are not as nice as ourselves," as Doctor Farnham put it—and could with reason and quiet conscience devote a measure to their own tastes and requirements.

There is no need to dwell on Miss Farnham's return on the evening in question. The doctor had to lift her lifeless body from her brougham. She had been seized with a paroxysm of pain, at the close of her day's work for others, and entering her carriage ordered the coachman to drive home as rapidly as possible. But death is of quick foot, and he caught up Miss Farnham on the way. As the carriage rattled over the pavement, the lights flashing in at the window, the clang of street-car bells, news-boys' cries, and the whole symphony of New York out-door life sounding its hurried, jarring chord in her ears, the good lady had passed away.

True, there was a look of the deepest calm on her face; such a sweet, placid, contented expression when Doctor Farnham raised her in his arms that the abruptness and the surroundings of her death seemed less horrid. But it had shocked Doctor Farnham to his depths.

After the funeral he felt the need of change, the excitement of travel. He tendered his resignation as physician in the New York Hospital. It had been reluctantly accepted. The letter he had just torn up was a note saying that the doctor who was to succeed him was prevented from doing so on the day appointed, and asking Doctor Farnham to remain a day or two more. It was annoying, because he longed to tear himself away from the scenes to which he was accustomed.

He was going to devote more thought to himself, as a duty imposed on him by his carefully elaborated creed in this exhausting drain suffering had made on his being.

Poor soul-aching man! Why some noble natures should seem to lack only one thing for their admirable perfection, and that thing the faith which the Son of God brought to man as his most blessed possession, is a trying mystery of life. Doctor Farnham's faults were superficial ones. He was brutally honest. That his barren creed brought him happiness he did not even pretend. But he regarded the comfort and support derived from faith and religion in the same light as he looked on the calm procured by morphine or opium. It was a peace bought by surrendering the faculties to subjugation, an ignoble slavery. At all events, an impossible one to his mind.

But he was a fearlessly, even aggressively, upright man. If life was a *cul de sac* one could dignify its brief course. There was not a page of his existence that could not have been bared to the whole world. Nearly all of its consolations were connected with his sister. The most subtle bond of sympathy had always existed between them. Almost morbidly sensitive and exacting in his fastidious views of woman and her relation to man, he had put aside matrimony as something incompatible with his own self-satisfied, coldly intellectual temperament. His sister had met and soothed any permanent need of the society of her sex that he entertained. How fully he did not realize till she was so rudely torn from him. Sometimes he felt that if he believed in God, and regarded events as his personal dispensation, he would hate him for dealing this unnecessary blow at the harmless happiness of his life.

He could not endure the clamorous repetition of his loss which her absence from the familiar and luxurious home was continually sounding in his heart. Sometimes he wondered whether there had been any presentiment on her part of this approaching doom, any warning pang which had sounded to herself a note of foreboding. She had certainly surpassed herself in that subtle sense of sympathy and love with which she had surrounded him in those last two or three weeks before her death. There had been a more thrilling tenderness in her sweet, gay smile; a deeper look of steadfast love in her wonderfully calm eyes; and the touch of her delicate hand had been like a blessing. She had seemed to hover over him with a more devoted and encompassing yearning.

It was not that he felt this only now in the retrospect, nor

was it that the sweetness of her presence had been sharpened to relief by the desolating void of her loss. No; he remembered almost the day when he had first marked the change. Not that it was a change either, for she had not altered in the number or character of her deeds. There was only added a subtle something in their quality. It was a sort of spiritual aroma which exhaled from her a sweet, ethereal perfume to the heart. He could not account for it then. Now he was almost tempted to think that the near presence of death might have exercised some occult influence on her. He could fancy no other cause.

But the remembrance of this added charm was a poignant grief. It made her loss doubly unendurable. Life was very wearisome to him. The *Cui bono?* repeated itself insistently to his mind. The thought of self-destruction was abhorrent to his most radical ideas. It was the part of every human being to endure as nobly as he could. But it was equally rational to avoid all fruitless pain. So he would travel, scour the earth for new scenes, new peoples, in order to distract himself from his sorrow. He had made all his preparations for this, and to be delayed at this juncture by the inability of his successor to assume his duties at the hospital vexed him. It might be only for a day, probably at longest two or three days; but even this goaded him. He wanted to be off at once.

He was wending his way home the morning following the day he received this letter when an engine tore out of the house in swift response to a fire-call. A young fireman was hastily buttoning his coat and adjusting his helmet as the great machine rattled along, the three horses in a gallop. A simple, honest-looking young fellow, clinging with one hand to the rail as he completed his fireman's toilet.

"There are a few things that redeem the wretched higgledy-piggledy condition of affairs in this anything but best possible world," thought Doctor Farnham, as he took in the spectacle. "An heroic fireman is one. But the cheapening touch is that this heroism is hired out for pay. That sturdy-looking chap has to do this or he will not keep his position. But they sometimes do fine things that are not necessarily in the bond," he added, with his strong sense of justice, as he walked on and entered his lonely house. To cross its threshold was always to have the dreary burden of his sister's absence oppress him anew.

A cry of horror broke from the crowd. The attention of

everybody had been centred on a daring young fireman—he had got as near the flaming church as the fierce heat would permit, and was fighting the fire with such determined heartiness. It was a spectacle of great interest for the crowd. All the world loves a lover, but nearly all the world loves a fighter too, especially a young fighter who is holding his own when the odds are against him, though his cause is just. That is what the fireman looked as the clouds of smoke would rush upon him and swallow him up, while the flames would leap out venomously as if straining to lick his firm body with their thin, deadly tongues.

It was after a sudden puff of thick smoke which burst over him and instantly cleared that the cry rose from the spectators. In the effort to recover from the choking onset the fireman had slipped on the narrow ledge, covered with snow and ice, where he stood, and came tumbling down. The building was a five-storied one, next to the blazing church. The windows had heavy iron shutters to them, which were all tightly closed except one. This one was on the first floor and for whatever reason was open nearly at right angles with the wall.

The cry of involuntary horror that broke from the crowd when the fireman fell was succeeded by a moan and murmur of sympathetic anguish. For, by the irony of fate, he fell athwart this one open shutter! The pity of it was heightened by the low, intense groan which the gallant fellow uttered, a gasp of agony torn from him by the riving pain which furrowed his being. Two or three of his comrades below rushed to catch his limp body as it dropped from the shutter which had so terribly broken his fall. His helmet had tumbled off onto the sidewalk.

He was carried to the hospital, a helpless mass of agonizing pain. He was hastily undressed and laid in a cot, his face with the waxy whiteness of death on it, and his eyes seemingly glazed with the film of dissolution. But the pulse in his stout wrist still beat slowly, like the tick of the pendulum in an old colonial clock, and his stanch heart fluttered feebly.

Doctor Farnham was summoned at once, made such examination as was possible, and prescribed something to allay the awful pain. He recognized the young fireman as the one he had seen that morning. In slipping his hand underneath the blue flannel shirt to feel for the pulsation of the heart his fingers had become entangled in a string. He pulled it out and saw that it was a tape that went around the fireman's

neck. To it was sewed a square of brown cloth, on the white linen front of which was a print of the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child. Fastened also to this tape was another little square of white linen, on which was stamped in red a heart from the top of which flames were bursting. There was some lettering which the doctor did not take the trouble to read.

"That brown rag is what they call a scapular," he thought, "and the other is probably some fireman's badge. It would have been better for the poor chap if he had had a parachute fastened to him instead of these things."

When he called to see his patient the next day the fireman's eyes were open. They were clear gray eyes, filled with pain. But there was also a look of quiet, iron endurance in them. The fireman's face was not comely, yet there was something in its expression that could only be classed as beauty: just as some of Botticelli's virgins are beautiful. The thin, long visage, with high, strongly-marked cheek bones, was drawn into tense lines by the acuteness of the young man's suffering. He was a spare, wiry fellow, not more than twenty-two, with a serious though frank and boyish character to his face. A light fringe of brown mustache added to this expression, it was so soft and fine.

Doctor Farnham had a physician's hardy, professional insensibility to suffering in a patient. It was something to be appreciated and to be alleviated, not a thing to have unnecessary weight in the emotions. He was not insensible, however, to the fine moral quality of heroic endurance. He read it here in this young fireman in the highest degree, and it enlisted his sympathies at the start.

"Well, my boy," he said in his fresh, calm voice, "how do you feel now?"

The heavy lids slowly uplifted from the gray eyes and a brave smile flickered for a moment on the drawn lips—flickered and then died. The effort was too much. It was as if he could not distract his force even so far from the suffering which held him closely gripped. He made a plucky effort and said with a faint voice:

"Send for Father Vaughan."

"All right," replied the doctor, "I will see that he comes. But we must see how you are fixed first. Here is some brandy. Drink that. It will brace you up while I make an examination."

The lids closed over the honest gray eyes and there was a slow movement of refusal with his head.

"I don't drink," he said after a moment to gather his strength. "Go ahead. I can—" the effort cost him something, but after a slight pause he concluded, "stand it. I want Father Vaughan first."

Doctor Farnham's quick sense of humor was moved so that he could hardly refrain from a smile at this reply. "Anybody would think I had asked him to take a cocktail," he thought. But this inward smile was succeeded by something like a sneer of indignation. "He is a game young fellow and it is a pity to see him so smothered in superstition. Here he is calling for his priest before he even asks what his condition is, or how it can be helped. It is a surgeon that he wants more than a priest."

Doctor Farnham's naturally materialistic bias had been deepened in him by his medical studies and practice. He regarded religion as a phase of sentimental feeling, mainly affecting weak or narrow minds, and finding the best field for its development in women and children. He was too broad and too busy to harbor any strong intolerance of it. Theoretically he deprecated its existence and resented its presence as a slightly annoying obstruction. But he felt that the young fireman was not one to be easily handled on his religious side.

The sturdy pluck and youth and simplicity of his charge appealed to him powerfully. He made a careful examination. It revealed no hope for the man. He had been piteously shattered. There was only one chance in a hundred for recovery, and if his iron will were to pull the victim through, he would be a cripple for life. The fireman had not groaned or winced as the doctor made the examination, but tiny beads of perspiration on his forehead, and his face dented with the acute, knife-like pains, told his agony.

"I will go for Father Vaughan myself," said the doctor, in his even, cheery tones. "Try and get a little sleep in the meantime, my boy."

The physician found the priest on the point of going to the hospital when he called. Father Vaughan was a tall, ascetic-looking man of thirty-eight, quiet, direct, and energetic in his movements, but of kindly and quick sympathies. He had an air of breeding about him which Doctor Farnham had not looked for in a Catholic priest.

"Some of the firemen told me of poor Joe Farrell's accident, and I was just going to see him," he said. "How badly is he hurt, doctor?"

"There is only a ghost of a chance for him," replied the physician with decision. "He has a complicated fracture of his bones and the shock to his system was tremendous. How he escaped being instantly killed is the wonder. The fact that he was not, and that he has such nerve and vitality, are the only points in his favor. Do you know anything about him, Father Vaughan?"

"I know him thoroughly," the priest answered, with a quiet smile. "Joe is one of the consolations of a priest's life. You can almost see grace work visibly in him. I do not think he has ever lost his baptismal innocence."

"Indeed!" said Doctor Farnham. He was not open to enthusiasm on the subject of baptismal innocence, and the "workings of grace" did not come into his field. He had trained himself to translate terms of emotional feeling into pathological states of liver, circulation, or brain, which he regarded as their equivalents. Had he been obliged to give off-hand the best preservatives of "baptismal innocence" he would have said, on general principles: "Good digestion and plenty of exercise."

"I confess I feel interested in him," he said to the priest, "he is so plucky. He had a sort of badge on him," he continued. "It had a blazing heart on it. I suppose he belongs to some fire association, and as he will have a siege of it, in any case, perhaps the members of the association will help him, if they know of his condition."

"They certainly will," replied Father Vaughan, with another slight smile at the physician's remarks. "You are right so far. But the association whose badge you saw on Joe Farrell is not a firemen's association exclusively. It is the Apostleship of Prayer, or League of the Sacred Heart. One of its principal aims is to offer reparation to the Heart of Christ, a human heart with human feelings, and make atonement for the neglect and insults which men heap upon it. Joe is one of the most edifying members of this league. In fact, his simple, strong devotion to the Sacred Heart led to this accident. It was his day off; but when he heard that the fire was next to the Church of the Sacred Heart he went to it, and was one of the most active workers. I shall be glad to tell him that the church was saved."

"Somehow the reward for his devotion does not seem specially encouraging," the physician said bluntly. He could not forbear from the slight sneer, as he reflected on the broken

fireman. "I should have thought the Lord might have looked after his own a little better. This young fellow was the only fireman injured. I can't say that I admire the Lord's way of treating his employees."

"That is probably because you don't see the reward or the treatment either," replied the priest calmly. "You need have no fear that the good Lord will let himself be outdone in generosity. But the accounts are not made up until the end of the day, and the end of the day is not until death. I can promise you that Joe will not complain."

"No; I do not believe that he will," returned Doctor Farnham curtly. "He seems one of those absolutely simple souls that are completely under the subjugation of religion. I've no doubt you realize, father, how your church appeals to the ignorant and uneducated."

"Yes; Cardinal Newman, for example, Manning, Orestes Brownson, the present Pope, St. George Mivart, and many other illiterate bigots whom you probably can recall yourself."

Father Vaughan smiled good-naturedly. He was evidently far from being offended by the doctor's plain speaking.

"Well, of course, we view the matter from different stand-points," replied Doctor Farnham evasively. "There is no need, father, of letting the young fellow feel that his case is hopeless, or nearly so. It would only worry him to know he is in such a bad way, and would impair the small chance in his favor."

"There, again, my dear doctor, we view the matter from different stand-points. You may rest assured of one thing," the priest added with some emphasis, "that nothing I shall do will interfere with any success you might gain by your skill. It will contribute to it. If there is no hope, positively none, of Joe Farrell's recovery, he would be the most anxious to know it, and I shall tell him. If a ship were suffering from a mortal wound, you would hardly commend the captain for concealing it from the passengers for fear it would worry them. It is his duty as soon as the ship is doomed to tell them, that they may have a chance for their lives by getting away in the life-boats."

"There is a little sophistry in your remarks, if you will permit me to say so, Father Vaughan. The very reason why I did not want you to tell the young fellow was because it will hinder his chance of getting into the life-boat."

"You do not understand, my dear doctor," replied the priest with the same smiling but calm earnestness, "that to a

dying Catholic the Sacraments of the church are the life-boats. When his body is going to be swallowed up by death, his soul must get into this life-boat to be carried to the shore of heaven. But it is natural and 'kindly in you to feel thus, and I can assure you again that all I shall do or say to Joe Farrell will only increase the likelihood of his recovery by strengthening what is strongest in him. Don't imagine, either," the priest continued, "that I shall not do everything I can to help him to get well. Such good fellows as he are needed more on earth than they are in heaven. You cannot be more interested in him than I am, and I will co-operate in every way possible with you for his comfort and recovery. I should like you to feel that I am your strongest ally."

The heroic young fireman had really enlisted Doctor Farnham's sympathies to an unwonted degree, by his undaunted and quiet courage and his perfect simplicity in bearing his affliction. Farrell had not once expressed a regret, as he had not once uttered any groan that could be repressed. There was something in this finer than stoicism.

The physician's interest was much enhanced when he learned on inquiry what a hard, cheerless lot the young fireman's whole life had been. Born in poverty, his parents had died when he was too young to appreciate what parents are, and he had been reared by a woman friend of his mother, since he had no relatives of his own to care for him. Joe had received only the most rudimentary education, as he had been put to work almost as soon as he was old enough to work for hire. He had struggled along in this forlorn, barren existence, a clean, wholesome, honest, and cheerful boy, until he was twenty. Then he had entered the fire department. This was the beginning of what seemed a career that promised to his sturdy fidelity promotion, a certain dignity, and a comfortable maintenance. This prospect had been blasted now by the accident which Doctor Farnham felt would mean the fireman's death. That worthy physician's heart was deeply stirred by the thought of such a gaunt, bare life, and so cruel an ending of it.

"Trying to save a church when he had no need to go there at all, and then, when he had accomplished this service to the good Lord, to come tumbling down five stories, scapular, Sacred Heart, and all, and plumping on the one shutter of the whole building that was open! All the other firemen escaped. Not a complaint out of him; and his first thought is to send for his priest to help him, I suppose, sing thanks to the Lord for

his tender mercies toward him! The Christian religion is certainly an effective thing sometimes, whatever one may think of the effects."

Doctor Farnham relieved himself by this commentary on the fireman. Whatever he thought of the religion that marked Joe Farrell for its own, he felt that the young fellow himself was entitled to all respect. The sunny, earnest nature of the fire laddie, whose sweetness seemed to have thrived on privations and hardships that so often engender callousness if not vice, made a notable impression on Doctor Farnham. He had never had quite this emotion before. His own life had not lacked struggle and sorrow, but he had found himself at thirty-five with a lucrative practice and possessing a comfortable, luxurious home.

There was a soothing pleasure to this man, whose life had been so richly filled out, in trying to invest the poor, broken fireman's miserable condition with what comforts he could. He brought him books and magazines and illustrated papers, besides supplying him with fruit and wine and jellies. He came frequently to see him and stayed long by his side.

One day, when he had brought a fresh supply of dainties, the fireman turned his honest gray eyes on him and said with childlike simplicity: "I don't see why you are so good to me, doctor; you're mighty kind. I didn't think doctors were like this. I never had one before."

"Yes, I am a wonderfully good man," said Doctor Farnham, with playful sarcasm. "It's just as well you should think so. It runs in the family, so I can't help it. My sister got most of it. I am a brute compared to her. To tell the truth, Joe, I don't do this to everybody, even when there is as much reason for it, perhaps, as with you. So don't give me too much credit. But I like your pluck. She used to do it all the time and to everybody that suffered. How she would have liked to have known you!" he uttered involuntarily, as he looked at the wasted form and the thin, resolute face of the young fireman.

"Why?" asked the sick man, with a sense of curious wonder.

"Well, she liked helping people that suffered. You would have gone straight to her heart, because you take your pains and grit your teeth and bear them, and don't get out of temper over them. Then she would have been interested in you because you got hurt doing what you did."

"There's no use in hollerin'," said the fireman, as if it were merely a question of philosophy. "She liked to see plucky things, did she? She ought to have been a fireman, doctor."

"Yes, it was a great pity that she wasn't," replied the doctor, with mock regret that brought a smile to his patient's lips. Joe was getting to know the doctor pretty well, and liked him.

The next time he came to the cot where the fire-laddie lay he found him rigid in a paroxysm of pain. Doctor Farnham watched for a moment silently the features so warped with the struggle, and wondered that through that mask of anguish such a strange placidity found expression. Joe was resisting the attack of pain just as he used to fight a fire, with all his might and main. As a particularly poignant pang rent him there was a slow, hardly perceptible movement of the lips. Doctor Farnham bent his head and caught the words softly breathed: "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph." The spasm passed away. He raised the lids of his sunken eyes slowly. When he saw the doctor he greeted him with a faint smile. His gaze rested on him for a few moments in an absent way. Then he said, as if prompted by his line of thought:

"What is her name, doctor?"

"Her name?" replied Doctor Farnham, with a look of surprised inquiry. "Who—oh! my sister's name? Florence."

The fireman turned his eyes away. The doctor saw him softly fashion the name with his lips. It seemed to soothe him. "How do you know she would like me?" he asked, after a moment, with unwitting wistfulness. It was a shy, artless note.

"Oh! I know to a 't' what would please her," replied the doctor with assurance. He was touched and gratified to see that the thought of his sister had lodged in the mind of this deserted fire-laddie, and was blossoming into pleasant reflections. His sister's sweet beneficence seemed to be still exercised even after her death. The fireman had taken her as tenant into his big, simple heart, so bereft of objects on which love could dwell, and was artlessly fostering this novel and grateful inmate.

"Does she ever come to the hospital?" he asked pensively, a new light coming into his eyes.

Doctor Farnham recalled Father Vaughan's remark about the workings of grace being almost visible in Joe Farrell. "I don't know what the 'workings of grace' are," he thought,

"but you can see his thoughts and feelings almost as you do the fish in an aquarium." He said aloud, quietly, but with a slight repression in his voice: "She used to come regularly. She is dead." He checked himself at the simple statement.

"Oh!" murmured the fireman, with an expression of sorrow on his face. It was something of a loss to him evidently. After a moment he said simply: "I hope I didn't hurt your feelings, doctor."

"Oh, no; not at all!" replied the physician quickly. He would not show that it had, but the death of his sister had taken out of Doctor Farnham's life the strongest stay and consolation it had ever known. Her odd association with this young fireman whom he was so interested in stirred a strange sweetness in him.

"Well, she's in heaven if she was so good," the sick man rejoined after a moment more of thought. He evidently looked on that as the most supporting consideration when one who was dead rose in the mind. "Do you mind speaking about her?" he asked, turning his eyes sympathetically on the doctor. "I never had a sister, nor a brother. I never had nobody but Mrs. Megargee." He smiled a little, as if he had never realized it in quite that way before.

"My dear boy, I *like* to hear you talk about her," returned Doctor Farnham emphatically. "I know just how she would have felt toward you. If *you* like to talk about her, it looks as if you felt that, and it gives me a happiness you cannot know."

"You see the way you spoke about her made me feel as if I would like to know her. Of course I'd have liked her if she was your sister. You've been pretty good to me. I'll bet she was good," he added, with the most artless conviction. "Did she look like you, doctor?" He raised his gray eyes to the doctor's clean-cut, handsome face.

"People said so. They thought we were a good deal alike," replied Doctor Farnham. "But she was a good deal better than I'll ever be."

"You needn't say that," protested the young fellow loyally. "You're good enough."

After a moment's silence he asked, with diffidence in his manner: "You haven't got a picture of her, have you?"

"Yes; would you like me to bring it and let you see it?"

"I'd like first-rate to see it."

When Doctor Farnham got home he sat down at his desk

and took from a small drawer a package of photographs. There was a set look to his face as he looked at them in turn. Then he picked up a small miniature on ivory, in a frame of Russian enamel. It was one that he kept always on his desk. It represented a beautiful young girl not more than seventeen. There was a dainty sweetness in the small oval face, and the hair seemed like a golden aureola. There was such a pure, sympathetic expression in the smiling countenance. The deep blue eyes rested with tranquil content full on the one looking at the miniature. For some moments the doctor dwelt on the exalted beauty of this face. Then he wrapped the miniature in tissue-paper and put it carefully in his pocket, returning the photographs to the drawer.

"I don't know what Father Vaughan would think of this," he said to himself. "But I know what you would want to do, Florence, for a poor fellow whose life has been so starved in affection. If you are where you can see and know what goes on here now, you will not disapprove of this. We are working together still."

When he saw his fireman the next day he noticed that he had changed for the worse. The plucky, hard fight in the young fellow was giving way before too powerful an adversary. But there was a marked feeling of resignation in his expression. A touch of exaltation shone in the worn, white face, while the unvarying clearness of the gray eyes seemed more steadfast than ever.

"How do you feel to-day, Joe?" the doctor inquired.

"I'm weaker. I'll be off soon, I guess. Father Vaughan gave me the Last Sacraments this morning, so I'm ready to start any time."

"Well, don't lose heart. You are too game for that," replied Doctor Farnham, with professional cheeriness.

"I sha'n't lose heart," he answered quietly. "I'm not tired of living, but I guess it's just as well. It's better than living a cripple." He smiled, a smile that did not seem forced at all.

"Did you bring the picture, doctor?"

The doctor took the miniature from his pocket, unwrapped it and gave it to the wasted fireman. He took it in his big, brown hand and looked at it. His face, gaunt and furrowed by the inroads of pain, softened into a brightness that the doctor had never seen on it before. For a moment or two he looked at it without a sign or word. A faint, sweet smile came to his lips and his broad chest rose with a contented sigh.

"You didn't say she was such a beauty!" he murmured at last. "Any one would know she was good by just lookin' at her. She couldn't have been more than eighteen."

He continued to look at it, his face wistful and happy. Still holding it carefully in his hand, he said: "I don't suppose you'd like to leave this here a little while with me, would you, doctor? It makes me feel good to look at it. It kinder eases and helps me. Ain't it strange she used to like to visit hospitals and do good to poor people when she was so young and such a beauty? You can see she was a perfect lady. I'll be very careful of it," he added, with a touching desire to win the favor.

"Why, yes. Keep it, my good fellow, if it will be a pleasure to you. Florence would have come to see you if she were living; so she can't object to her picture coming, can she? I told you that she would have liked you. You feel that now, perhaps."

"You don't think she would care, doctor? I'm only a fireman and she is such a lady, and so fine, and so like a little flower."

"I know she wouldn't care," replied Doctor Farnham, taking out his handkerchief and blowing his nose vigorously.

The worn face lit up with pleasure. There was no mistaking his serene content in the miniature. After lying for some moments with his eyes fastened on it, and a smile half dawning on his lips, he said to Doctor Farnham, with a new accent in his voice: "You've been awful kind to me, doctor. I wish I could do something to show how grateful I am. But when I go up yonder I can do more. What shall I tell her for you, doctor?"

Dr. Farnham was startled. He had never been brought in contact with such a practical, vivid sense of communication between the two worlds divided by the grave.

"Tell her," he said, falling into the fireman's mood, "that you have done her brother good, and that she must be good to you because you are my friend."

The look in the gray eyes was a limpid one as they turned with their frank honesty upon his.

"I'll tell her," he said quietly.

"Joe," said Doctor Farnham, after a moment's pause, "there's one little thing you might give me. I am not much of a man for souvenirs, except those that one carries in his heart and mind. I don't know whether I ought to ask for this; but when you were first brought in and I was examining you, I found a small badge with a picture of a blazing heart on it. If you would like to, I'd be pleased to have you give me that. I don't know why I should have taken such a peculiar interest in it. There's no reason for it, except that it seems so

identified with you as a fireman. I thought it was a fireman's badge. It looked like it."

"Why, I'll give it to you with pleasure," said Joe warmly. "But, doctor, you ought to wear it. Will you do that? It oughtn't to be left around careless. Of course I wouldn't say that only that you don't know that it's the picture of the Sacred Heart, and people that wear it try to make up for those that don't care much for the Lord. I'd die happier, I believe," continued the fireman with his wonderful simplicity, "if I knew you were going to wear it. Will you? For my sake? And for your sister's? She'll be gladder than I to see you with it on. It can't do you any harm, can it?" The wan face lighted up with a smile.

"No, Joe," replied Doctor Farnham. "Give it to me, and I'll put it on to-night. I don't want to lose the impressions I owe to you, and this badge will be a sort of seal to them."

Joe felt in his shirt and pulled out the badge. He gave it to Doctor Farnham with a pleased look.

Doctor Farnham pressed his hand warmly and went away. The whole episode had been sweetly solemn. He looked back as he was passing out. The fireman's eyes were again riveted on the sweet face of the miniature. When Dr. Farnham got into the corridor he rubbed his eyes with his handkerchief with a quick, impatient air.

The next morning when he came to the hospital they told him Joe Farrell was dead.

"Why wasn't I sent for?" he asked sharply.

"He did not think he would die before you got here this morning," said the nurse, "and there was nothing to be done. He suffered no pain. He has seemed very quiet and happy since you were here yesterday. As it was, he really died alone, so he must have passed away very quickly and easily. Father Vaughan gave him Communion this morning. And, doctor, they found him dead, clasping a miniature in his hand, which Father Vaughan says you lent him. Father Vaughan thought you had better get it yourself from him. So we left it in his hand."

Doctor Farnham walked slowly and pensively up to the fireman's cot. There was a simple majesty about the dead form of the fireman; it looked so like peaceful sleep for his resolute, strong nature to be so still. His large right hand lay on his breast over a crucifix that had been placed there. The fingers, dead and cold, were clasped on the miniature of the beautiful young girl. Doctor Farnham had to force them open to get it away from the tenacious hold of the dead

fire-laddie. A strange feeling stirred in Doctor Farnham's breast at the thought that perhaps Joe Farrell had already delivered the promised message to his sister. If there *was* a heaven, they must both be there.

When he got home, he opened the small drawer in his desk again and took out the bundle of photographs. He had set the miniature back in its accustomed place on his desk. Running through the photographs slowly, he picked out one of a woman about fifty-four years of age. The thin hair was brushed plainly back from the noble forehead, and in the meek, soft eyes there was a look that told of suffering and patience and a beautiful sympathy for those who needed human help. A sweet, benign face. He glanced from the venerable dignity of this grave, thoughtful woman to the dainty, girlish grace of the face in the miniature. For two or three minutes he gazed attentively at them.

Then he pressed the photograph reverently to his lips and murmured: "Florence, if he does meet you there, you will probably look now as you do in the miniature. He can't blame me."

Doctor Farnham was not through with Joe Farrell yet. Doubts that he thought he had laid for ever, not perhaps as he would, but as he had fancied that he must, rose in his mind with a new and imperious insistence. A purer life than his sister's he had never known. In this young fireman he had found a spiritual kinsman of this idolized woman who had touched him deeply. Could it be that a life so clean and innocent, so simple and strong; a life that had been barren of the commonest pleasures of existence—could it be that such a life had gone out in pitiless nothingness? If it had, was not the universe void of justice? His sister, despite her steadfast devotion to suffering and want, had moved in an atmosphere of refined and comfortable surroundings. She had been cherished all her days by an affection every touch of which was a sweet and supporting consolation to her. Whatever befell beyond the grave, her days this side of death had been the very ones she would have chosen.

But this poor fellow, without kin, whose warm, strong heart had been so starved of all that such a heart must crave that it had grasped with childlike yet manly earnestness the ethereal human love that had breathed into his soul from the miniature—had he cast away with the most generous heroism his young life through love of a myth? Had he buoyantly, confidently, nobly gone forth to extinction?—perished as does a foul, cruel hyena?

Was the strange leaven of peace that had come to soothe the stoical calm of his own being into a sweeter acquiescence only a feeble, material exhalation, as puerile as it was soothing? Argument and reason had stripped the universe of meaning and of beauty. What had it proved to him? That life was only a gigantic ant-hill, in which struggle and reward were blindly apportioned. If it was his faith, his religion, that had made Joe Farrell—uneducated, impoverished fireman that he was—one of the finest-fibred men he had ever encountered, there must be something in it. What if that something should be Truth, the answer to the riddle of the universe!

His intellectual pride fought hard against this warring sense within him. Courage and reason in him should mean enduring in his own position, no matter what its desolations. Was this crude, untutored fireman stronger than he? Could he not sustain so much lesser burdens with courage as great?

Doctor Farnham was fair above all. He felt that, in justice to his own ideal of rectitude, he should study thoroughly this faith which had counted Joe Farrell as so stanch an adherent.

It was not an easy task for him. The steps that lead upward to the Light are often bloody ones. But Doctor Farnham took them with stern, unwavering purpose. In such case God may try a soul; he does not desert it.

It was not long before he could murmur, as his eye rested on the dainty miniature which he had taken from Joe Farrell's dead hand: "Florence, pray for me. Joe, pray for me."

But it was three months after the fire-laddie's death that he presented himself at Father Vaughan's house. When he was ushered into the study he said, with his wonted contained air: "Father Vaughan, when can you receive me into the church? I want to be baptized."

"I can receive you at any moment if you are properly instructed and fully accept the faith," the priest replied. "I have been waiting for you."

"I have carefully studied it for three months, and I am forced to say that I believe it with all my heart and mind. I am glad that I do."

He was baptized that evening—he had never received the sacrament before. After this spiritual birth he spent an hour before the altar of the Sacred Heart—an hour whose meaning and joy only he could tell.

"Joe Farrell used to slip in at odd moments and pray at this altar," said Father Vaughan softly to the doctor as he left him there. "Seeing you here will be a new joy to him

even in heaven. When you are through I wish you would come into the house again for a short while."

When Doctor Farnham was seated there later, Father Vaughan said to him smilingly: "Doctor, I wanted to see you that we might dissect a Providence together. I have learned that you had thrown up your position in the hospital, and but for delay in your successor's arrival you would not have been there when Joe Farrell was brought in. In other words, you would not have seen or met him at all."

Doctor Farnham gave a sign of assent.

"The Sunday on which Joe met his injury was his day off," continued Father Vaughan. "One of his companions was to be married on that day in Brooklyn. He had intended going over early, and had gone some distance on his way to the bridge when he suddenly remembered that in changing his clothes he had forgotten to put on his scapular. He went back to the engine-house to get it. While he was there the alarm was sent in. Some one said that it was next to the Church of the Sacred Heart. That was enough for Joe. He got into his fireman's rig, dropped the wedding, went to the fire, saved the church, and, fatally injured, was brought to the hospital, where you, contrary to your hope and expectations, still were. I do not think I am assuming too much in believing that this sturdy, upright fireman was the instrument God used for your conversion."

"I have no doubt of it myself," said Doctor Farnham with feeling.

"Had I not felt almost certain that this would be the case," Father Vaughan resumed, "I would have told you before this something which will now be a matter of surprise to you, and I may add, of the deepest consolation. Miss Farnham died, only a fortnight before Joe Farrell was taken to the hospital, from a sudden stroke from which she never rallied. Doctor Farnham, what I tell you now will be a great happiness. I baptized your sister with my own hands a month before her death! The last time I ever saw her she was kneeling at one side of the rail of the altar of the Sacred Heart where you prayed to-night, and on the other side, in one of the five minutes he would snatch for it every now and then, was Joe Farrell! Neither of them, of course, knew the other. That was on a Friday morning after she had received Communion at my hands at the morning Mass. It was on that same day that she was stricken with this fatal attack and died so suddenly. You do not know the Litany of the Saints, Doctor Farnham,

as yet, perhaps. In it there is a 'prayer to be delivered from 'a sudden *and* unprovided death.' Your good sister's death was sudden, *not* 'unprovided.' I have never known a sanctity of life which was so deep, so simple, so winning. She and this poor fireman, Joe Farrell, were wonderfully alike in their soul-life and spirituality, though socially and in education they were the antipodes of each other. Grace leavens to a marvellous similarity, my dear doctor."

The priest paused with a quiet, thoughtful smile on his fine face. Doctor Farnham had listened to him with deep, breathless attention. Now he spoke, his voice trembling a little with emotion.

"You could not have told me anything that would have been more sustaining, Father Vaughan. It seems so natural to me, now that this hard, stubborn mind of mine has been brought to the only truth of God's revelation, that my sister should have been led to it. But there is one thing I cannot understand. Why did my sister not tell me of this?"

"That was pure human weakness in her," replied Father Vaughan. "I advised her to tell you and she fully intended to do so, later. But she dreaded that if she told you and you refused to give the subject consideration, or were to do so, and should fail to be converted, that her own faith would be a barrier between you. She dreaded, with almost morbid fear, that any strain of dissonance should come between you two. She prayed and offered every breath of her life for your conversion. She felt that God would not leave you out of the fold. You see that he has not, and that the means he used to convert you, in your pride of intellect and perfect self-confidence, was an illiterate fireman, aflame with the Holy Ghost. Truly his ways are wonderful and he uses the weak things of this world to confound the strong," concluded Father Vaughan with deep feeling.

"Father," said Doctor Farnham, rising, "La Place remarked that he could never find God at the end of his telescope. Many a doctor, myself included, has dissected the human frame and found no trace of an immortal soul. But in this dissected Providence every seeming accident is a strand of the Holy Ghost in the net that was to catch my soul. Strange, that Joe Farrell should have forgotten his scapular, and that his return for it should have brought him into this fire where he met his death. Strange, that an unexpected delay kept me at the hospital just that one day longer which meant my having this poor fireman fall into my hands. Strange, that my dear

sister should have come into the affair as she did. Strange, and beautiful too, was that one association of my sister and poor Joe at the altar of the Sacred Heart, and not so strange, but even more beautiful, that later, unknown association with his sweet, tender, hungry heart. I can imagine what she was asking of the Sacred Heart as she knelt there then. And only a few feet away from her was the instrument with which God meant to answer her prayer! Father Vaughan, I thank you for tracing with me the wonderful woof of this Providence of God," said Doctor Farnham, rising and pressing the hand of the priest with emotion. "I must go back to the altar of the Sacred Heart to thank our Lord again for his wonderful mercy."

"You will all three of you be there this time," said Father Vaughan smilingly. "Say a little prayer for me, for I have some right to be in the company."

In the great, dim church Doctor Farnham's sinewy form was bent before the altar of the Sacred Heart as motionless as if of stone. He seemed to be living another life. Never had he dreamed that it was possible for the soul of man to be so overwhelmed with sweetness. He felt so near his sister and Joe Farrell that had he heard their voices it would not have been strange to him.

What he did hear was God's voice; that voice whose fiat called all that is into being. When he so wills, God speaks to the human soul so clearly that the conviction arising in the mind is one to which doubt or question is not even possible. In the exalting sweetness of those moments at the altar, out of the loving heart of Christ which Doctor Farnham was humbly adoring, came that absolutely clear word. Like the voice of God to most chosen souls it was a call to love through sacrifice. When Doctor Farnham rose from his knees it was with a "yes" in his soul, a "yes" which he felt was irrevocable, because not only the call but the reply was from God.

Within the next fortnight he disposed of all his earthly possessions, except a few hundred dollars, in charities, just as one who, feeling the touch of death, prepares to leave the world. Then, with his sister's miniature over his heart and the badge of the Sacred Heart which the dying fire-laddie had given him on his breast, he left New York for ever, one of God's poor, with the heroic serenity of a martyr in his soul, to go and devote all that remained of life to the stricken lepers of Molokai.

ARUNDEL, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY A. M. CLARKE.

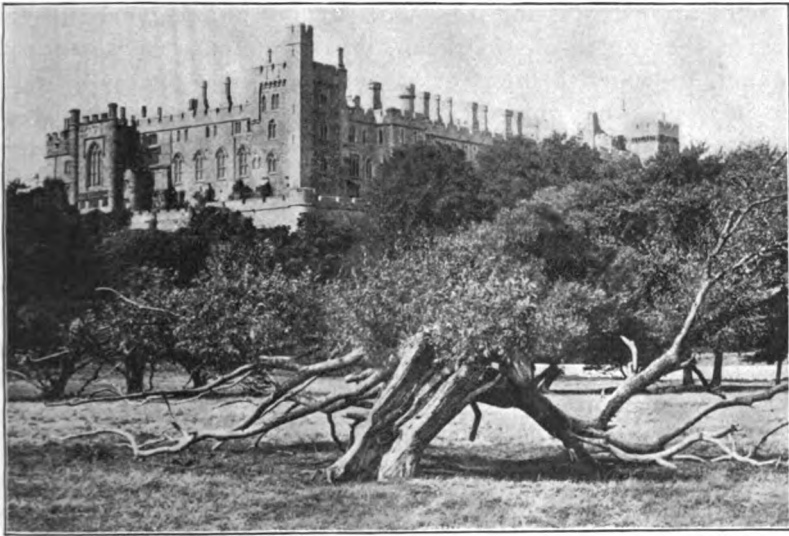


AMONGST the Catholic laity of England his grace the Duke of Norfolk occupies the foremost place, not merely because of his exalted rank (he is the first peer of the land), but also on account of his fervent piety, his munificence, his zeal in promoting the cause of religion and furthering every good work. He has been described as a nobleman whose life is devoted to laboring for the benefit of others: whatever his grace puts his hand to, whether parliamentary, municipal, educational, religious, or charitable work, in all he is a leading figure. In this he proves himself a worthy descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors. The earls of Arundel and dukes of Norfolk were always conspicuous for loyalty and patriotism and diplomatic talent. The personal history of the bearers of this title forms, in fact, an integral part of the history of England. Few, if any, families have distinguished themselves so much in the service of their country; few have suffered so severely for religion through confiscation of their property and loss of their lives; none have been more closely connected with the political and religious life of England than those of Fitzalan and Howard. A brief mention of some of the more distinguished statesmen and confessors whose names shed a lustre on the annals of their house, and an account of the castle which for many centuries has been their proud possession, may not be without interest for the reader.

EARLY ORIGIN OF THE FORTRESS.

The town of Arundel is very ancient, for it was a military post in early British times. It is supposed to take its name from the river on which it stands, the Arun; but more probably it is a corruption of the British or Celtic words *Arran*, a high place, and *Dahl*, a valley, a description which accords well with the position of the town. Another rather fanciful derivation is from *Hirondelle*, a swallow; this bird forms the armorial bearings of the borough. The earliest notice of Arundel occurs in the will of King Alfred, who bequeathed it to his nephew, Athelm, from whom it passed to Godwin and his

son Harold, earls of Sussex. In that document it is termed a manor; but there is no doubt that it was a stronghold in the time of the Saxons, as the keep, a massive circular building of enormous strength, bears signs of Saxon work. Before the time of Alfred the architectural achievements of the country were confined to ecclesiastical purposes, the houses being constructed of wood, while the fortifications were little more than loose ramparts of stones piled one upon another. The castle, *castrum de Hirundel*, is mentioned in the *Doomsday Book*, but how long it existed previously to that survey is matter of conjecture. It occupies a commanding position on a richly-wooded height overlooking the town of Arundel and the vale



ARUNDEL CASTLE.

of the Arun. In former times it was impregnable, the hill on which it stands being precipitous on one side, while on the other it was protected by a deep fosse. The venerable keep is the only remnant left of the castle as it existed before the Conquest; erected on an artificial mount, it commands the adjacent country in every direction. The walls, ten feet thick, were without loopholes or openings of any kind, the apartments being ranged round the walls, and receiving their light from within, the centre being uncovered. This building, now in ruin, comprised the principal feature of the Saxon stronghold; from an artistic point of view it is the principal feature of the castle at the present time.

A LEGENDARY GIANT WARDER.

On the ramparts of this fortress a funnel may still be observed, curiously constructed for pouring molten lead and other deadly materials on the heads of an enemy. The tower on the north-west side is supposed to have been the dwelling of a giant named Benis, at one time warder of the castle, who is said to have consumed two hogsheads of beer, a whole ox, and several loaves of bread every week. The giant's sword, "Morglay," a ponderous weapon, is still shown at the castle, and a mound in the park is pointed out as his grave, the legend being that shortly before his death, standing on the keep, he flung away the sword with all the strength of his powerful arm, expressing the wish to be buried where it fell. Beneath the centre of the keep is an immense subterraneous chamber, to which a flight of stone steps gives access. It has been imagined that this curious, dismal room served as the entrance to some secret passage, by which egress from the fortress could be obtained, or as the ancient prison of the castle. Examination of the walls has, however, led to the opinion that it was used to contain the stores of the garrison. The dungeons of the castle are two caverns some twelve or fifteen feet below the bottom of the fosse. They are entirely dark, and, as may be supposed, exceedingly damp; in them not only the military captives of the earls but every civil delinquent was in former times confined.

The keep was at one period the habitation of a noble species of owl, *Bubo maximus*, but within the last few years they have all died off. An amusing anecdote is told of these birds, which had been imported from North America and were highly prized. "One of these owls, or owlesses, rejoiced in the titled appellation of Lord Thurlow, and it happened at a time when the celebrated chancellor of that name was ill, and his condition was causing much political anxiety, that the attendant upon the birds kept in qualified captivity at the castle advanced hastily and out of breath to their noble proprietor, saying: 'Please, your grace, Lord Thurlow!' 'Well, rejoined the duke, 'is he better or worse?' 'If you please, my lord,' the man answered, 'just laid an egg!'"

ROYAL VISITORS AND CLAIMANTS.

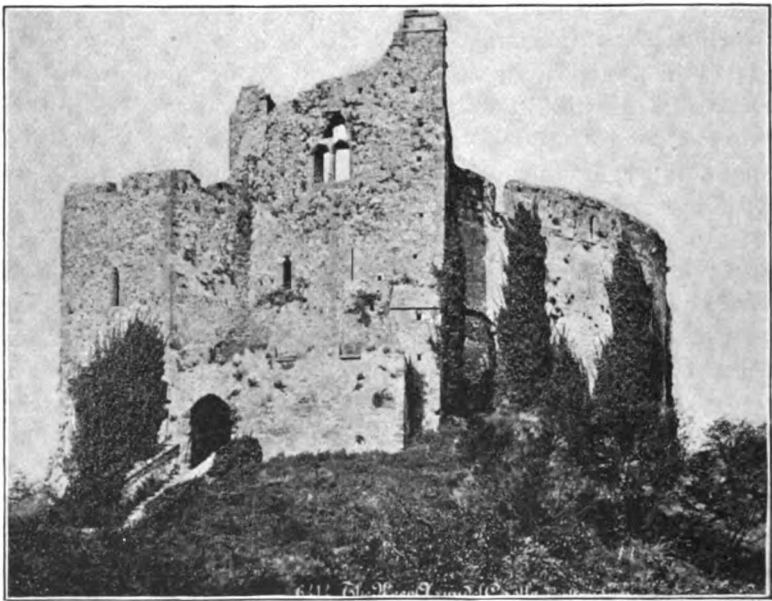
At the Norman conquest the castle and lands of Arundel were bestowed by William the Conqueror on his kinsman,

Roger de Montgomery, who commanded the Breton contingent of the victorious army at the battle of Hastings, in return for his services. They were held by him and his two sons successively. In 1097 William Rufus on his return from Normandy landed at Arundel, and celebrated Easter within the walls of the castle, for that monarch, wicked and unscrupulous as he was in many of his actions, did not fail to attend the services and observe the rules of the church. In 1102 the Earl of Arundel and Sussex revolted against Henry I., and the royal arms were directed against the fortress. A three months' siege produced no effect, such was the strength of the place; but the earl at length capitulated, and the property was forfeited to the king, who settled it as a dower on his second wife, Adeliza, or Alice. It was in her possession when the Empress Matilda landed in England to assert her right to the throne, and the widowed Queen Adeliza received and entertained in regal fashion the daughter of her late royal consort. King Stephen thereupon threatened to demolish the castle unless she were given up to him; but on Queen Adeliza assuring him that she had afforded shelter to Matilda not as an enemy of the crown, but as her step-daughter, Stephen raised the siege, and the royal guest was permitted to join her adherents at Bristol. Henry II. on his accession granted the castle and honor of Arundel to William de Albionia, whom Adeliza, the widow of Henry I., had married, and to his heirs in perpetuity. In 1247, on the failure of a direct heir, the earldom passed to John Fitzalan, son of a daughter of the fifth earl. It remained in that family until 1580, when the last earl of the line left an only daughter, who married John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and thus the estate passed into the hands of the illustrious family which now holds it.

UNDER EXCOMMUNICATION.

For nearly five centuries Arundel enjoyed immunity from scenes of war. But the contest which, during that period, was almost continually waged between church and state found an echo amid the grassy slopes and spreading beech-trees on the bank of the Arun. In the thirteenth century Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, claimed as an appurtenance of the bishopric the right to hunt in the forest of Arundel. The earl would not acknowledge this privilege; his foresters were ordered to seize any dogs that might be found on the grounds. The primate declared this to be an encroachment on the im-

munities of the church, and excommunicated the nobleman. The case was referred to Rome, as the supreme authority and court of appeal, with this result, that the sentence of the archbishop was reversed. Still the successors of Edmund urged the claim; and it was finally agreed that once in the year the archbishop, in going to and returning from his manor at Hindon, should be allowed to hunt with six grayhounds, and if more than one stag were taken, the prelate might select one and give the remainder to the keeper of the forest. Meanwhile the earl was to deliver thirteen head of deer annually



THE KEEP, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

to the archbishop. While the excommunication was still in force King Henry III. married Eleanor of Provence; the nuptials were followed by the coronation of the bride, and Arundel claimed his hereditary prerogative of acting as the monarch's cup-bearer at the ceremony. It was stated that an excommunicate person was incompetent to discharge the office; and consequently Lord Warren, the earl's father-in-law, performed the function, receiving, as the perquisite of office, the gold goblet out of which the king drank. It was this mortification that induced the earl to appeal to Rome for the removal of the sentence.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION AT ARUNDEL.

In the ages of faith religion was a matter of paramount importance; the lord of the manor grudged no outlay in order to provide for the spiritual needs of his family and dependents, and to furnish the means of celebrating divine worship with all the reverence which the ceremonial of the church demands. The Earls of Arundel were not neglectful of this duty. Mention is made of a Chapel of St. Martin as existing in the venerable keep of Arundel Castle; and it is recorded that, as early as 1094, Roger de Montgomery granted the Benedictine monks permission to found a house within the precincts of the town, and bestowed on them extensive tracts of land in the county of Sussex. During the civil wars of the fourteenth century the greater part of the monks withdrew to the Abbey of Seez, in Normandy, whence the foundation had originally been made; and in 1380 Richard, Earl of Arundel, founded on the site of the priory a college "for the furtherance of divine worship and study," with a superior and twelve canons. It was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The monks inhabiting it were bound to celebrate in turn, each day of every month, one Mass for the souls of the Earls of Arundel deceased; and one Mass every fifteen days for the earl for the time being. Provision was also made that a Mass of the Blessed Virgin should be sung daily by one of the members of the college at the altar of the Chapel of Our Lady in the adjoining parochial Church of St. Nicholas; the revenue of the chaplains being four pounds per annum. The college buildings, which adjoined the parish church, were in the form of a quadrangle; the principal gateway is still remaining. It had the right of sanctuary, and the ancient register of the bishops of Chichester records that a severe penance was once passed on a constable of the castle for having removed by force a prisoner who, having escaped from his dungeon, had been fortunate enough to lay hold of and cling to the sanctuary-ring of the college door.

The services performed in these chapels must have assumed a degree of splendor to which the private oratories of Catholics were little accustomed. Both the collegiate chapel and Our Lady's chapel were of more than ordinary magnificence. The windows, filled with stained glass, shed a dim and varied light on the frescoed walls, the escutcheons, the oak stalls of the monks, and the brasses on the pavement; the carved roof was splendidly painted and gilded, and beneath, on tombs of

marble and gold, reposed the effigies of the earls and countesses in their last long sleep. At the time of the Reformation the figures were mutilated, the walls defaced, the stained glass and delicate masonry wantonly destroyed.

CHARITABLE FOUNDATIONS.

To the munificent piety of the same earl Arundel was indebted for the *Maison Dieu*, the ruins of which are still to be seen. It was established to provide shelter for twenty poor men who, from age, sickness, or infirmity, were unable to gain their living; preference being given to the servants and retainers of the founder and his heirs. The qualifications required for admission were to have led a moral life, and to be able to say the Pater, Ave, and Credo in Latin. Over these a priest presided, with the title of master, in the capacity of superior and chaplain. The bedesmen were clad in brown woollen garments like a monk's habit, with hoods of stuff thick and warm. To each one useful employment, according to his strength and skill, was assigned. At the dissolution of the monasteries the building was dismantled and left to crumble away.

A Dominican priory was also established at Arundel shortly after the introduction of the order into England (1221). It is mentioned in the will of St. Richard of Chichester.

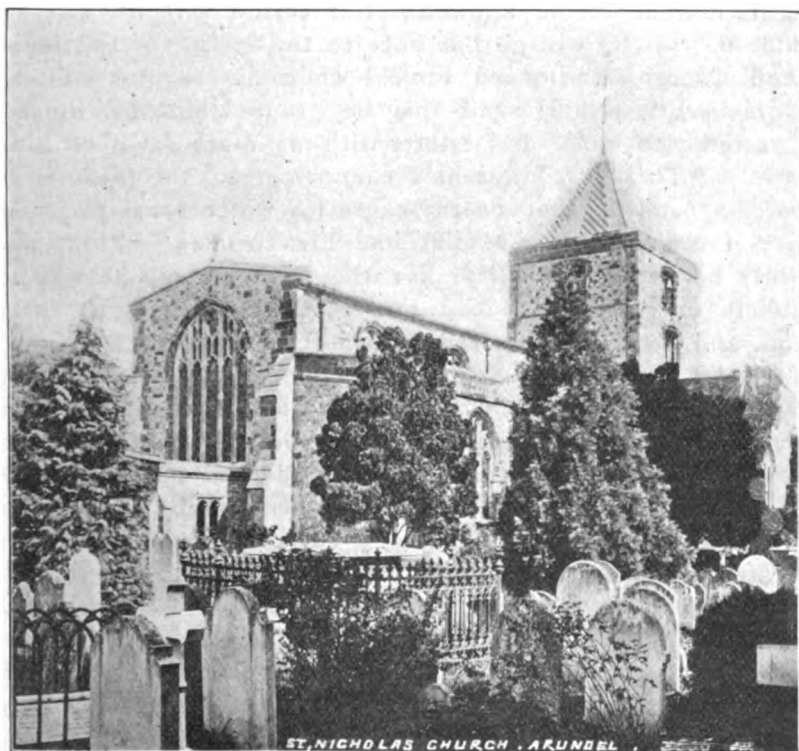
Another charitable institution was a hospital for lepers: *S. Jacobus ad Leprosos*. The prevalence of this terrible disease in England during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries rendered lazaret-houses for the reception of those who were afflicted by it most necessary. An Augustinian friar was chaplain to the hospital, the endowment being forty shillings per annum.

NOBLE MARTYRS.

At the period when theological controversies distracted Europe, and the doctrines of the Reformers gained ground in England, Henry, the then Earl of Arundel, showed himself a staunch adherent of the ancient faith. He took a prominent part in raising Mary the Catholic to the throne, and thus regained the favor at court of which his refusal in the preceding reign to acknowledge the royal supremacy had deprived him. On his death, in 1554, his title and the principal part of his property were transferred to the house of Howard, his only child, Lady Mary Fitzalan, having married Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. This nobleman, distinguished for his attachment to the Queen of Scots, and his sufferings in the cause of that un-

happy princess, was beheaded on Tower Hill by order of Queen Elizabeth.

Philip, his son and heir, was another victim of that relentless monarch. Born in the reign of Queen Mary, he was baptized with great pomp, in presence of the court, by the Archbishop of York, a golden font, used only for christening princes of the realm, being employed on the occasion, and King Philip of Spain acting as sponsor. His career is one of singular in-



terest and pathos; he is described by a contemporary as "the idol of all who knew him, the admiration of Europe, the object of the sympathy of the world." At an early age he threw himself into all the amusements, the revelries, the vices of Elizabeth's licentious court, and shone among the most honored competitors for the favor of his sovereign; but after five years spent in the pursuit of pleasure he generously sacrificed interest, fame, and honor to follow the voice of conscience and return to the religion of his forefathers. This was an offence Elizabeth could not pardon; from thenceforth he became the

object of incessant and rancorous persecution. Betrayed by spies when about to escape to France, he was captured, cast into prison, tried before the Star Chamber, and condemned to pay a fine of £10,000, besides imprisonment at the queen's pleasure.

For upwards of eleven years Arundel lingered in the Tower, bearing the hardships and misery of this long incarceration in a "foul and noisome dungeon," and the inhuman treatment he experienced at the hands of the lieutenant of the Tower, with most edifying patience, constancy, and cheerfulness. In vain did he entreat to be allowed one interview with his wife and children. "If he will go but once to the service of the Established Church," the queen replied when his request was laid before her, "not only shall this be granted him, but he shall be restored to honor and estate, with as much favor as I can grant." "To such conditions I cannot agree," the prisoner answered; "and if that be the cause for which I am to perish, sorry I am that I have but one life to offer." Philip may rightly be termed a martyr for the faith, though he was not publicly executed. He died in prison, with his rosary in his hand, and the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips.*

On his attainder in 1585 the estate of the earl had been seized, and his property confiscated to the crown. The inventory made on this occasion by the commissioners who were appointed to make a return of the castle and the furniture of its twenty-one rooms to the exchequer is still preserved in the British Museum. It is a very curious document, showing the state and manner of living of a nobleman in the reign of Elizabeth. The walls appear to have been profusely hung with tapestries, described as "pieces of hanging of sundry ancient stories"; we also read of "turkey carpets, embroidered cushions, low stools, tables on tressels, etc." The bed-rooms seem to have been furnished with special magnificence.

A miserable pittance, irregularly paid, and often not to the full amount, was doled out to the widowed countess for the support of her two children. The property was restored by James I. to her son, who, although he had been educated in the doctrines of the proscribed faith, for the sake of gaining the king's favor conformed, at least outwardly, to the established religion. His son followed his example.

* The walls of the cell in which he was confined in the Beauchamp Tower still bear this inscription, carved by his hand in the stone over the fireplace :

*Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc seculo,
Tanto plus gloria cum Christo in futuro.*

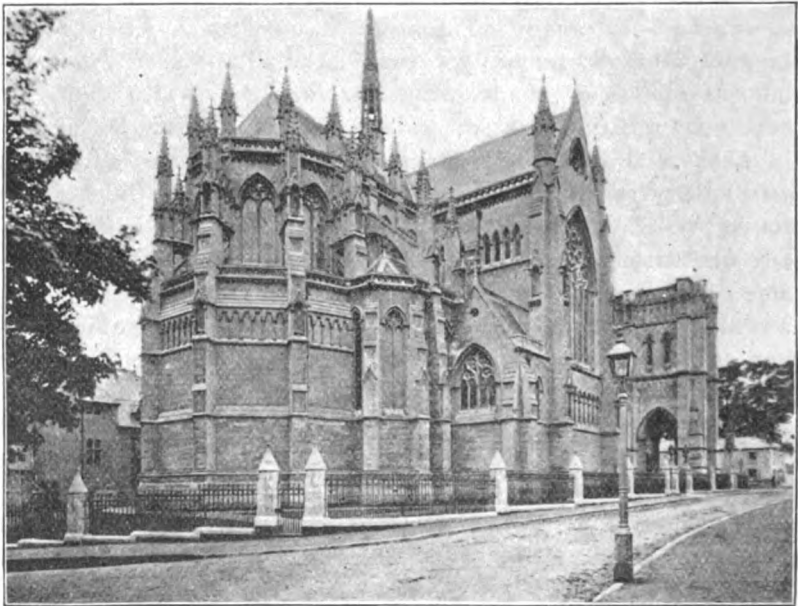
BRITISH VANDALS.

The Castle of Arundel was of too great importance on military grounds to escape notice in the civil wars of Charles I.'s reign. It was besieged by the Parliamentary army during the absence of its owner and forced to capitulate, the water supply of the garrison being cut off by the besiegers, when it met with the fate of all fine structures that fell into the hands of the psalm-singing followers of Cromwell. The great hall and the adjoining buildings were destroyed; the soldiers were quartered in the chapels, and the castle was left almost a ruin. No attempt was made to rebuild it until 1720, when Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, partially repaired the dilapidated apartments, and his successor made a more complete restoration. The keep has remained in its ruined state until the present day; but numerous additions and alterations have been made during this century to the castle itself, and the old keep does not harmonize with the modern work. In connection with some recent alterations a fire occurred last autumn which occasioned some alarm, the whole surrounding country being lit up by the flames. The efforts of the duke's private brigade sufficed, however, to subdue the conflagration before much harm was done.

The town itself is full of antiquarian interest. The very road from the modern railway station is an old Roman causeway, and directly the bridge is reached the ruins of the Dominican priory are seen. It was built in the commencement of the fourteenth century, and in the time of the Parliamentary wars is described as a ruin; a portion of the materials of which it was built were used in reconstructing the bridge. The parish church of St. Nicholas is, as we have seen, of great antiquity; the Fitzalan Chapel, screened off from the rest of the church, is the private property of the Duke of Norfolk, and was the subject of a law-suit some few years ago, on an attempt being made to recover this part of the church for the use of the public. Notwithstanding its connection with the main building, it was declared by the lord chief-justice to be a distinct edifice, and the ownership awarded to the duke. It contains some fine monuments of the ancestors of his grace, illustrious members of the Fitzalan and Howard families. They have all sustained considerable injury, and in some cases the effigies have been removed from the tombs.

In the centre of the chapel stands the tomb of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, son of the founder; and of his wife Beatrix,

daughter of John I., King of Portugal. It is composed entirely of alabaster and blue marble; a canopy of exquisite workmanship covers the effigies of the earl and countess, in their robes of state, their hands folded in the attitude of prayer; a horse, the cognizance of the Fitzalan family, is at their feet. Besides this, there are five other monuments which retain more or less of their original beauty. One of these, raised to the memory of an Earl of Arundel who died in 1435, is a very singular one. On the slab that forms its covering lies the effigy of the earl, clad in plate armor, with helmet and sword;



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, ARUNDEL.

beneath this, enclosed within the arches that support the slab, a representation of the same body lies stretched upon a shroud, emaciated to a skeleton. This figure is in the best style of the stone-cutter's workmanship. Other members of the family are interred in the vaults; the floor was formerly inlaid with a number of brass figures and inscriptions, but almost all of these have now disappeared.

ARUNDEL AND ITS PRESENT OWNER.

The churchyard has in it some splendid old trees, and is approached by a triple gateway. Somewhat further, on the summit of the hill, stands the Catholic church dedicated to St. Philip Neri, erected by the present Duke of Norfolk at the

cost of £100,000, and opened in 1873. It is an imposing structure, cruciform in plan, composed of a nave ninety-seven feet long, two aisles, and a large chancel. No just idea can be formed of this building from photographs, as from the position it occupies it is impossible to place the camera at the proper distance. Placed as it is on an eminence overlooking the town, from an artistic stand-point it interferes with what used to be a very picturesque view of the town and castle combined. From many parts it appears the principal object in the landscape; and on account of its size and prominence is thought to have the effect of somewhat dwarfing the castle, close to which it stands. On one side of the eminence on which the castle is situated is the park, comprising upwards of eleven hundred acres, and well stocked with deer. It contains some magnificent trees, and, being open to the public, is a favorite resort in summer for tourists, as are also the beautiful woods which clothe the adjacent hills. In front are vast tracts of meadowland; through these the Arun meanders on its way to the sea, which forms a broad belt of azure on the horizon.

In concluding this sketch of Arundel and its eventful history we must revert to the present noble owner of the vast property, who has done so much to make Arundel what it now is. Enough cannot be said of the exemplary virtue and the unostentatious piety of this worthy descendant of heroes and confessors. Under the present government he holds the office of postmaster-general, and it is universally acknowledged that never were the duties of the office more ably and conscientiously fulfilled. The municipality of Sheffield has found his rule as mayor so beneficial that he has been entreated to prolong his term of office for another year. It is an old custom in the city of Sheffield that on the first Sunday after his election the new mayor should make a public act of homage to God by attending divine worship in his robes of office. The duke on his acceptance of the post, deeming this a suitable opportunity for openly asserting his religion, instead of waiving the ceremony, announced his intention of going in state to High Mass at St. Mary's, and invited the members of the city council and others connected with the corporation to accompany him thither. All these gentlemen were Protestants, yet a large number availed themselves of the invitation; each one found in the seat reserved for him a copy of the Ordinary of the Mass, in Latin and English, printed and elegantly bound at the duke's expense.

CONSTANTINOPLE AGAINST ROME.*

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.



HE title of this pamphlet is a misnomer. There is no such body as the Orthodox Church of the East. There are several autonomous communions calling themselves Orthodox, but they do not compose one organic, ecclesiastical corporation.

Only one of these societies is under the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Constantinople, viz.: the collection of bishoprics in the Turkish Empire. He calls himself still Ecumenical Patriarch, but he is nothing of the kind. The only title which he claims to any kind of primacy has lapsed.

"The divine Fathers, honoring the Bishop of Rome merely as bishop of the capital city of the realm, granted him honorary presiding primacy, and regarded him simply as the first bishop in point of order, *i. e.*, the first among equals. But they also assigned the same prerogatives to him of Constantinople, when that city became the capital of the Roman Empire" (p. 9). His city having become the capital of an infidel empire, and his episcopal see a mere dependency of the same, his primacy has *ipso facto* lapsed. "Each particular autocephalous church, both in the East and the West, was, during the ages of the Seven Ecumenical Councils, entirely independent and self-governing" (p. 9).

The patriarch can only speak for himself and the thirteen bishops who have signed his Letter. The prelates of Russia and Greece have not commissioned him to speak for them, or given their sanction to his pronouncement of his own authority; he has no more right to issue an Encyclical in their name, than has the Archbishop of Baltimore to issue a Pastoral Letter in the name of the Bishops of France and Germany.

However, his fundamental plea, that what by courtesy we will call the Oriental Orthodox Church is the Church of the Seven Ecumenical Councils; is, no doubt, one which all the churches classed under that name will accept and ratify. They

* *Reply of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of the East to the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on Reunion.* Literally translated from the Official Greek Text. Second edition, entirely revised. London and New York, 1896.

must all stand or fall with Constantinople. And the only possible claim which Constantinople can make to a canonical and Catholic position is founded on the assumption that it stands on the basis of the First Seven Councils, viz., the First of Nicæa, the First of Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon, the Second and Third of Constantinople, and the Second of Nicæa.

The first Council of Nicæa was resisted and opposed by emperors and prelates throughout the East for fifty years. A council held in Constantinople restored Arius. Eusebius of Nicomedia, the chief of the Arians, surreptitiously erased his name from the list of subscriptions to the Nicene Creed and obtained possession of the patriarchal chair. After him, St. Paul, the orthodox patriarch, was banished and put to death. Macedonius and Eudoxius, Arians, succeeded him. There were great champions of the Nicene Creed in the East, Athanasius, Basil, the Gregories; but it was not Constantinople, it was Rome which protected them; it was the Roman Church and the popes who fought the battle of the faith and conquered. When St. Gregory Nazianzen came to Constantinople, the orthodox church where he preached was a mere private chapel, and it was only by the Second Council and the Emperor Theodosius that he was proclaimed patriarch. The special heresy condemned by the council, together with Arianism, was the invention of Macedonius, one of the patriarchs of the fourth century. This council was made Ecumenical only by the approbation of the Pope and the general acceptance of the West.

The Council of Ephesus was convoked to condemn Nestorius, the patriarch of Constantinople, with his heresy, and was carried through to a successful issue by Rome and Alexandria. The Council of Chalcedon condemned the heresy of Eutyches; and in both these councils, the supremacy of the Roman pontiff as the successor of St. Peter was emphatically proclaimed with the universal consent of all the prelates.

The Fifth Council was an appendix of the Fourth. The most salient fact in its history is the barbarous conduct of the emperor toward Pope Vigilius, but there is nothing to lend support to the pretence that the Eastern patriarchates were independent of the Roman See.

The Sixth Council condemned the Monothelite heresy. This heresy had its origin in Constantinople and Alexandria, from the patriarchs Sergius and Cyrus, who so far deceived Pope Honorius that he failed to discover its true significance and to condemn it, for which oversight he was severely cen-

sured by subsequent Councils and Popes; censured, that is, for failing to exercise his supremacy by condemning the patriarchs of Constantinople and Alexandria, and their heresy.

The Monothelite heresy ruled at Constantinople, Alexandria, and Antioch for about sixty years, headed by Sergius and several of his successors, and sustained with force and violence by the emperors. Although Sergius had succeeded in hoodwinking the honest and unsuspicious Honorius, he was no Monothelite, and his unfortunate letter to Sergius, in which he endeavored to hush up the controversy between him and Sophronius of Jerusalem, who detected and denounced the heresy, was unknown in the West. Honorius having soon after died, his successors, being better informed, condemned the heresy and defined the faith. Martin the First called a council in which a clear and full definition of the faith was made. The consequence of this was a cruel persecution in which this great Pope, the Abbot Maximus, and others suffered martyrdom. At last a new emperor, Constantine Pogonatus, wishing to put an end to the troubles in the East, proposed the calling of a general council. Pope Agatho caused several councils to be held in the West, and among these, an English council at Heathfield. The most important of these was the Lateran Council held in Rome. Thus sustained by the entire Western episcopate, Pope Agatho sent his legates to Constantinople to preside over the Sixth Ecumenical Council. In his instructions to the legates, and his letters to the emperor and the council, he affirmed his supreme doctrinal authority in the strongest terms, and demanded that the dogmatic decrees of the council should be framed in accordance with the rule of faith which he prescribed. This was done, the Monothelite heresy was condemned and the Catholic faith defined by the Sixth Council, which sat for the space of a year. Thus Rome gained a complete victory over Constantinople, and its supremacy was confirmed.

The Seventh Council was jointly convoked by the Pope and the Emperor to condemn the Iconoclastic heresy, which ravaged the church of Constantinople and the Eastern Empire for a hundred and twenty years, lasting even for a time after the council. This heresy was the work of the emperors, with whom some patriarchs and many bishops connived. It was marked by the most cruel persecutions of the orthodox and many martyrdoms. It was the Popes who opposed and resisted its progress, and it was the doctrine and authority of the

Roman Church which subdued and suppressed the Iconoclastic heresy and caused the Seventh Council to be universally received as ecumenical.

What are we to think, now, of the right of those Eastern prelates who are in communion with the patriarch Anthimus to call themselves the Church of the Seven Councils? The Catholic Church receives all those councils as ecumenical, and professes the entire, undiluted faith of the first nine centuries. That collection of bishops, with their clergy and people, which we will call by courtesy the Oriental Orthodox Church, should more properly be called the Church of *only* Seven Councils, because they reject all the subsequent councils, and have never ventured to celebrate any synod by themselves claiming the title of ecumenical.

What special right have these Orientals to call the first seven councils the councils of *their* church, in distinction from the Church of the West? It is true that they were all celebrated in the East, in cities which were all finally included within the limits of the patriarchate of Constantinople, and three of them in that city itself. These councils were mostly composed of Eastern bishops. I have no wish to extenuate the merits of the saintly patriarchs and orthodox emperors of Constantinople; of the great Greek fathers and doctors, prelates and confessors. Athanasius, Basil, the Gregories, Origen, Sophronius, the Cyrils, Chrysostom, Tarasius, John of Damascus, Ignatius, are among the brightest stars in the Catholic firmament. Yet, it was chiefly by the Roman Church and her pontiffs that the first seven councils, to which we must add the eighth, were brought to a triumphant issue. The East furnished the heresies and the heresiarchs condemned and anathematized, and in Constantinople nineteen heretics sat in the patriarchal chair during the course of five centuries. It must be remembered that these are all anathematized by Constantinople and all the adherents of the Greek schism, as well as by Rome. By canonizing St. Ignatius they have practically condemned Photius and countersigned the sentence of Rome on all their own schismatical proceedings.

It is true that they receive all the dogmatic decrees of the first seven councils, but they have wholly abjured their loyal submission to the supremacy of the Holy See. They are not in unity with the Catholic Church of the first ten centuries, any more than the Nestorians, Monophysites, and Russian Old Believers. The Eastern councils, fathers, and patriarchs are the

clearest and strongest witnesses to Papal Supremacy. It is enough here to cite the formula of Pope Hormisdas, who reigned from 514 to 523. The formulary is as follows:

"The first step to salvation is to keep the rule of faith, and by no means to deviate from the Constitutions of the Fathers, because we may by no means disregard the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, who said, 'Thou art Peter, etc.' These things which were said are proved by their effects, for in the Apostolic See the faith has always been preserved without spot. Therefore, wishing never to be separated from this See in hope and faith, and following in all things the Constitutions of the Fathers, we anathematize all the heretics, etc. Wherefore, as we said above, following in everything the Apostolic See, and making all its decisions our own, we hope to be worthy to be with you in that one communion which the Apostolic See supports, and in which the whole and true solidity of Christian faith is found. And we promise also not to mention during the Sacred Mysteries the names of those who are deprived of the communion of the Catholic Church, that is to say, of those who do not agree with the Apostolic See."

This formulary was subscribed by all the bishops of the West, by three patriarchs of Constantinople, by twenty-five hundred Eastern bishops, and by the Emperor Justinian. The patriarch Anthimus has therefore placed himself in opposition not only to the Roman Church, but to his own predecessors, and to the entire Catholic Church, both Latin and Greek, of the first nine centuries.

Nevertheless, he seems to imagine, in spite of his declaration of the equality of all bishops, and of the fact that Russia and Greece have disowned his authority, that he is still an ecumenical patriarch, and that his see is the Apostolic See. He addresses his letter "to the entire pious and orthodox community of the Most Holy Apostolic and Patriarchal Throne of Constantinople."

Not content with the more modest plea that this community should be recognized as one branch of the Universal Church, the patriarch claims that it is the One, Catholic Church, and that all the churches of the West are in schism and heresy. Our Anglican friends can derive no comfort from this Encyclical, for they also have the "Filioque" in their Creed, and are not even allowed to have the sacrament of baptism. We can, therefore, only sympathize and condole with one another, under the anathema of the "Apostolic Throne."

The ecumenical patriarch does not, however, leave us entirely without hope, on the condition of our repentance.

"We feel now urged by a sense of duty to address the peoples of the West, who have been credulously led astray, and remain torn away and afar from the one Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ. How great, then, is the need of your conversion and return to the ancient and unadulterate teaching of the church, in order to the salvation sought in Christ, you will readily comprehend if you diligently consider the precept which the heaven-soaring Paul addressed to the Thessalonians: 'Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word or our epistle'; or again, what the same divine Apostle wrote to the Galatians, saying: 'I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ, unto another gospel: which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ.' Turn, therefore, away from such perversions of the truth of the Gospel; 'for they that are such, serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly, and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple'; turn away from them, and return henceforth to the bosom of the one Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of God, which is composed of the several holy churches planted by the hand of God in the orthodox universe, in the manner of luxuriant vines, and bound inseparably together in the unity of the saving faith in Christ, and in the bond of peace, and in the Spirit. Thus will you attain to the longed-for salvation, and thus also shall be glorified in you the exalted and praised name of our Lord and God Jesus Christ, who suffered to save the world."

Of course, this absurd rhapsody needs no reply. The patriarch has the spirit of his schismatical and heretical predecessors. Every heresy has pretended to have the pure Catholic truth, accused Catholics of being innovators, rejected the councils which condemned them, and demanded that the church should become Arian, Nestorian, or Monophysite, as Anthimus now demands that it should become Photian. There is no hope of any return to unity on the part of the patriarch and his adherents. He is not, however, the spokesman of any part of the Eastern clergy, except those of the Turkish Empire. His encyclical is not an official document which can be regarded as representing the concurrent judgment of the bishops of Greece and Russia, and the Slavonian nations.

I do not believe that the bitter, Byzantine hatred of the Roman Church which breathes in the encyclical is universal among the Eastern Christians who are separated from her communion. Father Vincenzo Vannutelli, who lived many years in the East and has a personal knowledge of the state of things there, writes as follows :

“What has become clear is this; that the religion which the dissenting Christians of those parts profess does not *substantially* oppose or deny the Catholic faith, but that the difference in belief is, on the whole, but a difference in words. Moreover (and the fact is very noteworthy), the schism has never been *explicitly* formulated after the public act of Union subscribed to at the Council of Florence. Hence it may be said, that *juridically* speaking, the schism does not exist. If the Orientals have hitherto failed to accept the dogma of the primacy of the Roman Pontiff, it was not because they failed to recognize the necessity of union under the supreme head represented by the successor of St. Peter. . . . Not only do they pray daily for the union of Christendom, but the dogma of St. Peter's Primacy is formulated most clearly and explicitly in their liturgical traditions; and the desirable consummation would simply be that they should realize in fact what they profess in words.”

We must all agree with Father Vannutelli, that

“It remains for all sincere Catholics to unite with the hopes of the Sovereign Pontiff, and to lend our help to the divine plan of unity. The union of the East and West into one Catholic Church would revive anew faith, hope, and charity, and also bring us nearer to the prosperity and peace promised to the children of God's kingdom on earth.”*

I desire most ardently to see the Cross again surmount the dome of St. Sophia, and a truly orthodox successor of St. Chrysostom and St. Ignatius seated on the patriarchal throne.

* Article on the Religious Union of the East and West. *American Ecclesiastical Review*, December, 1894. The same *Review* contains an excellent and complete Rejoinder to the Patriarch, by Father Brandi, S.J., number for January, 1896, and the five following numbers.



THE HOLY GRAIL.

(See frontispiece.)

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.



SEEKEST thou the golden bowl, the heavenly
escuelle,
Held on high by angel hands, in a realm unseen?
O'er thy sword and armor thou must keep thy
vigil well,

For three tasks confront thee will test their worth, I ween.

Look o'er all the universe: what is fairest there?

Is it gems that deck the night, flowers of the field?

These are wondrous beautiful, yet none of them compare

With the spotless heart of Mary, to its God revealed.

Make thy heart as pure as hers—nay, start not in dismay:

By election, true, she shines; grace gives thee the prize:

Bear in mind the Blood she gave takes all stains away;

Not the stainless, but the contrite, gladden paradise.

Having won the foremost fight, look not for applause

From thy pride or from the world, but to God give praise.

Heeding not the morrow's needs, to thy neighbor's cause

Ev'ry aid and succor bring that can cheer his days.

Then the last and greatest work thy constancy to prove:

By the roots all earthly loves from thy bosom tear.

If with me thou wouldst abide, from ambition's snares remove;

All thy heart is my demand, earth can have no share.

Greater is the task, say'st thou, than thy strength to do?

Brother, no; the justest God asks only what we can.

If at last thy work appear insufficient in thy view,

Comfort thee; the Father knows all that's possible to man.

Glory's wreaths are woven both for those who win and fall

In the last fierce escalade of the heights above:

Thy desert is measured by thine aim the most of all;

Fuseth deed with purpose in God's crucible of love.



AGNES REPPLIER.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.



WHEN our mothers were little girls a pastime much in vogue produced the "album of favorites." This was a blank book showily bound, in which the victim was asked to write the name of her favorite poet, general, reigning monarch, recipe for plum-pudding, and a variety of other useful information. Were I asked to write the name of my favorite essayist, I could inscribe it in a small library of albums while a doubting one with a divided allegiance was arranging an intermittent fountain-pen, and the name I should write would be AGNES REPPLIER.

This gifted daughter of old Philadelphia has been delighting a chosen few for a decade of years and longer, but it is only in more recent times that she has become the genial friend of the English-reading world. Thomas Bailey Aldrich introduced her to Boston in the fastidious pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Boston took her to its heart. A discriminating great lady of that city of beans and fads and philosophy lured the young writer to her drawing-room, and she became at once, without having any say in the matter, the very especial lion of the day.

But with all her popularity the world has not been told a great deal of Agnes Repplier. I have just been seeking her biography of the usual cyclopædic kind, and even so admirable a work as the *Century Dictionary of Names* failed to reward my search. No one who knows anything about such matters need be told that the blame or the praise for this dearth belongs at Miss Repplier's own door. One can readily conceive of the printed slips of flattering invitation to contribute a sketch of herself, not exceeding — hundred words, for the Distinguished Women Series of Stylus, Penn & Co.'s American Biography in ten volumes, and her writing a courteous little note in reply, saying that her achievements did not entitle her to a place on the famous roll.

It is said that even Philadelphia had not "discovered" her until her fame was ripe and rich, and one can imagine her

wicked delight in hiding eulogistic press-notices, and concealing all the spoils of her social conquests, dinner-cards and luncheon favors and programmes of matinee readings. The author of an imitation erotic novel, the poet of Dobbs City, all the bewildering array of Roes and Does who have attained mediocrity in the pages of a cyclopædia by writing unread and unreadable books, leading innocuous cults, or founding moribund educational institutions, may be depended upon to place their candles on the highest available molehill; but real genius does not need to discover itself.

All the positive information we have of Agnes Repplier outside of her books—information gleaned in bits from periodicals and the “literary column” of the Sunday papers—is, that she was born in Philadelphia on the proper side of Market Street, and still resides in the beautiful Quaker City; that she comes of good English stock, with a liberal dash of French blood to liven up the sober Saxon current; that she was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent at Torresdale and at Miss Irwin’s private school; and that her first contributions to literature were in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE and the Philadelphia *Times*.

As to her looks: I have a picture before me published by a syndicate a year or so ago, but it is rather indefinite. One might guess from it that the original is erect and graceful in carriage, with hands dainty and beautiful, mouth sensitive, nose small, coloring blonde, or what the French call *chataine*. One cannot tell much about the eyes in the picture; one can only imagine them looking with humorous appreciation through narrowing lids at the foibles of a world that yet contains much that is lovable. The age is not given; but the picture is of a young woman, and a woman with so sunny a soul has no age. In the course of time, as Januaries follow Decembers, Agnes Repplier will be, like Dr. Holmes, so many years young. Her place in the niche of fame will be in the neighborhood of her dear friends, Jane Austen and Charles Lamb, Matthew Arnold and Andrew Lang, and she will have to bend in her own graceful way to converse with the shade of Augustin Birrel.

As for the woman limned in her books, one might construct a personality from certain cabalistic, subtle touches in her essays as the palmist reads character from the lines in one’s hands, and this reading, unhampered by a mythical past, a vague present, and a problematic future, might be the truer of the two tests.

And I have not yet read all of Miss Repplier’s books; think

of the delight in store for me—two books waiting, and the twenty still unwritten! Not long ago I asked for *Essays in Idleness* in a big dry-goods emporium where books are sold at a tremendous discount—but the volume was “not in stock”—feeling all the while as mean as if I had gone to a bargain-counter to get a birthday present for my dearest friend. Imagine one's wanting nearly three hundred pages of Agnes Repplier for ninety-nine cents! Only the sight of a prosperous matron in an imported gown complacently buying Charles Lamb in cloth and silver for seventeen cents partially restored my self-respect.

One might safely put forth the opinion that the woman who wrote *Books that have Hindered Me, Pleasure: A Heresy*, and *Literary Shibboleths* is an independent thinker. *Scanderbeg* indicates the hero-worshipper, the sympathetic friend of the doer of brave deeds. These words, penned about certain volumes found among *English Railway Fiction*, reveal the loyal, warm heart: “These Titans, discrowned and discredited; these captives, honorable in their rags, stirred my heart with sympathy and compassion. I wanted to gather them up and carry them away to respectability, and the long-forgotten shelter of library walls. But light-weight luggage precluded philanthropy, and, steeling my reluctant soul, I left them to their fate.”

Everywhere one sees the results of that clear mental vision of a thinker who is eminently sane. No other writer can be depended upon so confidently to prick the bubble of a popular craze, or to show the innate absurdity of the undermining theories of life and society which pervade, like a poisoned leaven, so many of the novels of the day.

And few can discriminate as does Agnes Repplier between the good and the bad in a book; can select so unerringly the real gold from a lot of mental dross, and see the humor, the tragic heights where nature in sorrow's crucible reveals itself, the agony and the rapture, the limitations and the failures of life, and not be affected by the false or the vicious which may come from the same erring yet gifted hand.

We have too many who praise or condemn in lumps, so to speak; rigid keepers of an index of their own, who put George Eliot and the aberrant author of *The Heavenly Twins*, Herbert Spencer, Anne Hutchinson, Ingersoll, and Madame Blavatsky in one malodorous heap—censure as indiscriminate as a January clearing sale of Christmas wares. An eminent clergyman once told me that *The Mill on the Floss* is idiotic. I am sure

he never intended to have his remark repeated, and condemnation so sweeping made me question my own taste and judgment until Agnes Repplier in a few swift strokes revealed new charms in Maggie Tulliver and restored a pleasing confidence in both.

Can any one read the paper on "Sympathy" and not be the kinder in judgment, the more catholic in appreciation?

"On the other hand, it is never worth while to assert that genius repeals the decalogue. We cannot believe, with M. Waliszewski, that because Catherine of Russia was a great ruler she was, even in the smallest degree, privileged to be an immoral woman, to give 'free course to her senses imperially.' The same commandment binds with equal rigor both empress and costermonger. But it is the greatness of Catherine, not her immorality, which concerns us deeply. It is the greatness of Marlborough, of Richelieu, and of Sir Robert Walpole which we do well to consider, and not their shortcomings, though from the tone assumed too often by their critics and historians one would imagine that duplicity, ambition, and cynicism were the only attributes these men possessed; that they stood for their vices alone. One would imagine also that the same sins were quite unfamiliar in humble life, and had never been practised on a petty scale by lawyers and journalists and bank clerks. . . . It is possible, then, to overdo moral criticism, and to cheat ourselves out of both pleasure and profit by narrowing our sympathies, and by applying modern or national standards to men of other ages and of another race. . . . As for the popular criticism which fastens on a feature and calls it a man, nothing can be easier or more delusive. . . . Marlborough may have been as false as Judas and as ambitious as Lucifer, but he was also the greatest of English-speaking generals, and England owes him something better than picturesque invectives."

Women who have lost their bearings in an heroic effort to keep up with that will-o'-the-wisp, the Woman Question, might read with much profit to themselves, and peace to their masculine relatives, *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil* and *A Curious Contention*.

"Why should I be asked to take part in a very animated discussion on 'What constitutes the success of Woman?' Woman succeeds just as man succeeds, through force of character. . . . Patchwork quilts in fifteen thousand pieces, paper flowers, nicely stitched aprons, and badly painted memorandum books, do not properly represent the attitude or the ability of

women. . . . And surely, the first and most needful lesson for them to acquire is to take themselves and their work with simplicity, and to be a little less self-conscious and a little more sincere. In all walks of life, in all kinds of labor, this is the beginning of excellence, and proficiency follows in its wake. . . ."

"Mr. Arnold has ventured to say that the best spiritual fruit of culture is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarizing, yet no one recognized more clearly than he the ungracious nature of the task. What people really like to be told is, that they are doing all things well, and have nothing to learn from anybody. . . . This is the tone of all the nice little papers about woman's progress and woman's work and woman's influence and woman's recent successes in literature, science, and art. 'I gain nothing by being with such as myself,' sighed Charles Lamb, with noble discontent. 'We encourage one another in mediocrity.' This is what we women are doing with such apparent satisfaction; we are encouraging one another in mediocrity. We are putting up easy standards of our own in place of the best standards of men. We are sating our vanity with small and ignoble triumphs, instead of struggling on defeated, routed, but unconquered still, with hopes high set upon the dazzling mountain-tops which we may never reach" (*Aut Cæsar aut Nihil*).

"Life is not easy to understand, but it seems tolerably clear that the two sexes were put upon the world to exist harmoniously together, and to do, each of them, a share of the world's work. . . . It is not convincing to hear that 'man has shrunk to his real proportions in our estimation,' because we are still in the dark as to what these proportions are. It is doubtless true that he is 'imperfect from the woman's point of view,' and imperfect, let us conclude, from his own; but whether we have attained that sure superiority which will enable us to work out our salvation is at least a matter for dispute. . . .

"And, indeed, though it be true that in civilized communities a larger proportion of women than of men live lives of cleanliness and self-restraint, yet it should be remembered that the great leaders of spiritual thought, the great reformers of minds or morals, have invariably been men. All that is best in word and example, all that is upholding, stimulating, purifying, and strenuous, has been the gift of these faltering creatures whom we are now invited to take in hand, and conduct with

'tenderness and pity' on their paths. It might also be worth while to remind ourselves occasionally that although we women may be destined to do the work of the future, men have done the work of the past, and have struggled, not altogether in vain, for the physical and intellectual welfare of the world."

When we make our own her irresistible *Plea for Humor*, and follow her victorious quest for "simple delight" in fiction, we feel that we are for ever her debtors. Nor do our obligations cease when, wearing Agnes Repplier's colors, we have wrested from the Realists, and the Degenerates, and the novelists with a formidable purpose, our American right to be happy in books in our own frivolous way, so long as our happiness is innocent even if not oppressively wise; those of us who have cut strings rather than untie them, valuing string by the penny and time by the pound; discarded half-worn frocks simply because we were tired of them; have been wildly extravagant in the way of pins, and have not lived up to our theories as to the treatment of gloves—what balm to our souls is *Esoteric Economy*! How genial our smiles at "the great, and wise, and mean Duke of Marlborough, . . . who did not disdain to bend his mighty mind to the contemplation of his candle-ends. . . . Who understood so well as he how to spend a thousand pounds and save a shilling?" And our smiles are more frequent at his imperious and beautiful duchess, who wrangled over the price of the lime that was to go into the stately triumphal arch at Blenheim, and who commissioned the English ambassador in Paris—the poor man knew better than to disregard the all-powerful Sarah's commission!—to buy her a dressing-gown, giving pages of directions as to price and color. Fancy one of our ambassadors wrestling with the mighty problem involved for the masculine mind in brocades with silk linings to match! It seems a little unkind even to a duchess—who might be supposed not to mind the opinion of commoner folk—that a letter of hers should be quoted over a century after she has laid aside the strawberry-leaves, as she thus puts herself on dubious record: she will wait for the things until "no one need be troubled with the custom-house people." "This," Miss Repplier adds, "is a euphuism worthy of an American conscience." What flesh-and-blood people seem these great ones of other times when this genial pen lays bare their "esoteric economies"! Queen Elizabeth calmly appropriating Raleigh's gorgeous waistcoat; King John quartering his retinue for a fortnight on the monks of St. Edmundsbury, and on the morning of his departure—when his

pious entertainers were doubtless o'er ready to "speed the parting guest"—presenting a silk cloak for St. Edmund's shrine, which cloak—quintessence of meanness!—was promptly "borrowed back by one of the royal train and the monks beheld it no more." And what a real little boy is the sturdy lad who refused to kneel and kiss Queen Charlotte's hand, not from any precocious sentiment of democracy, but to avoid soiling his new breeches by contact with the grass. George I. and his expense-book—how little dreamed this thrifty, prosaic monarch that an Agnes Repplier would ever scan his household accounts: "Think of it: twenty-six people to cook and only two to wash! But one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! . . . Yet the chances are that of all the officials in that snug, jolly, dirty, lively Hanoverian court those two washerwomen alone led comparatively idle lives. When balanced with the arduous labors of the seven officers of the cellar, I am convinced their position was a sinecure."

Of a cartoon representing Bismarck as a discharged pilot, the young emperor in sole charge of the ship and leering at his old pilot, it is the philosopher that speaks. It "is in itself an epitome of history, a realization of those brief, bitter moments which mark the turning-point of a nation, and stand for the satire of success." The satire of success!

But for a crystallized gem of satire, a veritable jewel of wit to be embedded for ever in the amber of a nation's classics, some three lines in *Literary Shibboleths* stand unmatched. Mr. Frederick Harrison is their reason for being, or, rather, some words of his which he would probably like to see suppressed. He is railing against "the incorrigible habit of reading little books," seeking desultory information from the rank and file of literature, and declares that "systematic reading is hardly possible for women." This is the pebble that our feminine David flings: "I do not know *why* systematic reading should be hardly possible for women, any more than I see what is to become of Mr. Harrison if we are to give up little books."

It is hard to quote from Agnes Repplier because everything she says is so eminently quotable. Here is an epitome of a sermon on bad books: "There is no room for self-conscious realism picking its little steps along; nor for socialistic dramas hot with sin; nor ethical problems disguised as stories; nor heroes of 'complex psychological interest,' whatever that may mean; nor inarticulate verse; nor angry, anarchical reformers;

nor dismal records of vice and disease parading in the covers of a novel."

And how quick is Miss Repplier to see an inconsistency: "While Clarissa Harlowe is writing on some tiny scraps of hidden paper letters which fill a dozen printed pages."

Now it is the poet that speaks: "Keats belongs to dreamier moods, when, as we read, the music of his words, the keen, creative magic of his style, lure us away from earth. We leave the darkness of night and the grayness of morning. We cease thinking and are content to feel. It is an elfin storm we hear beating against the casement; it is the foam of fairy seas that wash our shores."

Here is a definition not given in any of the standard dictionaries, but which we all recognize as the true one: "A puppy is but a dog plus high spirits and minus common sense."

Under what happy star did one little puss come into the world that it should be singled out from the nebulous region of kittendom, and given a place among the immortals? Only one is puzzled to discover why felines so charming should be named after humans so repulsive. "Agrippina" and "Claudius Nero" are not names sweet to the lips of historians. There can be but one explanation, and that is that the sympathetic biographer has attributed a deal of mendacity, intentional or not, to the historians, and regards their lurid chronicles of Nero as campaign tales from the opposition.

None other but a woman not too methodical to be feminine would have yielded to Agrippina: "After a few weak remonstrances, the futility of which I too fully understood, her persistence carried the day. I removed my clothing from the closet, spread a shawl upon the floor, had the door taken from its hinges, and resigned myself, for the first time in my life, to the daily and hourly companionship of an infant."

The mother-cat herself is deemed worthy of many trenchant touches: "Agrippina had always been a cat of manifold reserves. . . . Even in moments of self-forgetfulness and mirth her recreations resembled those of the little Spanish Infanta, who, not being permitted to play with her inferiors, and having no equals, diverted herself as best she could with sedate and solitary sport. . . . Claudius Nero, on the contrary, thirsted for applause. Affable, debonair, and democratic to the core, the caresses and commendation of a chance visitor or of a housemaid were as valuable to him as were my own."

Victims of that pompous dogmatism with which certain reformers—the word should be spelled with a *d*—are trying to deluge the world should read *In Behalf of Parents*, and take heart. A child who had removed the pendulums from three family clocks in his passion for analysis, so commended in the text-books for mothers, is presented deliciously: “It is hard to attune our minds to a correct appreciation of such incidents when the clocks belong to us and the child doesn’t.” What a summing up of life’s philosophy—“when the clocks belong to us, and the child doesn’t”!

Apropos of a reformer’s theory that one should not say *don’t* to children: “But this protest reminds me of a little girl who, being told by her father that she mustn’t say *I won’t*, innocently inquired: ‘But, papa, what am I to say when I mean *I won’t*?’”

Ah! if all the idiotic mothers in the world could be assembled in a Texas prairie—nothing smaller could contain half of them—and have this clever Philadelphian sweetly show them just what fools they are!

So well does Agnes Repplier know human nature, so sympathetically does she know it, that were it not for the terrible fear that the essayist would be lost in the novelist, one could wish for a story from her facile pen. One can imagine the characters she would like: Lily Curtis in *The Anglomaniacs* would be one of her favorites, the sweetness and honesty and loyalty of the girl appealing to her irresistibly. Grace Amory would be among her friends, and Grace’s clever lawyer husband.

One can fancy her smile in passing at Mrs. Curtis, but Mrs. Vernon, in *Sweet Bells out of Tune*, would delight her—not as a friend, oh, no! but as a curiosity—dare I say as a freak in the humanities? The consummate cleverness which took an untrained, ignorant girl from Judd’s dining-room into the penitentialia of English aristocracy, and put a coronet on her very level head, would be worthy of intelligent curiosity on the part of a woman who openly admires genius. It is safe to say that Miss Repplier would not find it convenient to leave cards on the second Mrs. Irving who makes the woes of a very womanly *Bachelor Maid*, and it is to be feared that she would discover a previous engagement when besieged with Mrs. Romaine’s invitations. In foreign society Corona, the queenly Duchess d’Astradente, occurs high on the list of her favorites, although it may be guessed that Marie Stuart and Flora McIvor, and their kinswomen in heart and spirit, would rank easily first.


One may hazard a conviction that none of Mrs. Burnett's women would be sought after. One can imagine Miss Repplier sending Bertha Amory, did she get to know her sufficiently well, a Christmas gift of *The Following of Christ*, and breathing a right hearty prayer that its words of inspiration might do her some good. And Marie Bashkirtseff—but poor Marie, genius though she was, would not have understood the clever, clear-sighted American, or realized how accurately her own limitations had been measured.

Agnes Repplier is young, very young if one remembers her high place in literature, and one cannot tell what direction her genius may take. We have an example at our door of a man's leaping into the front rank among the great novelists, just in a night, so to speak, after being an artist for a life-time. But whatever her work, we who love her warmly hope that it will be in pleasant paths: that she will never have to live with people who are crude without being picturesque, or too exalted to be brilliant; that her hostess at a luncheon for women will not place her next to a matron whose literary tastes go no further than Watson's Annals and the morning paper; that the roses in that little back garden of which we get a glimpse will ever bloom luxuriously, and that a successor to Claudius Nero will gambol joyously amid their fragrance; and that literary aspirants will not write to her asking how to become essayists in ten lessons. The larger gifts of life are hers—love, appreciation, friends, home, the delights of travel, books, pictures, music, and the rich heritage of faith and a noble soul.



MARIANO ARMELLINI: DE ROSSI'S SUCCESSOR.

BY BONA F. BRODERICK.

HEN young De Rossi began his career as an archæologist, nearly fifty years ago, men smiled and said he was a dreamer. The first encouragement he received was from the kind-hearted Pius IX., and even this was granted more in the spirit of indulging the young man's noble enthusiasm than in the hope of his attaining any practical results. But De Rossi pursued his investigations, convinced that his inspirations were not misleading, and after a lapse of a few years the most renowned universities in Europe considered themselves honored in conferring their academic degrees upon him whom the world once regarded with good-natured pity. When, at the age of seventy-one years, the pen dropped from his paralyzed right hand, the left took it up and continued the scarcely interrupted work. Sinking to rest two years later, he left to the world a legacy of erudition in a long series of volumes that seem rather the work of a nation than of a single individual. The founder of the Science of Christian archæology and the new school of historical criticism was dead, but his spirit lived on. A school of young disciples had grown up about him whom they reverently called: *Il gran maestro*. To these the scientific world looked for a continuation of De Rossi's work; the hopes entertained of the disciples compensated for the loss of the master. The light of this little band was Professor Mariano Armellini. In him all recognized the successor of De Rossi, in him were centred the fondest hopes. His sudden death on the 24th of last February cast a pall of grief over thousands of hearts and caused a sigh of regret wherever the science of Christian archæology is cultivated.

A NOTABLE ANCESTRY.

Mariano Armellini was born in 1852 of an illustrious Roman family. As far back as the time of Leo X. a member of this family, Cardinal Armellini, was held in the highest esteem by that learned pontiff, and as *camerlingo* presided over two consistories—that of 1522, which selected Adrian VI., and that

of 1523, when Clement VII. was chosen. From his mother's side, too, the professor inherited his devotion to the Holy See. It was his maternal grandfather, at the time proprietor of a printing establishment in Rome, who printed, and performed the famous strategy of posting, the bulls of excommunication issued



PROF. CAV. MARIANO ARMELLINI, ROME.

by Pius VII. against the haughty Napoleon. Titus Armellini, the father of Mariano, was an architect of considerable distinction in Rome, and also a scholar of note, who for a long period filled the chair of history in the Roman University. At the early age of six years the child Mariano began to show the

bent of ingenuity he had manifested from earliest infancy. Surrounding Rome in a vast network of underground galleries and chambers lie the catacombs of the early Christians. Here the bodies of the saints and martyrs of the Apostolic Church were laid to rest; here the disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul came to venerate the relics of those brave men and women who had died for their belief in Christ; here were the holy mysteries celebrated above the martyrs' tombs; here were the psalms chanted and the hymns sung; here these faithful worshippers in turn found sepulture, sealing their faith with the martyr's crown; here generation after generation of Christians glorified God in life, and rested as martyrs, or beside martyrs, in death. When the grace and favor of Constantine called the church forth from the underground chapels of the catacombs, and imperial munificence and private generosity planted the cross triumphant on the summit of grand basilicas, the glory of the church still remained beneath the ground; for those echoing vaults and rudely frescoed chambers were holy shrines. Blood shed for Christ moistened that earth; bodies, mangled till the very soul was wrenched from them rather than a denial of the true God, reposed behind those rudely-carved slabs.

A YOUTHFUL ARCHÆOLOGIST.

Towards the end of the eighth century the barbarians, who descended into the catacombs for the purpose of profanation, had to be content with defacing the shrines. As the shades of ignorance fast falling enveloped the outside world, Science withdrew into the cloister and there trimmed her lamp during the dark night that followed. No more now the psalm of the cleric or the hymn of the pilgrim awoke the echoes in the crypts. Time completed the ruin that the Vandal's club and the Lombard's spear had begun and carried far. Terror and gloom brooded above the abandoned shrines. Perhaps it was the glad awakening from this long sleep of desolation and neglect, the awakening that young De Rossi was bringing to the catacombs at the time of Mariano Armellini's birth, that first caught the child's fancy. More likely it was the spirit of God inspiring him that so early fixed the love of Mariano upon these holy places; but certain it is, that from the age of six years the child's heart began to be inspired with a tender devotion towards these ruined and neglected shrines, coupled with a zeal to restore them to the veneration of the faithful. Thus, while his playmates drew on their slates and exercise-books

those aimless caricatures of men and horses and birds so characteristic of childhood, the gentle, earnest Mariano amused himself by reproducing the symbols and inscriptions of the catacombs. This love of the martyrs' shrines grew with his growth, so that it was soon evident that his life was to be devoted to their exploration, restoration, and illustration. With this intention he began and finished his education. In his intellect he cleared a broad lawn of classical culture—Latin, Greek, Italian, French; into this he cast deep the foundations of philosophy, above which he reared high the superstructure of theology. Whether he spent days and nights in the catacombs, or traversed, with critical eye, the broad centuries of history, it was always with the mind to bring back some treasure to adorn this sacred temple of theological learning. Nor was it his intellect or his senses alone that he trained, but his heart also. He not only knew the truths of our holy religion; he felt them also. He won the degree of doctor of divinity with such honors at the Gregorian University that such men as Cardinal Mazzella and Father Ballerini were proud to claim him as their pupil. As he stands before us at the age of twenty-eight, a newly created doctor of divinity and a prodigy of historic, patristic, and archæological learning, one might think that his life had thus far been spent in the quiet enjoyment of his studies, far removed from the distractions and cares of the world. Such, however, was not the case. He had already done a hero's part. Ten years earlier his good and learned father died from a stroke of apoplexy. Thus Mariano was left at the age of eighteen years with the care of a family of eleven. His mother soon followed her beloved consort. Mariano closed her eyes in peace and laid her body to rest. Then a brother became a Passionist monk, and is now a priest of that order in Bulgaria. One after another his seven little sisters, as they grew up and finished their education, left the happy home that Mariano's care had provided for them, and went to serve the Lord by lives of perfection as professed nuns in various convents. At last he was left alone with the baby of the family, his brother Camillo. Mariano had cultivated his brother's talent for mathematics till he became a civil engineer of great promise. Then God called him. For some time he had determined to join the Society of Jesus. One day last December the professor returned from his lecture at the Propaganda to find his loved Camillo gone to enter the Jesuit novitiate at Castel Gandolfo. He had taken this way

of avoiding a sad parting scene between two hearts that loved each other so well. There were tears in the poor professor's eyes as he called me aside, after class the next day, and asked me to pray that the shock might not injure his health. What a noble heart it must have been that prompted Mariano not only to spend his patrimony, but to labor himself to educate his brothers and sisters for God alone! He was not to have even the joy of their company.

THE TEACHER IN THE CATACOMBS.

Mariano Armellini's youth gave no promise that his public life did not fulfil. His zeal in exploring the catacombs was untiring. It is about three years ago that I was one day entering in his company the catacomb of Priscilla, on the Via Salaria; turning to me he said: "When I was younger I remember to have come here one morning to copy inscriptions, and becoming absorbed in my work I did not notice the flight of time. When I came out again it was the afternoon of next day." Yes, he had actually spent more than thirty consecutive hours here without rest or food! Such zeal did not remain unrewarded, for we are indebted to him for several important discoveries in the catacombs. As long as Christian archæology is known the name of Mariano Armellini will awaken a grateful thrill in the student's breast, because of his connection with the discovery of the crypt of St. Emerentiana, the foster-sister of the gentle St. Agnes. Scarcely a week passed that Professor Armellini did not deliver several public lectures on his beloved catacombs. Whether these were given on the feast of some saint beside his tomb in the bowels of the earth, or before some one or other of the learned societies of which he was a member, or before the Working-men's Society of which he was the general secretary, they were always suited to the occasion, and always listened to with delight by the crowds that flocked to hear him. Yet his delight was to impart his knowledge to the little ones of Christ, to the poor and to the young. He was a true apostle, with all an apostle's love for the spread of Christian truth and morality. Like Peter, gold and silver he had none, but what he had he gave freely—his love of Christ and his knowledge of his church. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth he commanded the weak in knowledge and faith to arise and walk; and teaching them, they received strength and walked with him into the temple of understanding and charity, praising God themselves and all the people who saw

them. To give but one illustration: during the four months of the year that he spent in the Campagna it was his delight to gather together the children of the peasantry that surrounded his little vineyard, and forming them into regular classes, having regular days of meeting, he taught them Christian doctrine.

The same zeal for the love of God shines forth in all his writings. The thing that always surprised me was how a man who did so much other work, and who was always at the beck and disposal of his friends, could find time and quiet to write so many and such books. Great and small they number over twenty. Besides these he published for nearly twenty years *Armellini's Monthly Chronicle of Archæology and History*. His *Descriptions of the Catacomb of St. Agnes*, *The Ancient Cemeteries of Rome and Italy*, *Popular Lessons on Christian Archæology*, *The Antiquity of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary*, *Life of St. Francesca Romana*, *Civil Government of Rome under Leo X.*, *Visit to the Seven Churches of Rome*, *The Churches of Rome from their Origin to the Nineteenth Century*, are all valuable volumes attesting remarkable qualities of head and heart in their writer. Our Holy Father Leo XIII. acknowledged the last named by an autograph letter to its author, and by enrolling him among the Knights of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. Death overtook Armellini with three manuscripts almost ready for the printer. One of these, a work of great value, in three volumes, contains all the professor's lectures on Christian art, epigraphy, liturgy, and archæology. Another smaller but scarcely less valuable work treats of the dogmatic importance of the paintings in the catacombs (illustrated). In all his writings, historical as well as ascetical and archæological, one finds the characteristics of the ancient Fathers of the church.

There is not an old student of Professor Armellini in any angle of America who will not feel pleasant recollections rushing back upon him as he reads even this feeble portrayal of a teacher held dear by all. You, his old students, remember the charm about his manner, to which succumbed alike the grave and the gay. You have often seen him in the *Prefettura*, surrounded by all his fellow-professors. Where professors of Holy Scripture, of dogmatic and moral theology, of ecclesiastical history, of canon law, of philosophy, of languages, were gathered together, there stood Mariano in their midst like the Christ Child among the Doctors, the wonder and delight of all. Perhaps some of you were among his pupils desirous of asking him some question as he passed from the friendly gathering of

the *Prefettura* to his class-room. You are, then, another witness of how kindly was his greeting, how ready and satisfactory his answer. Which of us will not remember with pleasure to our dying day the humble, pious way he entered the lecture hall and said the prayer?—that smile, that bow from side to side, that motion to be seated? With a master's skill and by simple words he transported us as living witnesses of the foundation and growth of Christianity and of the church. Every chord of the human heart was struck, and the emotion elicited directed to the honor of God. Was it a scene of martyrdom? Before us stood the Nero or the Domitian whose wicked edict had caused the persecution. Indignation and loathing fill the soul at sight. A few words more, and we see the Christian seized and dragged before the judge. There sits the prefect in all the majesty of the Roman law; the grim soldiers, the instruments of torture, the smoking altar—all enter into the picture. Shame and horror now prevail. But look! listen!—there is the martyr! To-day it is the calm dignity of the youthful deacon Lawrence that sends the blood of admiration and triumph bounding through the veins; yesterday it was the noble Cecilia's virtues; the day before the purity and courage of the gentle Agnes. Which of us was so dead to noble aspirations that as we gazed on those pictures, drawn with such clearness of outline, warmth of color, and beauty of motion, we did not feel the martyr's spirit within us, impelling us at God's bidding to follow Peter or Paul or Lawrence or Cecilia or Agnes or Sebastian or Felicitas to suffering and death? Thus it was that we saw all the early struggles of the church, the providence of God ruling over its growth and its triumph. We descended with the professor into the catacombs; saw them in their inception, in their development, in their glory, in their ruin, in their neglect, in their restoration. He explained to us the dogmas of our faith painted upon their walls, chiseled upon their graves. He taught us how the early Christians loved their brethren while living, how they honored them in their death and burial, how they celebrated their liturgy, what vestments the priests and others wore. The soft, sweet accents of his native Italian flowed from his lips with all the rhythm and beauty of a poem. The more majestic Latin was equally at his command, and apt quotations from the Fathers were always given with scarcely a glance at his notes. Hundreds of Greek and Latin inscriptions were likewise quoted from memory. His hour's lecture seemed to pass only too quickly; but

his obedience commanded enthusiasm. At the first sound of the bell he would stop, say the prayer with the same devotion as at the beginning of class, and go down the aisle with the same bow and smile that marked his entrance. Who does not remember with feelings of gratitude Professor Armellini's quiet thoughtfulness on the board of examiners? Not only was he kind himself, but he would plead with his fellow-professors when they were inclined to administer justice untempered with mercy.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

And now that his form lies still and cold in death, there comes rushing back the memory of the many deeds of loving kindness that had passed between us; how he had spent hour after hour and day after day showing myself and my friends through the dark, silent, and solemn catacombs, and about all the monuments of ancient Rome. How often that voice, now hushed in death, had sent a thrill of sublimity through my frame, as the flickering torches cast distorted shadows into the very graves and athwart the dust of martyrs. Now I remember the inspiration of that moment when, standing upon the very spot where it took place, he so feelingly read, from the ninth book of the *Confessions*, that sublime and pathetic conversation between St. Augustine and his mother, Monica, on the eve of her death in Ostia. I thought of how often he had visited me in my little room and what a kind interest he showed in me: how, when I was ill, he called nearly every day to inquire from the porter how I was; how, when he was sick and I inquired for him, he insisted that I should be shown to his bedside. And then rose to my mind a little incident which I reproduce to show how child-like was his manner and heart. Two years ago he was going with myself and a party of other students to visit the catacombs of Sts. Peter and Marcellinus on the Labican Road. Rev. Dr. Farrelly, who formed one of the party, kindly consented to bring his camera along and take our photographs. Having grouped us within the ruined mausoleum of the Empress St. Helena, he photographed the group with the professor in the centre, and then the professor alone. This was the first picture the professor had ever had taken. The first time I called upon him in his illness I merely inquired at the door and left a card. The next time I came Mrs. Armellini was waiting to tell me that when the professor learned that I had called before, he made them bring over this group that

he might point me out so that they would recognize me next time and insist on my coming in. All this touched my heart as I gazed on the face that seemed to smile even in death. But the thought that brought the keenest anguish was the recollection of our last meeting. But three short days before it took place in that very room where his body now lay so still and silent. On that afternoon he had come over from his house, more than half a mile distant, for the sole purpose of bringing me some ancient silver coins of Rome. Having sent into the lecture hall for me, I came and chatted with him for fifteen minutes in the very room where I now knelt beside his bier. How little, alas! I thought as we parted then that we were never to meet again in life. And then I recalled my two visits to him at his little vineyard near St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls. With the memory of these came back the charm of his conversations, always sincere, sometimes grave, frequently enlivened by delicate wit and apt quotation; oh! such rare wit and such refined wit, that sparkled but never scorched.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

It was on the occasion of the earlier of these two visits that I first became acquainted with his children. Having come unexpectedly, I found them all around a table at their lessons, two of them, after their father's example, drawing the symbols of the catacombs. Not till he had provided for his brothers and sisters, as we have seen, did he think of himself. Feeling that God had not called him to serve at his altar, he took to wife Signorina Elena Santambrogio, a pious and learned young lady of his own station in life. Four children blessed this happy union—a daughter, now in her ninth year; Tito, a child now about seven; Saverio, about five years; and little Maria, perhaps just past her third birthday—and oh! what a happy family this was. It was his desire to form an ideal Christian family, and in this he was certainly succeeding. Even at their early age his children were growing up about him in great promise. He himself undertook their education. Besides the regular technical instructions, it was his wont to gather them all about him as a little audience, while he discussed with his loved consort, in a manner suited to their intelligence, some story of Christian virtue or the glories of the church and of the papacy. Thus early he instilled into their young souls a love and enthusiasm for their holy faith.

FOREBODINGS OF DISSOLUTION.

But for a year past his health had not been good. Always willing, however, to hope for the best, his loved ones expected to see him grow strong again. He alone felt the melancholy presentiment of his approaching death. Often of late he would pause in the middle of a conversation with his wife, and after a sad and thoughtful silence, during which the tears would fill his eyes, he would exclaim: "O cara sposa, tu presto rimarrai senza di me con questi poveri bambini orfani." All too soon, alas! for those that loved him and for the church were these terrible forebodings to be realized. On the afternoon of Monday, February 24, having gone to give his lecture to the students of the Propaganda, he was as usual the centre of attraction among the professors in the *Prefettura* before going to his class-room to teach his young disciples. That day he was proving to his scholars the antiquity of the canonization of saints, or the "*Vindictio Martyrum*," as it was called in the early centuries. He stepped from his platform to write upon the black-board the inscription, *ΦΑΒΙΑΝΟΣ ΕΠΙ ΜΡ*, of Pope St. Fabian, found in the crypt of the popes in the catacomb of St. Callixtus. He had mounted his chair again and was showing how the above monogram (martyr) was an argument for the "*Vindictio Martyrum*," because it had been engraved on the marble slab later than the other words and after the slab had been put in place over the martyr's grave; that is to say, after the church had declared upon his martyrdom. The last words of his lecture were, "A terra ad martyres," when, oppressed by a sudden dizziness, he excused himself to his class, saying that he must go into the fresh air. Alas! that mighty brain had burst. As he descended from his chair he staggered, and would have fallen had not the ready hands of his loving scholars sustained him. While they were supporting him down the aisle, with that kindness which always marked him he kept repeating: "Grazie, grazie." Having arrived in the corridor he knew this his hour was at hand, for, turning his thoughts from earth and lifting his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed: "Iddio, mi ainti! muojo!" Continuing to invoke God, his Blessed Mother, and the saints, he was borne by kind hands into the *Prefettura*, where absolution was at once pronounced over him by one of the reverend professors. Having revived a little, he requested leave to make his confession, and was heard by Professor Pennacchi. His old school-

fellow, Father Camesseo, rector of the Propaganda, administered Extreme Unction to the dying man. It was a sad scene, indeed, that was enacted that afternoon in those solemn halls of learning. The classes were all dismissed, and the kind professors went about with sorrowful faces, doing everything possible for one they loved so well. Those grave, learned men cast aside all dignity in their grief, and ran as boys on messages of mercy, some for doctors, one for poor Mariano's wife, another for his uncle, Father Torquato Armellini, S.J., still another for his parish priest. But alas! for all love could do. He soon lost consciousness by the flooding of his brain from the ruptured blood-vessel, and as the shades of evening were closing in upon that dreary day his pure, noble soul went out from the body, and taking its flight "A terra ad martyres," rested in the bosom of God.

HIS LAST LECTURE.

Sad, indeed, was the blow to us all; but more especially sad to his loving wife, who arrived too late to meet with any sign of recognition. For two days the body lay in state in the *Prefettura*, now made a temporary chapel. His disciples, young ecclesiastics from every region under the sun, formed a guard of honor about the dead apostle, and recited the office of the dead while the crowds surged in to take a last look at that loved face. Let me quote now from the funeral address of Monsignor Bartolini: "Surrounded by the future missionaries from even the most inhospitable quarters of the earth lay the master and the apostle of Christian archæology. It was fitting that the grand athlete of the religious idea, the noble explorer of the monuments of our faith, the forcible and learned writer on the memories of the catacombs of the Eternal City, should repose among those whom Rome sends to Christianize the world! It was fitting that his last lecture on sacred archæology should thus end! It was fitting that death should interrupt his discourse while his word, fruitful in Christian memories, formed the apostles of distant continents! His body, composed upon the bier and surrounded by the funeral torches, seemed that of a martyr. From out the lines of that white face appeared the gentle smile of peace. An inspired painter might have drawn therefrom the figure of a Saint Sebastian. He who knelt beside that bier felt a sense of profound reverence come over his heart, felt his anguish tempered by a sense of peaceful calm."

AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL.

As a hero he lived, as a hero he died, and as a hero he was borne to his rest. It was on a cold and dreary afternoon that all that is learned and noble in Rome gathered about the Propaganda to transport to the parish church near the Trevi Fountain the lifeless form of him whom they revered as a master. The chill Roman rain drizzled down upon the heads of those who crowded the Piazza Mignanelli, filled the Piazza di Spagna, and overflowed into the adjoining streets. The rectors of the universities in which he lectured, prelates, savants, noblemen, were named as his pall-bearers, but the members of the Working-men's Society claimed and obtained the honor of bearing their secretary to the church. I consider it one of the honors of my life that, as his friend, I was chosen among those who bore torches beside his bier. As we moved across the piazza and along the streets, no less than ten thousand friends of him who went about so unobtrusively in life followed after with bared heads. All traffic was suspended in that section of the city. It is said that King Humbert, driving through a neighboring street and seeing the multitude, stopped in alarm to inquire what it all meant. Walking in that vast throng were archbishop,* prelate, priest, and simple student, Roman prince† and poor working-man, men the fame of whose learning is bounded only by the limits of civilization side by side with those to whom the letters of the alphabet would be a puzzle. Mariano's funeral march was a real Christian triumph; grand beyond any pageant that Rome's civic glory had ever known before. It was not the captive's wail that accompanied this triumphal procession, but the hopeful prayer of ten thousand loving hearts and throats that, by common impulse, recited the Rosary as they followed after the body of this gentle champion of their faith. I myself saw men struggling but to touch the bier. It was pathetic to see his poor laboring friends trying each to have a part in carrying the remains of one they so revered, and when they could not actually support the coffin, they clutched the pall that covered it, so that they might tell their children they had been among Mariano's bearers.

The body rested over-night in the church, and on the morrow we mournfully laid him in the tomb. A solemn Mass was chanted, and the great singers of Rome gathered there to pay their tribute of respect to him who was the noblest Roman of

* Archbishop Grasselli.

† Prince Lancelotti.

them all. It seemed to me as if Capocci never sang so well as at that Mass. Monsignor Bartolini ascended the pulpit and pronounced an oration in which his own sorrow mingled with that of the public, while high above the lower tones of grief rang out a clear and sustained note of hope and confidence that Mariano's soul was at peace, at rest among the martyrs. "Live," concluded the orator, "O truly Christian soul, in all the vigor of thy faith and of thy works! Live joyously among the martyrs, whose glories you have made known here on earth, oh! devout restorer of the catacombs! Enjoy the immortal brightness that their sufferings won them, and rejoice at the unfading beauty of their palms! O untiring visitor of the catacombs! O master of the symbols of death! enjoy now the ineffable splendor of that Eternal City to which the dark and mysterious corridors of these same catacombs conducted such a multitude of witnesses to the faith. But, alas! leave not without comfort your friends, your admirers. As Tertullian wrote, 'From the blood of martyrs other martyrs sprang up,' so, too, from the memory of fervent Christians other fervent Christians arise. Although the battle we now fight be unbloody, it is none the less terrible. Obtain, therefore, from God for our youth, and especially for the youth of Rome, steadfastness in the faith, and cause a fresh phalanx of defenders of the Christian idea to spring up. Bring it about that the generation of the brave never grow less. We, on our part, shall ever remember thy gentle smile as that of St. Philip Neri, thy vigorous speech as that of an Apostle."

North American College, Rome, Italy.





SUMMER IS O'ER.

BY WALTER LECKY.

THE flowers are dead and gone ;
 Their yellow stems live on,
 Awaiting kindly frost,
 Then nipt and tempest tost.
 Summer is o'er.

The leaves have lost their sheen
 And shed their summer green,
 In russet garb to dress,
 Thus pass, a loveliness.
 Summer is o'er.

The birds in snatches sing,
 They fly with leaden wing,
 All fun and chatter fled ;
 Their laughing spirit dead.
 Summer is o'er.

And youth, my youth, is past :
 Its flowers, its leaves, its song ;
 And wintry age at last
 Has rule, the wreck among.
 Summer is o'er.





J. B. P. A. DE MONET, CHEVALIER DE LAMARCK.

LAMARCK.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



LEAN BAPTISTE PIERRE ANTOINE DE MONET, otherwise known as the Chevalier de Lamarck, was the eleventh child of Pierre de Monet, a gentleman of birth, who traced his ancestry back to an ancient family of the South of France. Lamarck was born in the village of Bazentin, in the department of Picardie, August 1, 1744, and as his parents were not at all rich it was deemed best that he should become a priest, and to this end he was sent to make his studies with the Jesuits at Amiens. But, fortunately, he discovered in time that he had no vocation for the priesthood; the blood in his veins called him to be a soldier. Three of his brothers had joined the army, and already the eldest one had been killed at the siege of Berg-op-Zoom. But it was not until his father's

death, in 1760, that Lamarck was able to have his own way in the matter.

Once free to do as he pleased, he bade adieu to his fellow-students in the seminary, and, mounting a broken-down nag, he made his way to the seat of war in Westphalia. Like many another youth, he saw, as he jogged along the high-road, only the golden side of life. And surely he would meet with no obstacles, for did he not carry in his pocket a letter of introduction to a Colonel de Lastic, who of course would receive him with open arms? This letter had been given to him by a kind-hearted lady, Madame de Lameth, whose country-seat adjoined his own dear home in Picardie. Nor can we wonder at his high spirits, for when she had patted his cheek for good-by she had said to him: "*Vous serez bientôt officier.*"

Perhaps the happiest part of Lamarck's long life was this very journey to the seat of war. But like everything else it had to come to an end, and all too soon he came in sight of the French camp and handed his letter to Colonel de Lastic. Imagine Lamarck's feelings when De Lastic, after surveying him a moment—a delicate youth of seventeen, thin and pale—waved him off, exclaiming that he would never do for a soldier. But, keenly as these words smote Lamarck, he was not to be rebuffed; and turning his jaded horse loose, he went to mingle with the grenadiers of De Lastic's regiment. He learned that on the morrow there was every likelihood of a battle, and when he told them his story they all agreed that he might, if he chose, fight in their ranks as a volunteer.

We may picture to ourselves Colonel de Lastic's surprise the next morning when he reviewed his regiment and discovered Lamarck standing in the front rank; there was evidently no getting rid of this puny youth. At any rate he was not a coward: already the cannon were booming; and so they went into battle. But fortune did not favor the French. They were beaten and driven back. But the beardless volunteer from Picardie refused to retreat, and, rallying round him a handful of kindred spirits, he fought like a lion. Nearly all were killed except himself; how he escaped was a miracle, and on the morrow he was publicly complimented for his bravery, and within a short time he was made a lieutenant.

We have now reached a turning point in Lamarck's career. The war soon came to an end, and the young officer found himself stationed with his regiment at Toulon and Monaco. A garrison life is a dull life at best, and time might have hung

heavily on his hands except for a fondness for nature. He had already read Chomel's *Traité des Plantes usuelles*, and he became very much interested in the flowers and plants which grew in that part of the country.

Nevertheless, he might never have become a great naturalist; his active brain might have contented itself with giving the world a new book of tactics and some interesting essays in botany, had not a severe surgical operation on his neck obliged Lamarck to leave the army on a modest pension of four hundred francs.* This was barely enough to support him, and he was obliged to eke out his income by a meagre salary earned as a banker's clerk in Paris. But as in the army he had not given his whole time to drilling soldiers and reading novels, so now when his desk-work was finished, instead of strolling along the boulevards, he would betake himself to the Jardin du Roi (now the Jardin des Plantes), and in six months he had written *La Flore française*—a work which is even to-day of prime importance for the flora of France. It might, however, have attracted little notice in those frivolous times had it not been for the happy fact that Rousseau had made botany fashionable; the veriest dude at court, buried under his powdered wig, was supposed to know something about flowers. Buffon, too, used his influence to have Lamarck's first scientific work printed at the royal printing-house, and the following year Lamarck was admitted to the Academy of Sciences. Nor did Buffon's good will towards him end here. Wishing to have his son complete his education by travel, he placed him in Lamarck's care; then, having obtained for the latter a commission from the government, the two made an extended tour through Holland, Germany, and Hungary; and during the course of their travels Lamarck formed the acquaintance of several distinguished naturalists. On his return to Paris he gave himself up with increased zeal to his favorite study, and the first fruit of his renewed labors was the addition of four volumes to the *Encyclopédie methodique*, which had been commenced by d'Alembert and Diderot, and in these volumes he described every then known plant the first letters of which ran from A. to P.

By this time Lamarck's name had become known in the world of science, and the humblest worker in any of its branches was not too lowly for him to speak to and encourage; and when Sonnerat came back from India, in 1781, with an

* Eighty dollars.

immense collection of plants, Lamarck was the only one who called on him and welcomed him home. In fact, Sonnerat was so stung by this coldness and neglect that he made Lamarck—his only friend—a present of his whole herbarium.

But neither Lamarck's genius nor his noble qualities of heart helped him much to earn his daily bread, and for fifteen years he had hard work to pay the rent of his room and to get enough for himself and wife to eat—for his half-empty purse did not keep him from marrying.

It is not easy to say how it might all have ended—for besides his wife there were coming into the world a number of children—had he not been given a position in the Museum of



LAMARCK AS A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Natural History, which had just been founded by Lakanal. These were stormy, and in a certain sense glorious, times for France; and while Carnot, the great war minister, was organizing victory for the Republican arms, Lakanal, the minister of public instruction, was determined to organize the natural sciences.

Lamarck was now in his fiftieth year, and his whole attention thus far had been devoted to botany; here he found himself unexpectedly called on to teach zoölogy, of which he knew comparatively little. Yet so great was the application which he brought to this to him new branch of natural his-

tory that in the space of a twelvemonth his lectures became well attended, and it is to him we owe the grand divisions of the animal kingdom into vertebrates and invertebrates. And now at last Lamarck was in a thoroughly congenial atmosphere.

Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire—a kindred spirit—held a chair in the same museum, and these may be considered not unhappy days in Lamarck's struggling life. It was not, however, until 1809, after fifteen years of patient investigation, that he published his world-known work, *La Philosophie Zoologique*. But hard study, oftentimes protracted far into the night by the light of a tallow candle, and the too frequent use of the microscope, began to tell upon his eyesight. Yet he would not abandon his labors in natural history, and no sooner had he completed *La Philosophie Zoologique* than he commenced *L'Histoire des Animaux sans Vertèbres*—which some authorities consider his greatest work. It is in seven volumes; but before he finished it, in 1822, he became totally blind, and the last volume might never have been written except for his elder daughter, Cornélie, his devoted amanuensis.

It is interesting to know that Lamarck's life-long straitened circumstances did not hinder him from having four wives; and he outlived them all, and the last ten years of his existence were passed alone with his two daughters. What would the blind old man have done without them?

For several years before his death he was too infirm to leave his room. But Cornélie sat by him and read to him, and during this whole period she did not take a single breath of fresh air herself.

Lamarck died on December 18, 1829, aged eighty-five. To his humble funeral came all the scientific men of France. All lamented him and many eulogized him; but tears and praises cost nothing, and when he was under ground his daughters were left to shift for themselves. Had they been the offspring of some fawning courtier, the government would no doubt have allowed them a pension. But they were merely the children of a distinguished naturalist, and what better could they expect than to be forgotten? The venerable Charles Martins, professor of natural history of Montpellier, tells us: * J'ai vu moi-même, en 1832, Mlle. Cornélie de Lamarck attacher pour une mince salaire sur des feuilles de papier blanc les plantes de l'herbier du museum où son père avait été professeur. Souvent des espèces nommées et décrites par lui ont

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, March, 1873.

passé sous ses yeux, et ce souvenir ajoutait sans doute à l'amertume de ses regrets."

Nevertheless, one thing France, or rather the people of Paris, have done to honor him; after waiting more than a generation they have given his name to the highest street of the capital. As we mount the hill to visit the grand and costly church of the Sacred Heart on top of Montmartre, we wind along the rue Lamarck.

And now, having briefly sketched the life of this great man, the reader may ask what is his chief title to fame? Well it is, in our opinion, *La Philosophie Zoologique*, which, next to Darwin's *Origin of Species*, is the most epoch-making book of the century. No book had ever before so profoundly moved the scientific world.

As we know, the idea of evolution is not new; it comes down to us from the Greeks. But no one before Lamarck had so genuinely interpreted nature and given such good reasons for believing in creation by evolution. Hence all who held the theory of direct creation—and they were in the vast majority—attacked Lamarck without mercy. Cuvier threw his great influence against him, while those who were not able to understand his hypothesis turned it into ridicule. Nor did these attacks cease until the aged naturalist sank into the grave.

But time, which sets many things right, has vindicated Lamarck, and the Lamarckian factors are to-day accepted by not a few of the most eminent men of science.

Lamarck tells us that species are not fixed and immutable; that since the beginning of life on our globe the environment has been often and profoundly modified, and that many organisms which have not been able to adapt themselves to changes of climate, food, etc., have become extinct, while other organisms have changed with changed conditions. These have become adapted to new surroundings. Their forms have become suited to their habits, because the habits—through the effects of use and disuse—created the forms, and these through heredity have been transmitted to their descendants. And hence, according to Lamarck, have arisen new species. Such in brief is what is known as the Lamarckian theory of evolution, in opposition to the Darwinian theory of natural selection. But for a better exposition of it we refer the reader to *La Philosophie Zoologique*.

DEVELOPMENT, NOT EVOLUTION.

BY ALEXANDER McDONALD, D.D.



IN an article contributed to a late number of the London *Tablet* Dr. St. George Mivart, F.R.S., discusses the best and readiest way of convincing non-Catholics, especially of the Anglican High-Church type, that no appeal can reasonably be taken from the Church of to-day to the Church of the Fathers, or to the Primitive Church. "Some Anglicans," he says, "speak as if we ought to be able to show that processions of the Blessed Sacrament were made in the catacombs, and that St. Peter was carried about in Rome on a *Sedia Gestatoria* between fans of peacock's feathers!" Of course there would be little use arguing the matter with men of this stamp. And yet, even to earnest seekers after the truth, the seeming divergence between the church of to-day and the early church doubtless proves a stumbling-block. What these must be brought to realize is, as Dr. Mivart well observes, that "the church is a *living* body, with as much authority now as at any previous period, and that, in spite of apparent external differences, she is essentially unchanged since the day of Pentecost."

THE IDEA OF THE CHURCH IS THAT OF A LIVING ORGANISM.

Now, to get this conception of the church into the mind of any intelligent believer in a divine revelation ought not, after all, to be a difficult task. The religious society founded by Jesus Christ, as set before us in the pages of Holy Writ, bears plainly about it all the characters of a living organism, endowed with perennial life. The conception of the church as an organic body, united with Christ its Head and vivified by the Holy Spirit, runs through the writings of St. Paul, and is beautifully developed in the fifteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians. In his great work on *The Development of Christian Doctrine* Cardinal Newman has shown how the church, taken as a whole, must, conformably to the law of all organic beings, while remaining essentially the same, expand its ritual and grow into a ripper knowledge of revealed truth in all its bearings, as time goes on. But Dr. Mivart tells us that there was need of something to make this idea of development familiar to the popular mind, and that something, he is persuaded, is the doctrine of evolution. He says:

"It is by means of the idea of evolution, now almost universally diffused and regarded with the keenest interest, that we may succeed in impressing on many people the Catholic doctrine concerning the church's continued vitality and development, far more effectively than could have been the case antecedently. We can now appeal, as we never could before, to the harmony which exists between the development of dogma and ritual, and that process of evolution which has come to be recognized as taking place in every department of nature, from the formation and distribution of the celestial orbs to the due unfolding of the wonderfully complex mechanism of the simplest insect, and from the lowest organic form to the physical framework of man himself. This conception will greatly aid us to explain, in a way at once popular and scientific, the orderly evolution of the Catholic Church as it exists to-day; the church having implicitly contained from the beginning, in a latent state, all the majesty and harmony we behold in it at the present time—as the beauty and symmetry of a butterfly was latent in the humble grub from which it was developed. By means of the doctrine of evolution, already familiar and accepted by those we shall address, we may be able, much more easily than without it, to convince them that the church of our own period must be (not in every detail but on the whole) above all glorious, above all authoritative; because evolved, and so perfected, beyond all preceding states and conditions, though preparing the way for a yet more perfect condition to be attained later."

ORGANISMS THAT LIVE MUST DEVELOP.

The assumption which underlies these words of the distinguished scientist is, that before the doctrine of evolution became known and widely diffused, it was hard to bring home to the minds of men that the religious society which was cradled in Jerusalem and nurtured in the concealment of the catacombs, is really and essentially the same with that which to-day spreads itself over all the earth, challenging the admiration of the world by reason of the perfectness of its organization, the majesty of its ritual, and the loftiness and consistency of its teachings. But surely this assumption is without warrant. Our Lord himself likens the church which he established to a grain of mustard-seed, which is the least indeed of all seeds, but which, when sown in the ground, grows up and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof. There is nothing which is borne in with greater force

on the minds of even the rudest men than that process of growth and development which is ever going on within themselves and in all the world around them. The few grains of seed thrown into the earth in the spring become by autumn a waving field of corn; the slender sapling planted a few years ago is now a stately tree; the child of yesterday is the full-grown man of to-day. And the identity of the living organism throughout all these changes, is it not a thing plain to the senses, and in the case of man attested by his own consciousness? What more apposite illustration, then, of the identity of the church in all the stages of its development can be found than that which our Lord himself pointed out to us in the ever-present phenomena of the organic world? Shall we be told that an apter means of impressing this great historic fact upon the popular mind is now at hand in the evolutionary hypothesis, that brilliant conjecture of modern science? But the evolutionary process, if such a process there was, went on in the silence of geological epochs, remote from all possibility of man's observation; whereas the process of organic development, along definite lines and within certain fixed limits, is going on daily around us, before the eyes alike of the man of science in his laboratory and the peasant in the field or forest that surrounds his humble home. Who would delve among fossils, or grope in the dim and shadowy domain of the prehistoric past, when there lies open here and now unto all a broad highway to the desired goal, so that even the fool shall not err therein?

IN DEVELOPING ORGANISMS PRESERVE THEIR IDENTITY.

The new path by which Dr. Mivart would lead men to a sensible realization of the church's permanent identity throughout the ages is thus beset by two great difficulties, its remoteness and its uncertainty. And, what is matter of graver moment, the path itself is tortuous and full of pitfalls. Observe that the great point to be made clear to those without is the fact that the church, "in spite of apparent external differences, is essentially unchanged since the day of Pentecost." On the other hand, it is the doctrine of evolution, brought to bear upon this fact by way of illustration, that is to clear up the obscurities in which it is supposed to be involved. What, then, is evolution? Mr. Herbert Spencer, the great master of the evolutionist school, has, with his wonted lucidity, defined it as "a change from an indefinite and incoherent homogeneity to a definite and coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." Happily we are not now

greatly concerned with evolution in the broad sense in which it is defined by Mr. Spencer, and so may leave to others the task of elucidating what these learned words mean. The Church of God, as has been already observed, is a living organism; hence the only form of evolution in which a parallel for its development might be sought, with at least a show of reason, is that which is known as *organic* evolution. This implies, as Dr. Mivart himself explains it in his work *On Truth*, "that new species—new *kinds* of animals and plants—have from time to time arisen from antecedent kinds, which were different, by a process of natural generation." It will be apparent at a glance how ill-suited such a conception would be to bring home to the minds of men the fact that the church—to quote once more the words of Mr. Mivart—"in spite of apparent external differences, is essentially unchanged since the day of Pentecost." Essential unchangeableness is the note of the church; the very opposite is the characteristic of the species, in the evolutionary hypothesis. The church grows and expands without losing its identity, "like a tree planted by the rivers of water"; the species, according to the evolutionist, merges its identity in that which comes after it, and is annihilated in its offspring. The identity of the church throughout the manifold phases of its growth has its parallel, not in a hypothetical evolution of species, but in the development of every living organism within the limits of its kind. And this is, after all, if not the only form of organic development, at least the only form of it that we can know aught of with certainty; the only form of it that ever has come within the reach of human observation since men began to people the earth.

COMPARISONS LIMP.

Dr. Mivart gives us, in the course of his article, one or two samples of the way in which the doctrine of evolution lends itself to the elucidation of certain phases of historical Christianity. "The so-called 'Orthodox' Church of the East," he tells us, "may be compared to a chrysalis struck by a paralysis which hinders it from attaining the Imago (or fully developed) state, and keeps it unchanging—like a fossil. The various heretical communities may be likened to species which have undergone a retrogressive metamorphosis (as is the case with various crustacean species), the lowest of which drag on a debased life—sans eyes, sans ears, sans limbs, sans everything." These comparisons are ingenious, but purely fanciful. Similar brilliant flashes of the scientific imagination have served to

throw a sort of glamour over many a dark gap in the record of evolution itself. The comparison of the schismatical Greek Church to a palsied chrysalis may be forcible as a figure of speech; but it fades away before the searching light of biological and historical facts. A chrysalis is an organism in the transition stage, having a principle of life within itself independent of the parent organism. The Greek Church, on the other hand, was in organic union with the parent organism—the Church Universal—during the first eight centuries and a half of its existence, and never had an independent principle of organic life. In like manner, the comparison of the various heretical bodies to species that have undergone a sort of retrogressive transformation is singularly inept and misleading when viewed in the sober light of history and fact. How much more truly and aptly are they likened, as they have been from old time likened, to limbs lopped off from the parent tree, which, having no longer any common bond of organic life, keep ever breaking up into smaller fragments that are tossed to and fro with every wind! And then, too, might not these same heretical bodies shelter themselves behind the very principle which is thus confidently invoked to discredit and confound them? The principle to which you appeal, they might with reason retort, makes for us, not against us. For we, however manifold our divisions and differences at present, are descended by process of organic development from Christianity in its primitive form, just as the multitudinous species of living organisms that now inhabit the globe have come by process of evolution from one primitive type.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S GREATEST WORK.

Cardinal Newman has traced out the laws of the church's development, and put the word "development" on the title-page of his great work. No man knew better than he the use of words, as even his adversary confessed. It is best to hold to the word that he used, as fittest to describe the growth of that divinely organized society wherein no evolutionary process, no shadow of transformation, ever can have place. Whatever may have been the origin of species, "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth," is certainly the product of a "special creation," fashioned by the hand of God, quickened with life by God's Holy Spirit, ever adapting itself indeed to its environment in this changeful world, yet never varying by a hair's-breadth from the primitive type—*semper eadem*, unchanged and unchangeable to the end.



VALE.

BY BERT MARTEL.

I.

ES, I am dying, dearest ;
 This world is all a-cloud,
 And yet a splendor not of earth
 My darkling soul doth shroud.
 Love, put thine arms around me,
 For I must leave thee now ;
 Kiss, kiss away the pain from
 death,
 The grave-damp from my brow.


II.

Yes, I am dying, dearest ;
 Still wherefore shouldst thou weep ?
 For death is only happiness
 Won by a strange, sweet sleep.
 Then sorrow not, beloved ;
 The years are passing few
 For thee to live the old, old life,
 The while I live the new.

III.

Yes, I am dying, dearest ;
 I feel the warning chill,
 And yet a fire that's not of earth
 My thirsting soul doth fill.
 'Tis God a-whispering to me,
I come, my Love, I come :
 Farewell, my child, I cannot stay ;
 My Lover calls me home.

HOUSING OF THE PEOPLE IN GREAT CITIES.

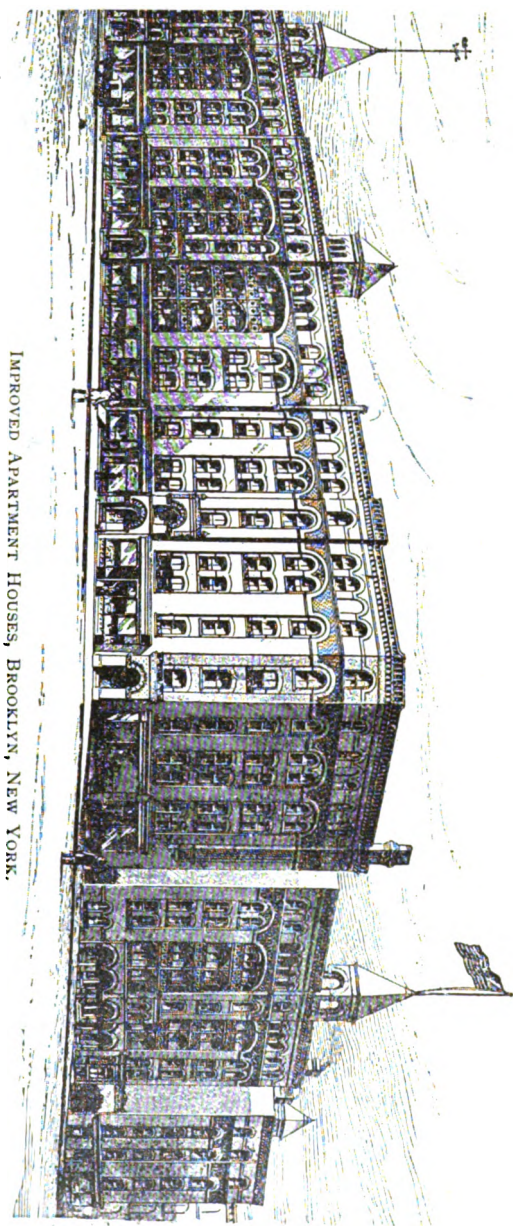
T is earnestly to be desired that the attention of the Greater New York Commission shall be given to the last Report of the Commissioner of Labor. The fact that this report, which is the eighth of the series since the department was started, is occupied exclusively with the question of the housing of the people in great cities, gives it a special interest. Much has been done by legislation to promote the public welfare in this vital matter, but all those who have had experience of what has been done and is doing in the great centres of population in other countries must confess that in questions of civic government and beneficent administration we here in the United States, so far from leading the world, are sadly behind the age. Members of the Greater New York Commission have gone to Europe to study the systems of municipal government which are bringing contentment and better health and longer lives to the urban populations there. They cannot but be struck by the immense differences which they shall find between the way in which the great problems in economy and sanitation have been handled in the leading European cities and their American competitors.

No one can deny the valuable character of this report. It affords proof of the zeal and capability of the commissioner, in its carefully prepared statistics and lucid analyses. Mr. Wright has had the invaluable assistance of Mr. E. R. L. Gould, Ph.D., in the preparation of the work. This gentleman's claims to speak on the subject are too well known to need any exposition. He is an expert in this department of sociology, as noted for his acumen as for his philanthropic spirit.

What are the main defects in the existing arrangements for the housing of the working classes? There are two principal ones. These are: disproportion of rent to the wages of the tenant, and disproportion of air and light to the absolute wants of the individual. These are the primary faults which are to be found in every large city. Other faults there are, incidental to the desire of those who get the houses for working people built to make the most they could of the space, the air, and the light to which they had acquired the right. It is only

necessary to go carefully through the concluding part of this report to gain an idea of the amount of evil inflicted upon the general community by the unfettered indulgence of this avaricious desire. It is fatal to the morality of large cities; it gives a bloated mortality bill; it entails a tremendous expense, in the cost of police and public relief and the public mortuary, the end of it all; besides the negative cost of the loss of so much labor as is annually caused by unhealthy conditions of living—twenty days out of the year, according to one eminent authority, in some of the worst congested localities.

Regarding the fault of high rents, it is safe to say that there is no other city where the rent charged is so much out of proportion to the wages of the earners as in New York; and nowhere, furthermore, is the rent so much out of proportion to the accommodations for which it is exacted. Now, this is one of the weightiest problems which the commission will have to consider. It is not, of course, within its scope to interfere in any way with the freedom of private speculation or the right of private contract, or the legitimate course of business in



IMPROVED APARTMENT HOUSES, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

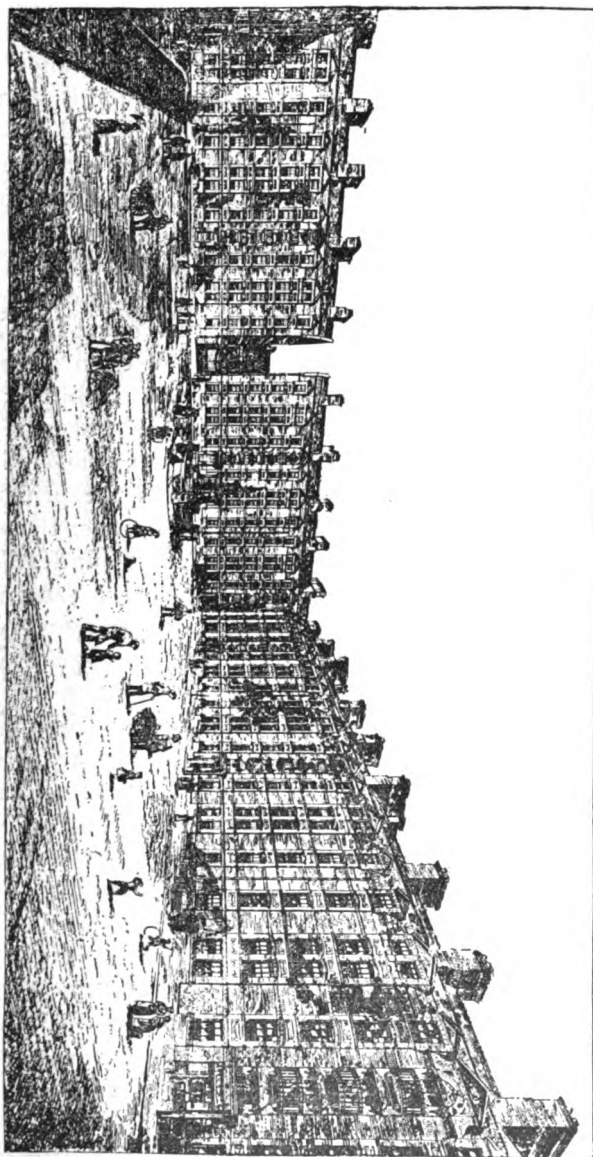
house-traffic. But it is unquestionably one of its functions to encourage in every possible way the erection of a better class of dwellings for the mass of the people, to provide facilities for the carrying-out of philanthropic designs in that direction, to recommend such legislation as would enable associations of working-men to erect houses, to become in time their own property; to discourage the present system of herding hundreds of people within the four walls of one huge structure, and to aim at the separate home system instead. This is of the very essence of modern civilization, and therefore ought to be the grand object, to which all other things are subsidiary, in the opening of this important new chapter in the history of New York.

There is one very surprising statement in the course of this report. In chapter nine, speaking of Mr. Alfred T. White's model tenements in Brooklyn, the remark is made that "domestic privacy seems to be regarded of greater importance in American life than elsewhere." If so, there has been the least respect shown for the sentiment by the builders of the old-fashioned flat and tenement-house systems of New York, of any city in the world. The destruction of all privacy seems to have been the primary end in view when these ingenious torture-places were being constructed. Every facility was given, by a peculiar system of air-shaft contrivances and the arrangement of windows and corridors, for the inquisitive-minded to become fully possessed of the secrets of the family beside or beneath them. In the rear flats especially it was impossible for neighbors to live without knowing a good deal about each other's business, unless they were deaf mutes. To the tired toiler, seeking a well-earned spell of repose, this propinquity is at times a fearful infliction, when his neighbors in the next house happen to have noisy children, or keep irregular hours, or be of that loquacious turn and high-pitched voice not at all unusual in American cities. Concealment or seclusion seems to be the thing never once thought of by the usual dwellers in New York flats; so that the more domestic virtue, if it ever existed here, has been long forgotten. This fact may be due more to the architectural system than the social tendency.

Were it proposed by any one in this country that state help should be given to the workman's efforts to house himself, the proposition would probably be met by the cry of "Socialism!" We are too easily scared with shibboleths. In England for the past forty years, under Conservative administra-

tions as well as under Liberal, there has been state intervention from time to time, in the way of helpful enactments, far removed from officious meddling, in the housing of the wage-

MODEL ARTISANS' DWELLINGS, VICTORIA SQUARE, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.—QUADRANGLE VIEW.



earners. The most important of these enactments are the Artisans and Laborers' Dwellings Act of 1875, and the Municipal Corporations Act of 1882. By co-operation with the Local Government Board, municipal authorities are enabled,

under the provisions of these acts, to purchase ground for building blocks of suitable dwellings for people of moderate resources, to level dilapidated and unsanitary tenements, and to lease ground for definite periods to private companies for the carrying out of the same objects, on providing certain guarantees for the protection of the tenants. When the Local Government Board was satisfied that a scheme proposed was *bona fide*, sound as a commercial speculation, and calculated to prove of practical benefit to all concerned, it was empowered to recommend the imperial treasury to grant a loan, at an exceptionally low rate of interest (generally about one and one-quarter per cent.), and for a long term of years, for the effectuation of the scheme. Under this salutary system a wonderful transformation has been wrought in many great English cities. Miles of tottering and sodden fabrics have been swept away in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, and many other places, and rows of neat cottages, as well as squares of artisans' dwellings on the "flat" system on the civilized plan, have sprung up in city and suburbs. It is the principle steadily kept in view, by the municipal authorities, that large returns must not be looked for from these undertakings. In Liverpool two great blocks of buildings, the Victoria Square and Juvenal Dwellings, are available for working-men at a rent which represents fifteen per cent. of the average wages of the head of a family; and yet the corporation gets a steady return of four per cent. on the original outlay. In Glasgow the average proportion of rent to income, in the case of the Workmen's Dwellings Company, is only ten per cent. on the original outlay. How different a state of affairs from that in New York! From thirty-three to fifty per cent. is the usual proportion of rent to the toiler's wages.

Philanthropists here are not sufficiently insistent upon this point. The amount of rent which the working classes have to pay is an element of the highest importance in this great problem. If there is one place in the United States where state or municipal interference is demanded, even in defiance of a deep-seated sentiment against such methods, it is the municipality of New York.

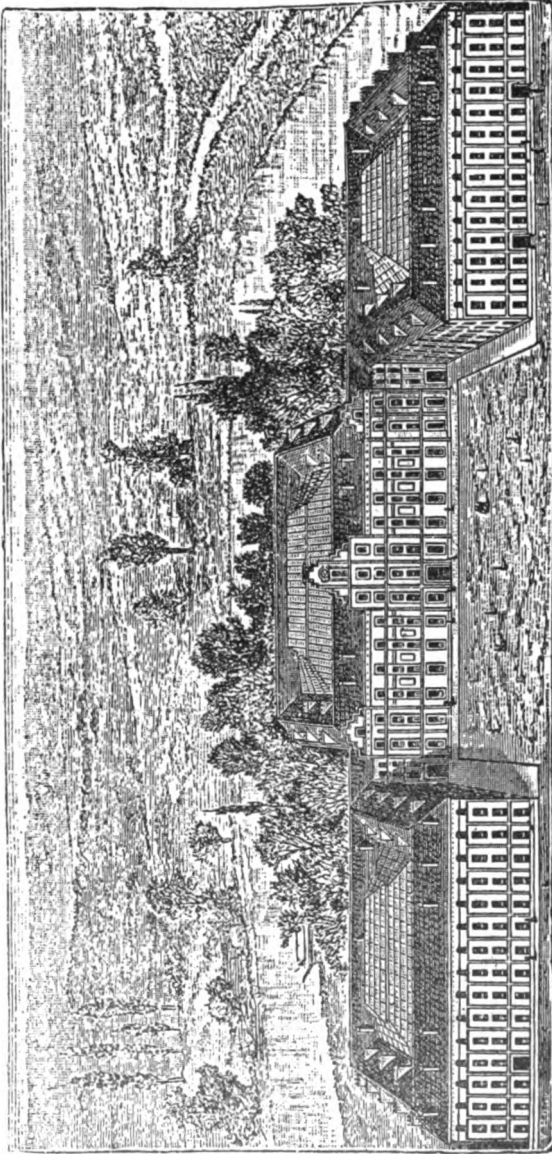
It is extremely difficult to arrive at any safe basis for a comparison between the conditions here and those in European countries. There is so much difference between the rates of wages, the cost of materials, value of land, the purchasing power of money, transit facilities, and other elements, in each

case, that one may be easily led into fallacious conclusions by the omission of a necessary factor or the assumption of factors which have no existence. Still there is some means of forming a rough idea of the respective conditions. A census of the tenants of the Workmen's Dwellings Company in Glasgow, for instance, revealed their respective employments and their average weekly earnings. They ranged from machinists and iron-workers down to dressmakers and charwomen. The average weekly earnings amounted to twenty-three shillings and sixpence, or five dollars and sixty-four cents. All were people who could live either in one room or two rooms, into which two classes the houses of this company are divided. Forty-three cents per week is the rent paid for single rooms, and from sixty-one to sixty-five cents for two-room tenements. A little over nine per cent. is, therefore, the proportion of rent to wages which this class of tenants pay.

Now take the case of New York. Let us take at random the rents of the Tenement House Building Company. They have a number of Hebrew tenants in their two-room apartments—shirt-makers, cigar-makers, and others of like class. Two-room tenements in these buildings pay rents ranging from six to eight dollars per month. That is to say, the tenants are charged about three times the amount they would have to pay in Glasgow for similar accommodations. The earnings of this class of tenants, on an average, cannot be more than twice the amount made by the people in the Glasgow tenements; the probability is that there is very little difference at all, taken year in, year out. The additional cost of labor, materials, and ground cannot surely account for such an enormous disparity as we find in a ratio of three to one. And this ratio, it will be found on investigation, is pretty well preserved in all the gradations of house accommodation, between New York and the chief English cities.

Many reasons are put forward for the maintenance of this high scale of rents. The most rational of these is the increased cost of labor within recent years—especially in the building trades. Mr. Alfred T. White, of Brooklyn, a well-known authority on tenement-house affairs, puts this increase down at forty per cent. within fifteen years. Still there is no sufficient reason for the enormous advance in rents during the same period. To affirm that these have at least doubled within that time would be to take a very safe position. There is an increasing tendency toward the construction of barrack-like

buildings for the crowding within four walls of hundreds of people. No doubt this plan has much to commend it to those who have money to invest in house-building, as it is much



FRENCH MODEL DWELLINGS AT GUISE, FRANCE.

easier to keep one large building in repair and operate the tenancy under a uniform system of regulations than a cluster of separate homes. But from the point of view of the tenants' interest the system is most pernicious. It destroys that sense

of freedom and temporary ownership which the payment of a large rent ought to bring, and gives the sort of notion of life that comes from dwelling in a public institution. It insures congestion, no matter how liberal the air-space allowed each tenant. It insures discomfort and undesirable association, in a thousand ways, no matter how careful the supervision. It destroys, in fact, the theory of home—the home which ought to be a man's own castle—and makes him pay the highest amount of money for such conditions of existence as he does not relish and would not accept if he could help himself.

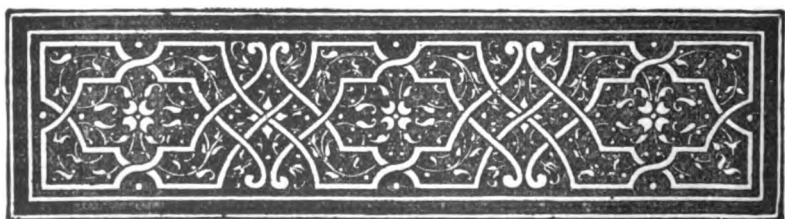
This state of things must still prevail, to a very large extent, until the great problem of rapid transit shall have been solved. Then it will not be a matter of so much moment that workers should live close to the places in which their work is needed, and the ample dimensions of the enlarged city afford plenty of space for the erection of real homes for the people instead of the present pigeon-hole structures. The most that can be expected for the present is that the mammoth tenement arrangement shall keep pace with the progress of the time in the science of structural improvement and the laws of hygiene and sanitation. Those buildings put up by Mr. Albert T. White in Brooklyn may be taken as examples of a good American standard. They show many improvements, in their internal arrangements, over the older style of flats and tenements, and differ very materially in many matters of detail from the corresponding grade of flats in the English and Scottish cities. Those gentlemen who are now studying the subject on behalf of the commission will, however, be the best judges of the relative merits of both systems, when it comes to a question of enabling the artisan tenant of a great "flat" house to realize a sense of security, comfort, and isolation when he gets back to his dwelling after his day's labor has terminated.

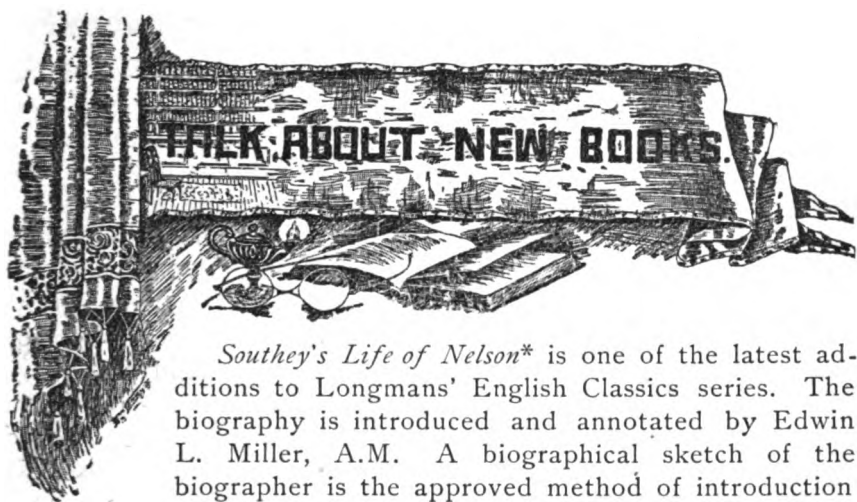
Even in places where the model block system is the most suitable, it will be seen, by reference to the illustration of the Familistère building in Guise, that much may be done by the adoption of an intelligent plan, to make such edifices something more than mere prisons of brick and mortar. The Familistère is a little town unto itself. It contains nurseries, schools, a theatre, a gymnasium, pleasure grounds, covered in and open, fountains, playgrounds, baths, laundries, stores of all kinds, and in fact every convenience of life for the residents. All the tenements have balconies opening on the courts and pleasure grounds. This set of buildings was put up by a

private philanthropist, who looks more for beneficial results to the inhabitants than a high rate of returns; and its management is in the hands of a number of members of the Familistère. It is, in fact, a sort of social experiment in the art of home-making and scientific housing.

The country which has done most toward the solution of this all-important question is, however, Belgium. In a future paper we shall devote some space to an examination of the present position of the housing problem in that country, and the salutary legislation by means of which the toilers have been rescued from the hands of grasping landlords and avaricious speculators.

Very important enterprises for the bettering of the condition of the toilers in New York, in the matter of housing, now claim the attention of wage-earners. One of these is known as the City and Suburban Homes Company, and at its head are several gentlemen of well-known philanthropic views and high commercial standing. It is the purpose of this association to enable working people to become purchasers of desirable homes on the easiest terms consistent with commercial soundness. Still another enterprise is known as the New Orange Industrial Association. The promoters have a larger ambition than those of the first-named society, inasmuch as they propose to start factories as well as found a city, giving employment to those who take shares in their residential undertaking. They have carried out a similar enterprise at Elmira, in the State of New York, as they claim, with much success. A vast tract of land has now been acquired by them in New Jersey, which they propose to transform into the city of New Orange, and make a place of great commercial activity as well as residential perfection. These enterprises appeal to the public on the strength of their own intrinsic merits, and doubtless they will be carefully considered, as they certainly appear to deserve.





*Southey's Life of Nelson** is one of the latest additions to Longmans' English Classics series. The biography is introduced and annotated by Edwin L. Miller, A.M. A biographical sketch of the biographer is the approved method of introduction to these reproductions, and this method often helps to illustrate the different notions of biographical depiction which may be found at the opposite ends of a century. The modern method, if less picturesque and glittering, contains more analysis and tries to extend the search-light beneath the surface.

These reproductions, being intended for the use of teachers and examination aspirants, are besprinkled with references and collateral helps, comments on obsolete phrases, and remarks on points in narrative construction. In this case some of these are quips and quiddits merely, finical and pedantic. We are pained to see that in one case the commentator attempts to minimize the strong condemnation which Southey pronounced over a very dark transaction of Nelson's life—the murder of Prince Caraccioli. There is no other word to describe the deed; the military juggle which gave the show of judicial proceeding to the slaying of the Duc d'Enghien was decency itself compared to the infamy of the aged Caraccioli's death. The quarrel was not Nelson's. Caraccioli had been pardoned by the King of Naples, in whose interest England was then acting. Nelson seized him, tore the pardon to pieces, brought him on board his ship, gave him *one hour* to prepare his defence and prove his innocence—when he was miles distant from the shore—and then had him hanged and thrown into the sea! A more infamous proceeding was never witnessed in the brutal annals of war. Southey condemns it, as well as the whole of Nelson's unworthy conduct at Naples, and Mr. Miller attempts to defend Nelson.

With regard to the unjustifiable attack of England upon

* *Robert Southey's Life of Nelson*. Edited, with notes and an introduction, by Edwin L. Miller, A.M. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, in 1801, Southey cites nothing to show that such a step without a declaration of war was not a gross violation of the law of nations. The fact that Nelson acted skilfully and heroically on that occasion is one that nobody has attempted to deny. Nelson's own excuse to the Danes, during the armistice, that the destruction of their fleet and the slaughter of their men arose from fraternal anxiety lest his brothers—as he styled the Danes—should fall victims to Russian and Swedish intrigues was a shocking piece of hypocrisy. England could not bear to see friend or enemy strong at sea. Such a fact was in itself a sufficient excuse with her in those days for any step in her power to take, no matter what law it broke. Neither is it disputed that his skill and bravery were fully equalled by that of the Danish fleet and people, so that the Danish historians have fully as good a right to claim the victory as the British have. Southey adopts the English estimate of the losses in this action on either side—nine hundred on the English side, six thousand on that of the Danes. Thiers, in his *Consulate and Empire*, estimates the English loss at twelve hundred, and that of the Danes about the same. Alison's ratio is twelve hundred to six thousand. If there was indeed such a disparity as Southey states it gives color to a story we have heard, as transmitted from an old sailor who had been in the fight. Immediately after the battle, and during the armistice which followed, the Danes sent handbills through the English fleet complaining bitterly of the use of congreve rockets in the fight as an outrage on the laws of war. There is no official chronicle of the use of these fearfully destructive missiles until the attack on Boulogne; when their frightful character was discovered the rockets were abandoned as contrary to the humanity of the age. If they were used at Copenhagen, the fact would throw a new and baneful light on Nelson's victory.

Nelson was a brave and able sailor, but he was not always that scrupulous slave to honor which the poets and ballad-makers represent him. His conduct toward his wife and the wife of Sir William Hamilton was the reverse of heroic or honorable. He was as vain as Voltaire, and he disgusted the Duke of Wellington, the only time these distinguished men ever met, by his boasting and childishness. These effeminate traits are palpably visible in the specimens from his private correspondence which Southey gives in the course of his eulogistic biography. As a biography this work is too little of a nautical and

professional view of its subject ; as a mirror of the inner man, or a psychological study, it is almost valueless.

Professor Everett Hale, Junior, of Union College, writes the introduction and edits the text, in regard to another of Longmans' series—Books I. and II. of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Not so much stress is laid upon the biographical part of the work as upon the literary analysis of the text. Professor Hale is not altogether enamored with the type of Puritan character represented by John Milton. The Puritans generally, in England and here, he finds, were men of strong character, having pre-eminent faults and great virtues. These opposite traits appear carried to their extremes in the personality of Milton. While his poetry soars even to too high a pitch for the exalted school in diction, his prose at times led him down into the worst of gutter vilipend, as in his unworthy attack upon Alexander Morus. A severe and unrelenting purist in morals, he wrote four pamphlets on divorce of which his apologists are ashamed. Chivalry had disappeared with the Cavaliers; the Puritan theory with regard to woman was that she was an inferior creation, not much better than a chattel commodity. This spirit peeps through these discreditable pamphlets, the first of which was written after his first wife, Mary Powell, had refused to come back to the home she had left when she had been only a month a bride, having got in that period quite enough of Puritan society. Milton's political career forms no more pleasing subject of contemplation. It embraced every gradation from royalist to regicide; although in no step he ever took did he ever act in any way but in strict accord with his conscience. Professor Hale does well, then, to avoid any more detailed reference to this part of his task. His comments on the text of *Paradise Lost* will be found more immediately serviceable. He dwells but slightly on the obvious connection between Milton's work and the greater and earlier one of Dante. How much both these lofty dreamers owed to a little-known Irish mystic of a much earlier age, St. Fursey, is a subject which may well occupy the attention of those who are interested in the evolution of the epic.

Others of the Classics series just issued by the same firm are: *The Vicar of Wakefield*, edited by Mary A. Jordan, A.M.; *Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson*, edited by Rev. Huber Gray Buehler, and *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* from *The Spectator*, edited by D. O. S. Lowell, A.M., M.D.

In the erudite paginatory notes of the last-named work we

notice an instance of imperfect acquaintance with well-known historical facts. The annotator, treating of the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey, discredits the tradition that asserts it to be the monolith of which Jacob had made a pillow when he beheld God in a vision, and which he anointed and set up as a pillar to mark the spot. "The tradition," Dr. Lowell remarks, "lacks confirmation, for, as Sir Roger shrewdly implies, there is no 'authority that Jacob ever was in Scotland.'" Addison's ignorance on the point was excusable, for history in his day had no scientific basis; Dr. Lowell's is astonishing. It is well known that the Coronation Stone, which was brought from Scotland as a trophy of victory by Edward I., was used for the same purpose by the kings of Scotland when they were crowned at Scone. It is now acknowledged that this stone was brought from Ireland, where for centuries it had served a similar purpose, by Edward Bruce. The tradition ran that it was brought to Ireland by the sons of Milesius, who had brought it from the East on one of his expeditions as general of the Egyptian army. By the ancient Irish the stone was called the Stone of Destiny (*Lia Fail*), and their reverence for it was attested in the use to which alone it was put by their Druids. The ceremony of coronation was performed while the monarch's right foot rested upon this stone; hence it was regarded as a sacred thing by which the kings were sworn, so to speak, and symbolic of a covenant between prince and people.

The most remarkable controversy of recent years has been waged in San Francisco, almost without intermission, from November, 1895, until now; in fact it is still going on, in the phase of pursuit of the disrupted force by the victorious party. It sprang out of the temerity of the American Protective Association in hiring a public hall in San Francisco for the purpose of attacking Catholicity. It was not until public decency was outraged by the stench of the slanders that the gauntlet was picked up, but it was the hand of a doughty champion which lifted it. The Rev. Peter C. Yorke, after having vainly tried to get a hearing in one of the daily papers, whose columns had been freely given to the ventilation of the slanders, by a clever ruse got an opening in another, and from that time forward the fight was lively. Father Yorke stood, like Bayard at the Garigliano bridge, alone, and on his single shield he received the thrusts of a host of enraged adversaries. But, un-

like Bayard, he not only kept the bridge but defeated his foes, and, having sent them flying, is now in hot pursuit of the demoralized remnant. So untiring, so alert, so springy an antagonist as Father Yorke has probably never before been seen in the polemical arena. We are glad that some permanent record of this memorable tournament is begun. A handy book just issued gives us a complete report of the last branch of it, under the title of *The Yorke-Wendte Controversy*,* the most respectable phase of the series. Wendte is the name of a Unitarian doctor of divinity who last took up the cudgels which less able and less reputable combatants had had stricken from their hands, but it will be seen from his valedictory epistle that he felt himself worsted.

Father Yorke had two distinct advantages in undertaking the ungrateful task of squelching this brood of defamers whose methods were those of the skunk. His mind is a veritable storehouse of historical fact, civil as well as ecclesiastical. His canonry and theology are of the best equipment. He is thus easily a match for an army of such half-read, crude, and slipshod vaporers as those whom he has put to flight. In the second place he possesses a decidedly useful literary style. He can be practical, brief, and to the point where this manner is called for; but he possesses a fund of brilliant and scathing metaphor and retort such as the witless and prosaic inanities who at first challenged his pen could never have dreamed of when they set out on their task. The controversy is lively reading, and we anticipate a large sale for the first instalment of it. It would be a pity that the discussion should not be available for future use in its entirety.

At a time when a large section of the Anglican Church is endeavoring to "live down" the Reformation, and another treating it as an affair of no doctrinal significance, it is useful to have the sturdy work of William Cobbett† on that subject republished. A popular edition of his history, with an introduction and under the revision of the eminent scholar, Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B., has now made its appearance. Cobbett's work was a unique thing in history. It shows little of the polished scholar, but plenty of the honest man indignant

* *The Yorke-Wendte Controversy*: Letters on the Papal Primacy and the Relations of Church and State. By Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., and Rev. Peter C. Yorke. San Francisco: Monitor Publishing Company.

† *A History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland*. By William Cobbett. A new edition, revised, with notes and preface, by Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

at the unmerited slanders heaped upon his fellow-subjects who differed from him in religion, and the cruel injustices to which they were subjected. But there was even more than this at work in Cobbett's mind when he took pen in hand in defence of the calumniated and plundered Catholics. He was acute enough to perceive that the far-reaching miseries of the social system in Great Britain, the degradation of the working classes, and the horrible cancer of the pauper organization had their direct origin in the process called the Reformation; and he did not hesitate to arraign the heirs of that movement and the legatees of its enormous spoils, in Anglo-Saxon oftener remarkable for aptitude than elegance. Some of his language has been revised by Dom Gasquet; in other passages where emasculation would have destroyed its effect he allows the text to stand. An alteration has also been made in the form of the matter, the several sections which formerly appeared in the shape of letters being now presented as serial chapters. The learned editor has likewise thought it well to omit the second part of the original history, which comprised the list of the religious houses suppressed in the reign of Henry VIII. To the American reader this will especially be a loss, as a full catalogue of those establishments, their approximate revenues, and the charitable, educational, and hospital work performed by each, would be read, we are confident, with the keenest interest. If Dom Gasquet be enabled to produce another edition of this valuable work, we would earnestly hope he may reconsider the propriety of this important omission.

The versatile patriotism and pen of Edna Lyall have been turned toward Armenia. In a little *brochure* in the form of a novelette* she gives us a graphic picture of the late reign of horror in that miserable country which certainly does not err in the direction of exaggeration. Though the style is worthy of the writer's literary reputation, the work, however, is disappointing. It is too inconsiderable for a romance, and too scrappy for a sketch. A powerful romance founded on Armenian events of recent times might easily be written by one who to a facile pen added an intimate knowledge of the country, the people, and the administrative system. We can only hope that Edna Lyall's work will be helpful in some measure in drawing renewed attention to the frightful danger to civilization existent in the rule of the barbarous Turks over Christian people in any numbers.

* *The Autobiography of a Truth.* By Edna Lyall. New York : Longmans, Green & Co.

The more we look at the formidable obstacles which beset the early days of Christianity, the more we marvel at the fact that it triumphed in such a comparatively short period as it did over systems whose roots were struck so widely, so deeply, and so inseparably as the ancient pagan cults. Little has as yet been done to help our imagination in realizing the frightful nature of the struggle between the new and the old forces, but what has been done, in the pages of *Fabiola*, *Dion and the Sibyls*, *Aurelia*, and one or two more books, reveals the vastness and richness of the field which lies ready for the harvesting of the capable pen. The Catholic Truth Society of England has just issued a new effort in this neglected field. It is a brief romance, entitled *Claudius: A Sketch from the First Century*,* by C. M. Home. Paul's sally into Ephesus and Rome is the motive of the tale, and the disintegrating action of the small rivulet of Christianity upon the rocks of a prehistoric paganism is vividly shown in the mental struggles of the Gentiles and Jews of different ranks who compose the *personnel* of this drama. Many events of note are embraced in the story—amongst others the martyrdom of Peter and Paul and the chief features of the frightful persecution begun by Nero. No heightening of natural effect is sought for in the literary treatment; the style is simple, and it conveys its own impressions with a force all the greater, perhaps, because of that fact. The draughtsmanship of the figure of Paul is a masterly piece of work, and cannot but be helpful in bringing before the mind's eye with vividness the power and greatness of mind and soul of that great pillar of the Church Universal. Fine clear type and good paper make the book attractive to the eye. Such work as this proves that the Catholic Truth Society knows what class of literary production finds most favor with the readers of to-day, when slovenliness of production and sloppiness in printing will no longer be tolerated.

I.—FATHER TANQUEREY'S THEOLOGY.†

As promised last year when Dr. Tanqueray's two volumes on Special Dogmatic Theology appeared, he has now given us a volume which may be called the preliminary of these. As

* *Claudius: A Sketch from the First Century*. By C. M. Home. London: Catholic Truth Society, 21 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.

† *Synopsis Theologiæ Dogmaticæ Fundamentalis, ad Mentem S. Thomæ Aquinatis, Hodiernis Moribus Accommodata*. De Vera Religione, de Ecclesia Christi, de Fontibus Theologicis. Auctore Ad. Tanqueray, S.S. Tornaci (Belg.): Desclée, Lefebvre et Soc. Baltimore, Md.: St. Mary's Seminary; New York and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

its title tells us, it is fundamental, dealing with the ground-work doctrines of religion and belief. It embraces treatises on the True Religion, on the Church of Christ, and on the Sources of Theological Knowledge, forming the strongest kind of an argument not only for the truth of the Christian religion but also for unity among all who profess that religion. The book appears in the same attractive dress and with that evidence of having been written for American students of these latest days which characterized them, and which was noted by Father Hewit in his review of these books last year.

Not a small instance of the up-to-date character of Dr. Tanquerey's work is that numerous notes are culled from modern writers in English, a fact that, at first, to those familiar with Latin text-books of theology, may appear odd, but not, for that reason, any the less pleasing. The volume is in a way more important than the previous ones, for it includes arguments, in the first place, against those who deny the divinity of religion—*i. e.*, the Rationalists; in the second place, against those who impugn the infallible authority of the church; and in the third, against those who refuse obedience to the supreme head of the church—*i. e.*, the Greek schismatics. The opponents met in the other books attacked only particular dogmas; the opponents we have to deal with here attempt the destruction of all revealed religion.

We can notice only a few points; but before doing so we would wish to call attention to a feature of great utility, namely, the list of works prefixed to each treatise, as valuable for consultation on the matter in hand. These lists embrace not only ancient and modern Catholic writers, but also many non-Catholics whose works may be read to advantage.

Rationalism, to all appearances, is the intellectual movement of importance into which the deepest minds outside the Catholic Church have been drawn. On account of this the first of the three parts of the book is of exceptional worth because of the opposition which must be made to this revived enemy. In his historical review of Rationalism, brief but explicit, Dr. Tanquerey shows us its rise in the first ages of the church, its existence in the middle ages, and points out how, after the Reformation, gaining a new vigor, it spread from Germany to Italy and to England, and from England to France, and finally, in these latter days, to America, although Germany still remains the armory (p. 54) whence are drawn the chief weapons and ammunition for the rationalists' attacks. The author re-

cognizes that just here is where the religious combat is to be fought to-day more than at any previous time—between the claims of reason and revelation. As he says: "From this brief review we can gather that revelation has been unceasingly attacked even from the beginning and throughout the centuries, but in our day more frequently and by more opponents than ever" (p. 56).

Philosophical Rationalism is the most radical form of this disease, and it is accurately diagnosed, from a rationalistic stand-point, in words given us in one of Dr. Tanqueray's notes (*History of the Rise and Spirit of Rationalism*, Lecky, New York, 1893, pp. 181-184): "Its central conception is the elevation of conscience into a position of supreme authority as the religious organ, a verifying faculty discriminating between truth and error. . . . Religion it believes to be no exception to the general laws of progress, but rather the highest form of its manifestation, and its earlier systems but the necessary steps of an imperfect development. . . . (Rationalism) is no longer exclusively negative and destructive, but is, on the contrary, intensely positive, and in its moral aspect intensely Christian. It clusters around a series of essentially Christian conceptions—equality, fraternity, the suppression of war, the elevation of the poor, the love of truth, the diffusion of liberty. It revolves around the ideal of Christianity, and represents its spirit without its dogmatic system and its supernatural narratives" (p. 58).

The backbone of such a system is simply the denial of the existence, of the necessity, and even of the possibility of revelation. On these three special points Dr. Tanqueray has several theses, but to consider their lines of development would be out of the question here. Suffice it to say that, in view of the advances of rationalism among non-Catholics, a Catholic textbook which considers the latest forms of the objections to revelation is of notable importance.

The stir now felt at home and abroad as to the matter of Christian unity adds a new interest to the section of the book taken up with this question. The world's history could contain no sadder story than that embraced in the brief historical sketch earlier in the volume, which brings to mind the great variety of sects among those Christians who are without the pale of the Catholic Church. The almost innumerable divisions and subdivisions, down even to the members of the Salvation Army, who are described in Cæsarean language as those "qui ad modum exercitus duces et centuriones habent," make not

only our Holy Father and Catholics in general, but also all Protestants who in their hearts seek to preserve the oneness of the Body of Christ, pause to consider in what way the words of the Master may at length be realized when there shall be "one fold and one shepherd." Concessions perhaps in some details can be made; but when all points are considered, when history and theology have mustered their forces, when the words of Scripture are read aright, when all helps possible are brought into play by which we may learn the will of Jesus Christ, the author of Christianity, we think that the conclusion to which Dr. Tanquerey gives expression is the only one that can be reached. The crux of the whole matter is the question of an infallible supremacy. By those who wish for reunion that Rubicon, at least, must be crossed. As our author puts it: "All the followers of Christ must acknowledge the authority of him who has been constituted by the Master the supreme pastor of all. This Scripture teaches; this the holy Fathers, the illustrious Doctors, the chief Christians of all times have held; and so all may be united in the bond of charity which is preserved only with difficulty where internal union of faith and external unity of government are wanting. Nor will then the Gospel liberty be lost, for even under the rule of a supreme pastor the word still holds: 'In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas'" (p. 442).

The author's explanations of many particular questions of interest, such as the rule of faith, infallibility, the axiom "Extra ecclesiam nulla salus," the relations of church and state, the bearings of the church upon liberty of conscience, would form excellent matter for our consideration, but we can only mention them in passing. The last two topics mentioned should be for us in America, where the questions are always live ones, matters of special study. Though we cannot give here Dr. Tanquerey's development of the argument, we can recommend the perusal of his words to any one who wishes a summary of the principles of the discussion. As he tells us himself, his theses are based upon the ideas put forth by Leo XIII. in his two famous encyclicals, *Immortale Dei* and *Libertas*.

The various rights and duties of church and state depend upon the condition of the state with which the church in this or that case has relations. Thus, the rights and duties of a Catholic state would differ from those of a non-Catholic; and again, those of a Protestant state would not be the same as those of an indifferent, nor yet again of an infidel state. It is,

at times, difficult to draw the lines exactly, especially in the short treatment of a text-book, but the general principles are plain, concise, and clear-cut.

As can be seen, therefore, the present volume has to do with the primary truths, the first principles of religion ; it shapes the foundation-stones of the edifice. These are the first things that must be made known in the gospel of regeneration. And for this reason, because it deals in a masterly treatment with fundamentals, it should be welcomed as a new aid by those of us who are "fishers of men," who are striving to make known to others without the fold the majesty of Divine Truth and the beauty of Christ's Church.

2.—REICHEL'S MANUAL OF CANON LAW.*

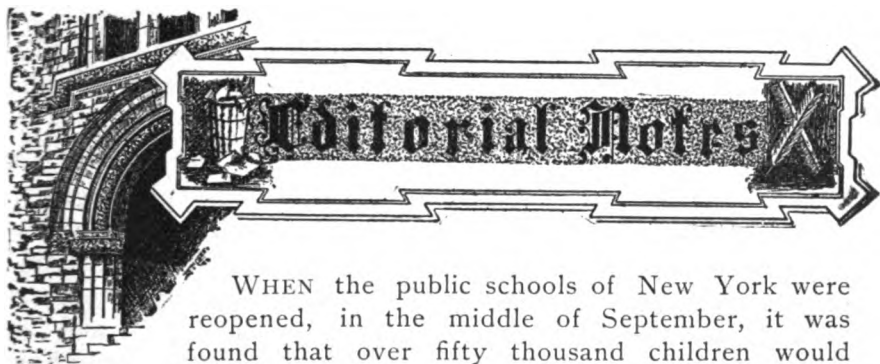
It is a cheering augury of the immediate future to find a Protestant scholar and divine of eminence taking up the study of Canon Law in the hope that his work may be helpful toward the great object of church unity. This, we learn from the preface, has been the impelling motive with the author ; and we may add in all sincerity that the spirit in which the work was begun is steadfastly adhered to in the endeavor to avoid mere controversy in the discussion of the origin and history of the sacraments of the church, to which the first volume is devoted. Deep and painstaking erudition is manifest in the book throughout, and there is no note of the *odium theologicum* audible anywhere. The examination of authorities is exhaustive, and the explanatory notes furnish a great work taken by themselves. So far as the exposition of the sacramental mysteries is concerned, there is very much to be commended, from a Catholic stand-point, in this learned volume—a fact which suggests the question why theologians who agree so closely with Catholic teaching are content to remain apart from the church to which by their own admissions they believe themselves of right to belong. But we must not desire to do more, perhaps, than hasten slowly. The process of unification appears to be working in its own way, so that when the time comes for the final closing of the fissure of ages, it may be accomplished without the earthquake by which that fissure was effected.

* *A Complete Manual of Canon Law.* By Oswald J. Reichel, M.A., B.C.L., F.S.A.
London : John Hodges, Bedford Street, Strand.

3.—DE SPONSALIBUS ET MATRIMONIO.*

The name of Dr. De Becker, of Louvain University, is known to all students of canonical jurisprudence, and the eminent professor's reputation as an exponent of civil law is not less in the mouths of scholars. His new work on the critical subject of betrothal and matrimony is a most valuable acquisition to the theological literature of the time. It is needless to expatiate on the jealous care with which the church regards the matrimonial institution, and the safeguards with which she has surrounded the conditions attaching to it. The circumstances of society and the shifting of centres of population consequent on the changes in trade and the policy of nations are elements which exercise, however, a potent influence on the social contract. Modern conditions especially often give rise to circumstances which render necessary modifications in the less vital principles which the church originally laid down relative to her discipline in regard to the marriage contract—the rules on consanguinity, for instance, in its remoter affiliations. Every delicate complication which can arise is anticipated and dealt with in this most valuable treatise. It is not merely an exposition of the canon law, in all its wide network of provisions, but it contains besides a multitude of explanations, reflections, and suggestions on points which modify the application of the law, or call for emendation in its provisions in order to keep pace with the imperative requirements of modern life. It is a legal as well as a theological treatise. It is, moreover, a valuable historical document, tracing the development of the law back to the various Decretals, Œcumenical Councils, decisions of the Roman Congregations, and Papal Constitutions, which form the precedents or authoritative foundations on which the structure rests. The work, which is a fine example of the typographical art, is divided into ten sections, and contains five hundred and forty-eight pages of letter-press. The sections are ranged under the following heads: 1. Affiancing; 2. Marriage considered in general; 3. Hindering obstacles; 4. Prohibitive obstacles; 5. Dispensations; 6. Duties of the priest and those of the penitent; 7. The (legal) effects of marriage; 8. Of second marriages; 9. Of divorce; 10. The judicial procedure in the matters of affiance and espousal.

* *De Sponsalibus et Matrimonio prælectiones canonicae.* By Julius de Becker. Bruxelles, Société belge de Librairie.



WHEN the public schools of New York were reopened, in the middle of September, it was found that over fifty thousand children would have to be left out, as there was not sufficient school-accommodation. There is a law by which parents who neglect to send their children to school can be punished, but we have yet to learn of a legislative enactment designed to reach those who neglect to provide schools for the children who would attend.

As far as numbers in attendance, enthusiasm, and dignity in procedure could make it a success, the Convention of the Irish Race, held in Dublin in September, was all that could be desired. The assembly was presided over by the Bishop of Raphoe, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, and about four hundred priests were among the delegates, who aggregated something over two thousand. But only forty-three members of the Irish Parliamentary Party responded to the invitation to be present at the deliberations. Those who sulked or absented themselves were the followers of the two malcontent politicians, Messrs. John Redmond and T. M. Healy. Mr. John Dillon offered to retire from the chairmanship of the Irish party if the dissentients would agree to unite under another leader, but as all efforts at unification by conciliatory means proved futile, it is to be feared that another bitter campaign for the expulsion of the fractious members is before the Irish people.

Cardinal Satolli has given place, as Apostolic Delegate, to Archbishop Martinelli, and it is safe to say that no representative of the Holy See ever took leave of a trust leaving a better impression or a higher reputation behind him than his Eminence. He has been a Daniel in the judgment seat, a magician in the social circle. In him there was shown the happiest combination of the legist, the scholar, the priest, and the polished gentleman. He has set a high standard for the delegatory office, yet from all that is known of the career of Arch-

bishop Martinelli, his successor, we may predict that that standard will again be realized in the choice of the Sovereign Pontiff.

We are pleased to announce that we have entered into an arrangement with the Catholic Truth Society of England whereby we shall be enabled to immediately place the literary products of that organization before the public here. In the substantial work of the Apostolate of the Press between that society and ourselves complete harmony exists. Our aim is identical; our methods agree in principle; we simply strengthen our forces in entering into an alliance for the wider dissemination of knowledge on those subjects which concern Christianity at large. We are firm believers in the invincible power of Catholic truth, and in the efficacy of proclaiming it without giving offence to any. The results already achieved by the Catholic Truth Society in Great Britain are highly gratifying. Its publications are numerous and diversified—bulky and pithy, historical and dialectical, theological and doctrinal. They represent the brightest Catholic intellect in the British Isles, and touch upon many things that possess a profound interest for Christians of all denominations everywhere.

We continue to devote considerable space to the ventilation of topics connected with the great social problems of the day; and we intend to make such a discussion a regular feature in successive issues as long as the public interest and that of morality demand it. In this number the important question of the housing of the people is again treated, and we shall return to the subject, as we believe there is none which more demands a fearless exposure of abuses and a constant watchfulness on the part of a really disinterested press. We shall present other branches of the Christian social advance, as they have developed themselves—the Catholic bank system, the questions of food preparation, domestic hygiene, and cognate matters.

Mr. Henry Austin Adams, it will be seen, begins his promised series of papers on various aspects of Protestantism in this month's issue. We know these papers will be read with great pleasure by all our regular readers, and believe they are certain to be regarded with interest by every class.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

WITH this opening number of the sixty-fourth volume of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE* we begin a new department devoted to short biographies of living Catholic writers, particularly those who belong to our own staff of contributors.

In each succeeding number of the magazine we shall present three or more sketches drawn from the most authentic sources, so that every statement made can be relied upon as being strictly accurate. In doing this we feel that we are doing a work that will awaken a deeper interest in Catholic literature.

Much of the charm of what is written depends on who writes it. When we know something of the personality and environment of our authors we are apt to appreciate the more what they have to tell us. Names count for a great deal these days in magazine literature, and names are made as much by a better knowledge of the detail of an author's life as by the merit of what he writes. A picturesque and romantic life and surroundings contribute a charm to the well-told story, while a scholarly environment adds a force to the theological essay or the philosophical paper.

In this new department that we are inaugurating we shall undertake to make Catholic authors better known. We believe that thereby we are contributing not a little to the interest in and value of Catholic literature. It has been no small part of the literary propaganda which *THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE* has undertaken to foster literary ability and encourage the talented author who has yet to achieve a name. And many of the best-known writers in our modern American literature have begun the lower rungs of their literary fame in the pages of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*.

We call attention to the fact that the peculiar merit that these pen sketches possess is their accuracy. Ultimately as the months go by we shall be able to compile a complete history of Catholic *litterateurs* which will be exceedingly valuable.

CORNELIUS M. O'LEARY, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., was born in the town of Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland, in the year 1839. Here his father conducted what was known as a classical school, wherein Greek, Latin, and French were principally taught, and the son, having begun his studies at an early age, soon acquired a fair knowledge of these languages. The family came to this country in 1852, and Cornelius, after a few weeks' perfunctory attendance at the public school, entered St. Francis Xavier's College, of which the late Father Ryan, subsequently founder of the parish of the Immaculate Conception, was president. Here he remained for some months, when the family moved to Jersey City, and Cornelius attended the parish school in company with Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. Dr. Brann's

brother James conducted the school, and Rev. Father Kelly, brother to the late Eugene Kelly, was rector of St. Peter's Church, the only Catholic Church then in Jersey City. Thence he went to the University of Notre Dame du Lac, which was then in its infancy, surrounded by dense woods and endless stretches of prairie land, and giving but little promise of the magnificent buildings and cultivated lands he saw there last June, after an absence of forty-two years. After two years he went to the old Sulpitian College, College Street, in a part of the city known as Griffintown. Of the old college no trace exists to-day. Here he spent four years, and graduated at the head of his class in 1857. He then studied theology at Fordham for three years, and when that institution ceased to exist he, having changed his views as to his vocation, entered the medical department of the University of the City of New York, which then stood where Tammany Hall now stands at present, and graduated in medicine in 1864. In that same year he began to teach in Manhattan College, and has ever since remained attached to that institution as professor of various branches. In 1863 he began to write for the now de-



DR. CORNELIUS M. O'LEARY,
New York.

Quarterly Review, to which he contributed articles on a variety of subjects, and having written one on the sanitary condition of cities, he obtained a position in the Board of Health in 1869, and this he held for two years. When the recent Board of Pharmacy was created in 1871 he was appointed one of the medical commissioners of the Board in conjunction with Dr. Robert Ogden Doremus. He began to write for THE CATHOLIC WORLD in 1874, his first article being a review of the late Dr. John W. Draper's work on the "conflict between science and religion." In all he contributed about twenty articles to the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In 1877 he undertook a course of lectures in the Academy of Mount St. Vincent, and these he continued for a period of nine years. For two

years he was medical attendant to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville. He has written editorial articles for the *Catholic Review* steadily for the last ten years. He has been an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly Journal of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology*, and wrote a few articles for the *American Catholic Quarterly*. For a number of years he represented Manhattan College at the annual sessions of the convocation of the University of the State of New York, and read a large number of papers which were afterwards published in the proceedings of that body.

CHARLES WARREN CURRIER came into the world in 1857, the Island of West Indies, of birth. On he is of Ameri- ing back to the the colonization land. After studies among torists in Hol- dained priest in Amsterdam on 1880, and soon for Surinam in where he re- months, when to the United tained to la- Redemptorists,



REV. CHARLES W. CURRIER,
Necker, Md.

St. Thomas, being his place his father's side can origin, go- early period of of New Eng- completing his the Redemp- land, he was or- their church at November 24, afterward he left South America, mained thirteen he was sent States. He con- bor among the giving missions

and retreats, attending to parochial duties, and filling, for a short time, the position of professor of philosophy, until January, 1892, when he entered the diocese of Baltimore. In that year he went to Spain, being interested in the American Historical Exhibition of Madrid, and also to assist at the International Congress of Americanists at Huelva, in Andalusia. His literary labors date back to 1884, when he wrote a life of the Redemptorist father, Francis Poilvache, a small work which, a few years later, appeared anonymously. The first product of his pen appeared in the *Ave Maria* about the same time. Since then he has contributed to the best mediums of current literature papers on a variety of topics. These avenues of publication include some of our secular papers as well as Catholic periodicals. In the winter

of 1893-4 he was editorial writer for the *Catholic Mirror*, besides doing other literary work. The first volume from his pen appeared in 1890. It is a history of the Discalced Carmelites in the United States, entitled *Carmel in America*. This was followed in 1894 by *Dimitrios and Irene*, a historical romance dealing with the fall of Constantinople, and a few months later appeared the *History of Religious Orders*.

Father Currier, besides his historical and literary work, has also delivered a number of lectures; namely, at the Catholic Summer-School of America, in Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Detroit, New York, and Brooklyn. He has ready for the press another historical romance, entitled *The Rose of Alhama, or the Conquest of Granada*, and he is engaged in preparing a historical work, the subject of which is known only to himself and a few of his immediate friends.

MARY T. WAGGAMAN is the daughter of Dr. Samuel Waggonman, of Wash-
From early
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the higher class-
town Convent,



MARY T. WAGGAMAN,
Washington, D.C.

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through which

she passed with marked success, taking the first and senior course in one year, and graduating with the highest honors of the academy. Here, too, her valedictory, by its striking and graceful variations on a worn-out theme, attracted the comment of the Catholic press. Since leaving school, though by no means a recluse or a stranger to the pleasures of her age, she has continued her studies on broad lines of her own choosing.

Light reading, except by acknowledged masters of style,

has no charm for her ; she seems irresistibly attracted into paths beyond the realm of facts and figures, and delights in following the great leaders of thought—poets, philosophers, theologians—to the heights from which they take their broad outlook on the world's shifting scenes. Happily, she is a devout Catholic, and carries into this debatable land, where so many brilliant young minds have gone astray, the light of a faith that cannot mislead.

The subject of this sketch is not to be confounded with her mother, Mary T. Waggaman, a writer of some name whose work has been confined principally to stories and papers of a more popular sort. But Mary T. Waggaman the younger has chosen the higher paths and has earned a reputation as a poet of undoubted genius and is possessed of remarkable gifts of nature.

In person, Miss Waggaman is a tall, slender brunette. Her face, thoughtful even to sadness in repose, flashes under animation into life and vivacity that transform it almost beyond recognition. Her home is a rambling, old-fashioned mansion on Georgetown Heights, shaded by oaks of a century's growth, and commanding a beautiful stretch of the Potomac—a fitting place for a young poet to work and dream. Kindly as her early work has been received—and she is often dissatisfied with it herself—I do not think a young writer could possibly be more free from any touch of self complacency. She has read so much, and studied so thoughtfully the great masters of song, that she feels, with their immortal music sounding in her ears, she is as yet only a child in this beautiful school.

Our readers will recall with no little interest the poems she has published in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE* during the past year. They manifest a superior order of thought, seemingly akin to one of the maturest years and entirely extraordinary in one who is still on the eastern slope. The flashes of poetic fire are unmistakable, and when maturer years will have refined and polished her work we can easily bespeak for her a prominent place in the temple of fame.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.

(Albert Shaw, Editor of the Review of Reviews, in the New York Journal.)

THE State and City of New York long ago committed themselves to the policy of providing ample means for the elementary education of all who desired to patronize the public schools. For a long time free public instruction was provided as a privilege to be voluntarily availed of by the families of rich or poor. But gradually there developed a strong sentiment in favor of universal education, and this sentiment became crystallized at length in the form of statutes making school attendance compulsory for all children.

The State and City of New York took the position that it was their business to provide schools, to determine how and what the children should be taught, and to see that none escaped instruction. There is much to be said in favor of compulsory education, and there is also much to be said on the other side. All things considered, I should be inclined to support the principle that it is the duty of the state or the municipality to see that no child is deprived of his right to grow up an intelligent, well-instructed citizen.

But when the community has gone so far as to organize the administrative machinery of compulsory education, with a corps of truant officers on duty to see that parents do not evade the law, let it be remembered that the community has assumed a very serious responsibility. It has become morally responsible, not only for the provision of an ample number of properly constructed school-houses, and the employment of an ample number of well-qualified teachers, but it has also put itself under the plainest kind of obligation to adapt its teaching in these public schools to the real needs of the people who are compelled to patronize them. It is a contemptible shame and fraud to set up the machinery of compulsory education in the City of New York with no proper equipment of school-houses, with no adequate corps of teachers, with no broad and comprehensive scheme for making school instruction fit the real and practical needs of the boys and girls of this great metropolis.

If the community had not committed itself to the policy of providing for the instruction of the children of New York, it is fairly to be assumed that provision would have been made in some other way. The great voluntary agencies—principally the different religious denominations—are still providing one-half of the elementary school facilities of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The public schools, or so-called board schools, provide the other half. In New York a considerable proportion of the children of Catholic parents go to the parochial schools, supported by the contributions of members of the Roman Catholic Church—these members at the same time pledged to pay their share of taxes for the support of the free public schools. It is entirely within the rights of these Catholic people, at any moment, to close their separate schools and to insist upon school-house space for their children, with adequate instruction, in the buildings provided under the free public-school system of New York. Nothing in our educational system is designed to encourage these voluntary and denominational schools, while a great deal is done to discourage them and to make their maintenance difficult.

But what would happen if it should suddenly be decided by the Roman Catholic authorities that they would use their school buildings for other parochial purposes, and send their children to the free public schools? The existing congestion, enormous as it is, would simply be made worse to the extent of many thousands more of children. Under the auspices of that well-known organization, the Children's Aid Society, and also under control of one or two other charitable organizations, there have now for some years been maintained in New York a number of private free schools, which, in the aggregate, provide for many thousands of children. It has lately been urged upon these societies with much plausibility that there is no reason why they should continue their strictly educational work, and that it would be much better for them to close it out and allow the public-school system to take care of the army of little folks for whose instruction the societies are now providing. What would happen if these voluntary schools should be closed?

The simple fact is that the community has adopted principles, in this matter of elementary education, which it has failed fairly and honorably to put into practice. It has gone so far with its scheme of free elementary education, supported by taxation, as effectually to discourage the development of any competing or collateral system of education, comparable with the parish schools of England, for example. But, on the other hand, it has not gone nearly far enough to meet the imperative demands of the situation. It meets the honest and hopeful immigrant with the boast and the promise that in our free American schools his children shall have a better chance for instruction and for advancement in life than the children of the poor could possibly have in Europe. Yet when term-time begins the chances are that these very children can find no place at all in the overcrowded school-rooms of the East side. On the other hand, we have said to the less desirable type of immigrant, who wishes to exploit the labor of his children rather than to send them to school, that education in this community is compulsory and his children must without fail give up their work in shop or factory and report at the school-house door. But this demand on him becomes only a mockery when it appears that the threatened schools are not provided.

Any young person of school age in New York City who wants to attend school, whether in the day hours or in the evening, and is not admitted because of lack of room, is defrauded of his most sacred rights. Every parent who wants to send his children to the schools of New York and can find no comfortable and convenient place for them in those schools, has a grievance so serious as to justify almost any kind of charge of bad faith against the community.

NEW BOOKS.

- SILVER, BURDETT & Co., New York, Boston, Chicago :
Fundamental Ethics. By Rev. William Poland.
 HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston and New York :
Moral Evolution. By Professor George Harris.
 ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston :
Immigration Fallacies. By John Chetwood, Jr.
 JOSEPH SCHAEFER, New York :
Devotion to the Miraculous Infant Jesus of Prague.
 E. T. CLARKE & Co., Reading, Mass.:
Cheerful Philosophy for Thoughtful Invalids. By William Horatio Clarke.
 R. WASHBOURNE, Paternoster Row, London :
On Humility. By Father Alexis Bulens, O.S.F.
 BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago :
The Following of Christ. Edition de luxe, with half-tone illustrations. Mr.
Billy Buttons. By Walter Lecky. *The Vocation of Edward Conway.*
 By Maurice F. Egan.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE American Social Science Association assembled for what is called "the general meeting" at Grand Army Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., beginning Monday, August 31, and closing Friday, September 4. The opening address was made by the president of the association, Dr. F. J. Kingsbury, of Waterbury, Conn. His theme was A Sociological Retrospect, and it was a condensed summary of the more important events of the century just now closing which have a marked sociological bearing. He divided the time into periods of twenty-five years, and considered the events under the divisions adopted by the association in its annual programme. He first considered the conditions of the country at the period between the close of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution, and pointed out the difficulties that beset the formation of a stable government from the heterogeneous material of thirteen colonies, covering sixteen degrees of latitude, each having its own interesting traditions and habits of life. He then spoke of the influence of early improvement in the means of travel, such as great roads, canals, and improved river navigation, by which the interior of the country was opened to immigration, and the widely separated parts brought in closer relation to each other. Passing to the health department, he depicted the universal dread of small-pox and the blessings of vaccination. Then he reviewed the advance of education, particularly on the scientific and professional side.

In the second quarter he noted the abolition of the stocks and whipping-post, and of imprisonment for debt; the introduction of the joint-stock law and the growing recognition of the evils of slavery. The introduction of public water-works in cities, and of gas and friction matches; the development of the sewing-machine and its influence on woman's work; the introduction of the railroad and the telegraph, and the great temperance movement of 1840, were sketched in outline.

This finished the first half-century. In the next quarter President Kingsbury noted the introduction of the rule permitting parties to a suit to testify; also the changes in law and custom as affecting both married and single women; the abolition of negro slavery, the progress in international arbitration, the expansion of the applications of electricity, the discovery of anæsthetics in surgery and the adoption of the germ theory in medicine. He closed with a résumé of general progress, and a comment on some accidental developments in society which have accompanied these movements.

Sessions were held by the various departments as follows:

TUESDAY.—Address by the chairman, Rev. Dr. Joseph Anderson, of Waterbury, Ct. A paper by Professor Daniel Quinn, Ph.D., of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., on The Duty of Higher Education in our Times. A report by Professor S. M. Lindsay, of the Finance Department, on Growth and Significance of Municipal Enterprises for Profit. A Paper by Professor Walter F. Wilcox, Cornell University, on Methods of Determining the Economic Productivity of Municipal Enterprises. Debate on the questions proposed in the paper, participated in by Nathan Matthews, Jr., Esq., of Boston; Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of *Review of Reviews*, New York; Professor John H. Gray, of Evanston, Ill. A paper by Rev. Dr. H. L. Wayland, of Philadelphia, on the Higher Education of the Colored People of the South, followed by a debate, which was opened by Mr. Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala.

WEDNESDAY.—A paper by P. R. Bolton, M.D., tutor in surgery, New York University, on the Physiology of Exercise. A paper on Medical Selection for Life Insurance, by Brandreth Symonds, M.D., senior examining physician of the Mutual Life Insurance Company for New York City. Do Hospitals Tend to Pauperize? a paper by James S. Knowles, Esq., superintendent of the New York Infant Asylum. The Introduction into Medicine of the Thyroid Gland, by the secretary of the department, Pearce Bailey, M.D., assistant in neurology, Columbia College, New York. Discussion of the papers. A debate on Immigration and Quarantine.

THURSDAY.—Address by the chairman, Professor Wayland. A paper by J. Warren Greene, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Legislation in its Relation to Jurisprudence. A paper by President D. J. Hill, of Rochester, N. Y., on International Justice, followed by a debate. An address by St. Clair McKelway, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Reform in Municipal Government, followed by a debate.

FRIDAY.—Address by the chairman, F. B. Sanborn, introducing a paper on The Fallacies of Industrial Statistics. A paper by S. N. D. North, Esq., of Boston, on The New Industrial Education in England and Massachusetts. A paper, The Working Boy, by Mrs. Florence Kelley, of Chicago, factory inspector of Illinois. A report on The Necessity for Trade Schools, by Joseph Lee, Esq., of Brookline, Mass. A paper on education as Related to Vocation, by S. T. Dutton, Esq., of Brookline, Mass. A debate on the Trade School Question, opened by C. W. Birtwell, Esq., of Boston, and continued by Z. R. Brockway, Esq., of the Elmira State Reformatory, and others.

The officers of the American Social Science Association are: President, F. J. Kingsbury, Waterbury, Conn.; first Vice-President, H. L. Wayland, Philadelphia, Pa.; General Secretary, F. B. Sanborn, Concord, Mass.; Treasurer, Anson Phelps Stokes, 45 Cedar St., New York. *Directors*: John Graham Brooks, Cambridge, Mass.; T. M. North, New York; Edward T. Potter, Newport, R. I.; Eugene Smith, New York; Oscar S. Straus, New York; Seymour Dexter, Elmira, N. Y.; E. H. Avery, Auburn, N. Y.; John L. Milligan, Allegheny, Pa.; S. M. Hotchkiss, Hartford, Conn.; Homer Folks, New York. *Department Officers*: I. Education: Joseph Anderson, D.D., Waterbury, Conn., Chairman; Professor Daniel Quinn, Ph.D., Catholic University, Washington, D. C., Secretary; II. Health: J. W. Brannan, M.D., 11 West 12th Street, New York, Chairman; Pearce Bailey, M.D., 60 West 50th Street, New York, Secretary. III. Finance: Professor J. W. Jenks, Ithaca, N. Y., Chairman; Professor Samuel M. Lindsay, Philadelphia, Secretary; IV. Social Economy: F. B. Sanborn, Concord, Chairman; Joseph Lee, Brookline, Mass., Secretary; V. Jurisprudence: Professor Francis Wayland, New Haven, Chairman; Eugene Smith, 32 Pine Street, New York, Secretary. *Executive Committee*: F. J. Kingsbury, President; F. B. Sanborn, General Secretary; Anson Phelps Stokes, Treasurer; Rev. Joseph Anderson, Education Chairman; Dr. J. W. Brannan, Health Chairman; Professor Francis Wayland, Jurisprudence Chairman; Professor J. W. Jenks, Finance Chairman; Joseph Lee, Social Economy Secretary.

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It has been stated that "Christianity presents the highest standard and the strongest inspiration of personal morality; but it formulates no system of social morality applicable to all times, and affords no guarantee of its establishment." The golden rule which Christ proclaimed as a standard of justice is certainly applicable "to all times" as a check on the vice of selfishness; likewise the divine sanction given to altruism in the command to love the neighbor. Actuated by

the teaching of Christianity as understood in the Catholic Church, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., stated the case of the laborer in these vigorous words:

"I hate that view of labor which makes it a mechanical force, like the rotation of a railroad or a turbine, purchasable at a mere market value. I must see at all times the living generation of labor—the man, my own brother and the child of the Supreme God—and availing myself of human labor, I must keep well in mind the dignity and the rights of the man. I must have before my eyes the man and the circle of life into which man has a divine right to expand himself—the family; and I demand for the laborer and his family, so far as through just and radical measures we can reach thereto, the means of a decent livelihood; the opportunities to develop intellect; to care for bodily health and moral and religious growth; to receive a due portion of the joys of human existence in recompense of the toils which will not fail to press upon them.

"Property is the very foundation-stone of the social fabric; it is the incentive and reward of industry and energy. The Indian tribes have slight regard for property; what is owned by one may be used and controlled by all. The Indian tribes remain bands of savage idlers. He who menaces property is an anarchist, and the anarchist is the deadly foe of order, of right, of society.

"Labor is in absolute co-operation with capital. To what purpose is your muscular strength unless capital is nigh to reward? Without capital factory doors remain closed, fields are untilled, mines hold their treasures in concealment, no ships plough seas, no railroads span continents. Without capital labor is a latent, unproductive energy.

"Strikes are in the industrial world what wars are between the peoples—to be dreaded for the ruin they cause, and never to be urged except when all other counsels have failed and where great interests are at stake; and when strikes do take place they must be, like wars between civilized nations, conducted under the dictates of justice and humanity. Amid the utmost fury of strikes property must be held sacred, and the liberty of other men allowed as we demand that our liberty be allowed. He who deprives another man of liberty deserves to lose his own. These are the imperious laws of social justice and of God's religion."

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Many who supposed that studies of social science must of necessity be dry and repulsive found unexpected pleasure in the course of lectures by the Rev. Francis W. Howard, of Columbus, O., at the Champlain Summer-School, August 10-14, 1896; the same course was also given at Madison, Wis. From the official synopsis the following outline is taken:

The scientific study of social phenomena is a characteristic feature of the intellectual activity of the nineteenth century. There is a growing appreciation of the practical value of these studies as affording a basis of sound knowledge for social effort. The democratic movement of modern times has given birth to the problems which to-day arouse such wide-spread interest. The existence of these problems emphasizes the importance of endeavoring to understand the growth, structure, and vital processes of the society of which we form part. But entirely aside from any utilitarian consideration of this kind, the science of society has an intrinsic interest that makes it worthy of the highest intellectual effort. It is worthy of serious attention for the same reasons that any science is. Our studies shall be most fruitful if our sole purpose is the desire to know.

The lectures on the Production of Wealth will be an attempt to describe a distinct class of social phenomena and will lead to the consideration of the place of the productive system in the economy of society, the factors which contribute

to the production of wealth, and, finally, the relation of the production of wealth to the wants, the welfare and prosperity of human society.

The points covered in the first lecture were: Importance of economics. Growth of the science and causes of present interest in it. Subject-matter of economics. Meaning of wealth, of property. Economic interpretation of history. Relations of economics to ethics and politics. Methods of study and suggestions about reading.

The points emphasized were the practical value of economic science, the work done by Catholic students in European countries, the cause of the present interest in economics and its growth; utility, intellectual curiosity, and complexity of phenomena are the three principles that control the development of any science. The home is the mint for the production and consumption of wealth; the value of any commodity rises in proportion to its scarcity, and that certain goods, as light, air, water, etc., however essential to our well-being, are in the nature of free goods, and not to be estimated as wealth. The knowledge of wealth-producing methods did not conduce to riches, as most of the authorities on political economy were not blessed with this world's goods. As to the way of studying this science, Father Howard advised his hearers to read backwards, so to speak, from the current literature of the subject to that of former times.

The second lecture was on the productive system of society. How to make a living the first problem that confronts a society. Some productive system a necessary condition of social existence. Production in its philosophical aspect is merely a series of changes in a material substance. The three factors of every productive system. Causes which determine the relative importance of these factors. Purpose of our system is to obtain a maximum of produce with a minimum of effort. The productive system of a society an historical product. Systems change, but slowly. Production of wealth can be carried to a high stage of development only where legal relations are clearly defined and well established. The importance of exchange in our system. Development of commerce. The three stages through which productive system may pass. Great diversity of employment requisite for highest national development. Influence of race, character, climate, government. Facility of communication, and its influence on civilization.

At the outset of the third lecture Father Howard explained the present conditions of the labor problem, and emphasized the importance of a study of the conditions, so as to be able to master the problems as they arise.

He said that labor is the activity of a human agent that is exerted for the production of wealth, and that man economizes labor by making use of the best natural advantages and by perfecting his tools. The difference in man's and woman's labor, productive and unproductive labor, skilled and unskilled labor, were then noted.

The development of this point was of special interest to the large feminine contingent in the audience. Some of them clapped their hands rapturously at first when Father Howard spoke of the entrance of women so numerous into fields of occupation previously monopolized by men; and of the increasing feminine financial independence which makes women far less ready to marry than they were even twenty-five years ago. But others at the same view-point saw a very large shadow across this especial path of alleged feminine progress, especially in the certain depreciation of wages in those pursuits in which women divide the field with men, and in the decline of the domestic virtues. A surprisingly large number of women brave the shame and sorrow of the divorce court, often for comparatively slight cause, knowing that they can maintain themselves after

they are rid of a bond which has become irksome. Father Howard dwelt eloquently on the economic value of the work of woman in the home. Another point exceedingly well taken, though often obscured, purposely by the demagogue, was the scarcity and value of exceptional business ability, and of ability in general. The passions of the working-man are aroused by fallacious appeals to the unequal distribution of property, owing largely to difference of brain power. Other points of great practical value were: Child labor. Productive and unproductive labor. Skilled and unskilled labor. Differences in wages have their natural and ethical justification in differences of ability or productive power. The scarcity and value of exceptional business ability. The importance of ability in our industrial system. Socialists and manual labor. Division of labor. Causes promoting the efficiency of labor. Christianity and Slavery. Leo XIII. and the labor problem.

The fourth lecture dealt with the natural and scientific means of production and the principle of the French Physiocrats that land is the source of all wealth. Inappropriable utilities, or free goods. Natural agents that can be appropriated. Differential advantage in the use of natural agents. Tendency to equalize natural advantages. Law of growth of capital and its functions in modern industry. Circulating and fixed capital. The wage-fund theory. Theory of Karl Marx. Displacement of labor caused by introduction of machinery. Capital and industrial progress.

The concluding lecture was given to the consideration of Consumption and Production: Production is a study of supply, and consumption a study of demand. The character of the wants of society give peculiar character to its productive system. The psychological interpretation of social phenomena. Its correspondence with the physical interpretation. Present tendencies in production, and their relation to the wants of society. Production on a large scale. The trust. Production of wealth underestimated by the socialist; overestimated by the capitalist. Misdirection of production. Luxury. The production of wealth and human welfare.

Some of the books which Father Howard recommended are here mentioned:

Introduction to the Study of Political Economy, containing bibliography: L. Cossa. History of Political Economy: J. K. Ingram. Economic History: Ashley. Groundwork of Economics, Manual of Political Economy: Chas. Devas. Economics of Industry: Marshall. The State in relation to Labor: Jevons. Wages and Capital: F. W. Taussig. The Philosophy of Wealth: John B. Clark. Outlines of Economics: R. T. Ely. Political Economy: Liberatore. Labor and Popular Welfare: W. H. Mallock. The Wages Question, Political Economy: F. A. Walker. Scope and Method of Political Economy: Keynes. *De la Richesse dans les Sociétés Chrétiennes*: Chas. Perin; 2 vols. *Les Œuvriers Européennes*: Le Play; 6 vols. *La Réforme Sociale*: Le Play; 4 vols. *L'Organisation de la Famille*: Le Play; 1 vol. *Éléments d'Économie Politique*: Joseph Rambaud. Contemporary Socialism: John Rae. *Luxury*: Dr. Laveleye. Principles of State Interference: Ritchie. *The Pope and the People*: W. H. Eyre, S.J. In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October, 1895, will be found a more detailed bibliography of the Catholic literature of the Social Question, compiled for the members of the Columbian Reading Union.

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New York City can boast of a Literary Society for Catholic young men, established twenty-five years ago at St. Francis Xavier's Church, which has held over one thousand meetings. The plans for the coming year give promise of much useful work. On the list of its members may be found many names that are now well known as ecclesiastics, lawyers, doctors, and others distinguished in professional and business life. Souvenir pamphlets have been published indicating unusual talent for original composition. Among the members has been found the ability to write and produce successful plays; and to discuss in debates many leading questions. The poems, essays, and narrative sketches of travel show a high order of literary merit.

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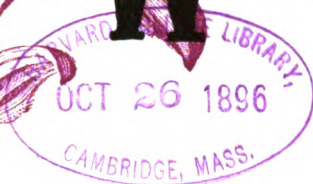
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MOST REV. SEBASTIANO MARTINELLI, D.D.,
*Archbishop of Ephesus, and Delegate Apostolic to the
Church in the United States.*

THE NEW APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.



ARCHBISHOP MARTINELLI, the successor of Cardinal Satolli in the office of Papal Representative in America, has lost no time in assuming the duties of his office. He is now installed in Washington, at the official residence of the Apostolic Delegation. He has publicly intimated his preference for a position in the United States above any country outside his own, where, he has also declared, he would have elected to stay if he had his own wishes only to consult. He comes here at the call of duty, and the post is one of honor no less than responsibility. The human side of the church, as represented in its ministry, is as strongly developed here, in the diversities of thought and action inseparable from active mental organisms, as in any country in the world. The process of adaptation to ever-modifying conditions, going on incessantly in every part of the church's framework, is peculiarly operative in the United States, and necessarily many questions of a complex character must constantly present themselves for settlement. Happily the graver questions of public policy which agitated the body of the church when his distinguished predecessor arrived no longer await the arbitrament of the Pope's representative. The path of the church is smoother, and we have no doubt that it will be made smoother still by the tact and judgment, more valuable aids than the authoritative voice, for which the new Delegate is happily distinguished.

The new Delegate is not entirely strange to this country. He paid it an extended visit three years ago, and has travelled over a great portion of the Eastern States and Canada. He is also able to speak the English language with ease, and can therefore place himself at once in touch with the vast majority of the clergy and the public sentiment. With Cardinal Satolli, he cherishes a profound attachment for American institutions, and appreciates to the full the magnificent opportunities which the great Republic presents for the development of the religious spirit which goes hand-in-hand with the highest aspirations of

intellectual life. A keen theologian, a distinguished scholar, an astute administrator, and a masterful man, in the highest and best sense of the terms, as proved in his rule of the great order to which he belongs, the Superior-General of the Augustinians comes to us equipped as fully as could be desired for the duties of his distinguished and delicate post. We believe he will have a most loyal reception everywhere, as the able representative of our beloved Pontiff, and that his decisions will be received in all cases in which they are rendered with the fullest respect and reverence.

If one might cast the political horoscope, no conjuncture could be more favorable than the present for the advent of a bold and wise proxy of the great statesman-Pope who now holds the attention of the world with his wonderful personality. In the domain of the humanities Leo distinguished himself above all preceding pontiffs by his broad and masterful policy on the great practical problems of the day—the labor question, with its inseparable corollary, the social adjustment. In England his policy was adumbrated in the energetic action of Cardinal Manning—"the poor man's cardinal"—and the Encyclical on Labor which was subsequently given to the world indicated the hope and desire of the Holy Father that the action of the philanthropic cardinal should be imitated wherever the conditions permitted. How much has been done in this country to give effect to that masterful Encyclical? The subject has been of late somewhat forgotten by the Catholic press. We have done something in these pages, from time to time, to throw light upon some phases of the industrial question and expose some hardships to which women and minors were subjected—and not, we are glad to say, without effect in some measure. But beyond a few fitful and sporadic references in other publications the momentous questions of the conditions under which the toiling masses work out their lives from year to year have been apparently forgotten or shelved for the discussion of the more pressing political and religious topics of the day. We are a nation of toilers, for the most part, and while we are proud of the eminence of dignity to which we have raised honorable labor, we recognize the many hardships and oppressions which trammel the wage-earner and often take the whole sweetness out of his human life. The words of love which our beloved church, through its Pontiff, has spoken were not uttered to be let pass as the idle wind; they were earnest, soul-felt, and au

thoritative. Is it not time that they were taken up more sedulously?

The time is most opportune for the new Delegate to observe the tremendous power which labor means here. He comes at the moment when the whole of that vast power is up in arms against the no less dynamic force of organized capital, and when the most far-reaching issues will be decided at the ballot-boxes. He will find, we have no doubt, almost everywhere that though labor have a giant's strength it does not wish to use it as a giant for the promotion of evil or disorder. He will find that its ranks are composed of thinking, serious men and women who are often able to take as statesmanlike a view of the highest public questions as those bred in the universities. What a noble thing to win the sympathies of such an intelligent and upright class to the church, to show it what a paternal interest the people's Pope takes in not only their moral but their material welfare!

We have no doubt that Archbishop Martinelli will see these things for himself. We believe he comes at a most opportune moment, and we hail the auspices with the hopeful expectation of great results for our people and the church.



THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 380.

RIGHTEOUS MAMMON.



BY E. M. LYNCH.

THE "Hills of Pity" (*Monti di Pietà*) were the origin of pawnshops. For love of the poor, and to enable struggling people to obtain small sums of money, three Franciscan friars in Florence, about three hundred years ago, founded these "hills."

Father Ludovic de Besse, another of the *Cappuccini*, at the present moment is one of the leaders of the Co-operative Banking movement in France.

In another place I have written of "Brotherly Banking,"* for People's Banks and Rural Banks are the perfection of fraternal finance, and are real works of Christian charity. Among English-speaking nations these banks have still to make their way; but Germany has known them for fifty years; Italy for about thirty, and the other European countries for shorter terms. Even in Russia co-operative banks "turn over" about ten million dollars annually. Needless to say that that up-to-date nation, Japan, has embarked upon co-operative banking; at any rate Mr. Wolff, in his *People's Banks*†—a book which is a mine of information on this subject—says that "a disciple of Signor Luzzatti has constituted himself the apostle of credit co-operation" in Japan, with every prospect of a successful propaganda. This pioneer's name is Heizo Ittō. China also has its co-operative money-stores, which have provided the toil-

* *The Economic Review*.

† Longmans & Co. publishers. 1893.

ing peasants with the material on which to expend their provincial industry.

General Tcheng-ki-Tong called these Chinese banks *banques mutuelles*, when he lectured about them to a Paris audience some years ago; and he said that they existed in his country from time immemorial; working wonders, above all, in agricultural districts—such as his own province of Fo-kien. He declared that “no small peasant, who wants to carry out some structural or agricultural improvement, is ever at a loss for money.” All the local savings are deposited in the *banque mutuelle*. The Chinese say: “The land is the great debtor of the nation”; much as Burke said: “The state is ever the debtor of the plough”; but Burke meant that the state *depends* on agriculture in the last resort, whereas the Chinese proverb means that “the land *absorbs* all surplus money.” Mr. Wolff comments: “A safe debtor, who repays the money lent with ample interest!”

In pursuance of the idea of the brotherliness of the kind of banks I advocate, I may mention that societies akin to co-operative credit societies are called in Spain *Sociedade Familiar*—family groups; and M. Charles Rayneri, a people's bank manager and a leading French authority on co-operative credit, insists that “The little corporation of each bank should be as careful as to new members as is any family. We all have our views as to desirable and undesirable relations-in-law! Well, we should not be less particular about our fellow-co-operators in a bank.”

In the outset of an account of these poor men's banks some one nearly always interrupts with the remark: “*We* have the same thing: benefit clubs! Members save so much per week for three-quarters of the year, and *share-out* at Christmas.” But sharing-out is expressly prohibited by the best type of all the co-operative banks—Raiffeisen's Loan Banks. Raiffeisen's banks began by owning nothing, and by borrowing (on the combined credit of the members) in order to lend! The small profits (on business done) are laid aside as the reserve fund of the bank. That fund is the only property actually belonging to one of these little lending corporations. The profit is made by the trifling excess of interest charged on loans over that paid for the use of the borrowed money. Thus, when the bank borrows at four per cent. it lends at five per cent., or thereabouts. If a loss falls upon the bank, it is made good out of the reserve. If the reserve be large, it can be used as part capital for the bank, and thus an abatement of the rate of in-

terest can be achieved—for the reserve need not earn interest from the members of the corporation to which it belongs; and less capital will be needed from the People's Bank, or the Savings Bank which acts as feeder to the smaller village bank. Raiffeisen, in fear of the needy and the greedy, decreed that there should be no division of this reserve among the co-operators under any circumstances; but that, if disagreements, or any other cause, led to the winding up of a bank, the reserve fund should be handed over to another nascent co-operative bank in the same place; or failing this, to some public institution—a hospital, library, or technical schools.

There were \$10,000 in the reserve of the Flammersfeld Loan Bank when it was dissolved, a couple of years ago. That large sum had been built up by the fraction of the one per cent. profit on the small operations of this bank, doing business among the very poor, *after* the working expenses were deducted.

A rural bank has no fine premises. Often the mayor of a townlet lends a room in the town hall. In Italy it has happened not infrequently that the parish priest has lent the nave of his church for the weekly meetings of the lay brotherhood that promised to aid souls as much as bodies, though the means to these good ends were dollars and cents.

"Do you mean savings banks—because *they* teach thrift and promote sobriety?" a puzzled auditor will ask, when the unfamiliar talk about co-operative credit has gone on for awhile.

This guess is wide of the mark. Schulze-Delitzsch first founded Credit Associations in Germany in 1851, and these associations served as models for People's Banks, helping the industrial and trading classes—classes rich by comparison with agricultural tenants and peasant proprietors. In these associations encouragement is, indeed, given to saving, and the humbler rural banks welcome savings and pay interest on them. But the prime object of all co-operative banks is not laying-by. It is to bring money within the reach of those hitherto outside the radius of credit. "The poor remain poor because they have no credit; and they have no credit because they are poor," said a well-known economist. The three friars took the chattels of their clients in Florence, long ago, and made money advances upon these pledges, just as great financiers now accept "bankable security" as a preliminary to placing capital at the disposal of a rich borrower. With co-operative banking societies character is the security; and the recognized object of a loan is its utilization in some productive industry. More-

over, poor men often have not one cent to lay by. To wait till they have accumulated a sum before attempting a profitable undertaking would be, in too many cases, to wait for ever.

THE CATHOLIC BANKS IN ITALY.

In the *New Ireland Review*, a year ago, Mr. Wolff gave an account of Dom Luigi Cerutti's "Catholic Banks." Dom Cerutti is the parish priest of Gambarare. In 1889 he set about "working for God" (with money), as Raiffeisen described his own lendings and borrowings, over forty years earlier. The priest's parish was fearfully poor, although the soil is not bad. Its great needs were better stock, good seeds, drainage, and rich dressings. Two things, above all, hung like millstones round the peasants' necks: first, the very high rents; second, the prevalence of usury. "In the land of the golden orange and sweet-scented vine-blossom," said Dom Cerutti, the alternatives before the parishioners were "death by *pellagra*" (a fearful disease that attacks the ill-fed in North Italy), or "emigration to America." Mr. Wolff calls this "another version of Mr. John Morley's *Manacles or Manitoba*." In 1889 the grain crops and the wine harvest failed, so that the outlook at Gambarare was most dismal. In the following February Dom Cerutti was ready to begin co-operative banking, thereby meeting many of the difficulties besetting his poor flock. There were twenty-six original members of the bank—amongst them two priests besides himself. He also enrolled the doctor, the apothecary, three peasant proprietors, fifteen agricultural tenants, one artisan, and two laborers. All he asked of members, by way of qualification, was a good character. The reverend banker and his associates had at first absolutely no money in their cash-box; but, happily, a friendly depositor came forward with a considerable sum to lodge. A parish priest without private means would be probably a poorer man than the village doctor, who, in Italy, when salaried by the state, is *not* "passing rich on forty pounds a year"; that is, one thousand *lire*, the official stipend! The joint liability, however, of these three priests, the doctor, and the chosen villagers was considered sufficient guarantee to allow of the Venice savings bank lending Gambarare all the money required, beyond what the early depositor furnished, for the thirty-three loans for which the bank's members applied in the first year. These loans averaged under 300 *lire*, and amounted in the aggregate to about 9,250 *lire*—say, roughly, \$1,500. This money was spent chiefly in buying young

stock to fatten and poultry, but 1,550 *lire* went in farm-work, and 1,200 *lire* were devoted to buying food-stuffs, etc., to stock the village shops. Had the Gambaresé waited till they had saved enough to buy pigs, calves, and poultry, or stock-in-trade for their humble shops, they would have waited their lives through; for their resources hardly sufficed to keep body and soul together.

That first year the bank lost 20 *lire*. Though there are no regular office expenses (the co-operators doing the work of their bank gratuitously and the premises for the weekly meetings being lent), still *some* outlay was inevitable. Ledgers had to be bought; a book in which to enter minutes of meetings; passbooks for borrowers, for depositors, etc.; and Venice charged at the rate of six per cent. for the capital lent. But the balance on the wrong side did not remain there for long.

At first the Gambarare bank limited its members' loans to \$96. Latterly the maximum loan is fixed at \$192. Nearly \$3,000 are now lent out annually, and an aggregate of \$10,300 was lent in the first four years. The time-limit of loans is three years, *at the outside*. The bank had, over a year ago, a reserve fund of \$174, and the rules carefully provide that this fund must never be shared-out.

I may, parenthetically, allude to one of the evils of permitting this sharing-out of the reserve fund. In Switzerland, where the practice was not forbidden, members anxious for a little cash in hand have often broken up a co-operative bank for the sole object of possessing themselves of their quota of the reserve. Now, the time when the lives of these banks are least secure is in their early days, before their "backbone" (as co-operators call the reserve fund) is formed. Hence, those members who got up a cabal, broke up their society, and divided the bank's only "estate"—the reserve—were acting in a thoroughly unco-operative spirit, even when they forthwith proceeded to start a new bank on the old lines.

I return to Gambarare: Two years ago there were one hundred and fifty members in its bank. No more than seven of these could be described as "in fairly easy circumstances." In 1893 Mr. Wolff chronicles with pleasure that one loan was made "for the purchase of land." Surely this is a proof of the speedy improvement of the condition of a lately famine-threatened parish! He gives instances of the beneficent workings of co-operative credit in this corner of Italy; to wit, the case of a man whose rent was 350 *lire* in arrear. His only assets were two cows. To sell the cows would have been equiv-

alent to killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. But the landlord would not wait. What could the poor man do? Without the bank he would most certainly have been ruined, whether he went to the usurers or not. But the bank came to his rescue with the rent, and in four months the cows had paid back the debt, with the interest upon it, in milk. Here is another case: again rent was due. The tenant's only marketable possession was hay, but the month was November and hay was selling cheap. The man joined the bank and paid his debt with a loan, holding his hay over till spring, by which delay he sold at an added profit of 200 *lire*.

Yet another case: a poor woman saw her way to feeding a pig if only she could contrive to buy it. A Gambarare Shylock offered her the necessary 30 *lire* at an interest of 200 per cent. But she came to her bank and got the money at 6 per cent.

Thus, one sees the advantage of every man being "his own banker."

Truly, the axiom, "the losses and gains on every pecuniary transaction must exactly balance each other," seems in need of some qualification; for, in the first two cases, the tenants stood to lose all their worldly goods *without* their bank's help. *With it*, the amount of their rents, *plus* six per cent., cleared off their scores. The widow might not have lost her all for want of her porker; but she too gained enormously by having recourse to the bank. True, the accounts "exactly balance" on each transaction between bank and members; but what an untold benefit it is to the members to have their bank to deal with! It means no less than the difference between living and starving.

In 1895 there were "two hundred banks under Dom Cerutti's banner." They are, as I have said, called "Catholic Banks," but they only exact that members shall be "*non contrario alla chiesa Cattolica*"—"not enemies to the Catholic Church." General meetings of the banks are opened with the *Actiones*, and are closed with the *Agimus*. The bank at Gambarare has brought in its train co-operative insurance; co-operative distribution, and a co-operative cheese-factory. Some time ago a co-operative wine-press was likely to follow. By such a press Raiffeisen doubled the value of grapes in his poor Rhenish district. Equally good results might easily accrue to Italian wine-growers.

And what an education for peasants to be concerned in co-operative undertakings! They combine, certainly, *for their*

own interest; but the earliest lesson they learn is that they must be "each for all, and all for each." In a bank of the approved pattern the members elect a committee, and confide the management of all lendings and borrowings to it. They elect a council, leaving to this body the overseeing of the committee's work. They may elect, besides, a watch committee, to see to the carrying out of the work of their management. In a parish like Gambarare there would probably be seven members, at most, upon the managing committee; five members of the council; and two upon the "watch." The management decides on the wisdom of the projects of those who ask for loans, as well as on all applications for membership. If Giovanni asks for capital to start a sugar-cane farm on a dry, cold upland, he will certainly be refused a loan, however good may be his character for industry and probity. If Giuseppe, whose land is good, asks for money to buy seed-corn for it, he will almost certainly receive it. The council will audit the accounts, and pass in review the general business, having the power to control it. The "watch" will see that loans are applied to the purposes for which they are obtained, and will act the "brother's keeper" even more zealously than committee, council, or ordinary fellow-members. The whole business of the bank is open to the inspection of every member; is plainly stated—though perhaps only upon a slate—and the statement is hung up within sight of all, after every meeting of the little corporation. Even youths and girls, who come with their few cents for the savings department, scan the balance-sheet attentively, and are keen to know if there are new loans. They feel as if they thus learnt on *whose* fields their own *soldi* were going out to fructify. In a village where the co-operative bank only held fortnightly meetings, the people preferred to hold back their small deposits, instead of lodging them with the post-office savings bank, and gaining a trifle higher interest (a higher rate by one-half per cent., and the fraction for the idle fortnight), because their bank was *their own*, and its capital invested under their eyes.

Illiterates are, *ipso facto*, ineligible for the membership of these banks, with the gratifying result that Italian grandfathers have learnt to read and write, because these accomplishments were the necessary preliminaries to using the local bank.

I may explain, parenthetically, that the reason for allowing some loans to run so long as three years is this: agricultural works require time to repay themselves. Improvements some-

times don't begin to tell at all till the second year. With very poor people it would be positively mischievous to look for repayment from other resources than those for which the loan has been obtained. If a man must sell his cow to repay the loan granted for seeds in spring, he will be poorer, instead of richer, for borrowing. No; the loan for seeds must only be repaid when the grain-crop can be profitably turned into cash!

THE PRINCIPLE OF MUTUAL INTEREST,

When inquirers feel anxious as to the ways in which co-operative moneys may be voted, it will be well if they remember that the men who ask for loans in a rural bank are busy about the very same affairs as the men whom they have elected to the management of their bank. All have probably been born, and lived most of their days, in the same district. They know the very feel of their native clods as they powder them between finger and thumb. Observation and tradition cover most of the ground in the local life, leaving no room for farming surprises. At Gambarare, and other places which have their village banks, the whole population is employed upon the land, or in purveying for the wants of the agriculturists; therefore every person has an intimate knowledge of the business of everybody else, and a bank committee is a committee of experts pronouncing upon farming operations in connection with attainable capital, or upon local trading concerns which the parish knows as well as it "knows its own pocket." The committee will not be captiously critical (does not every man know his own application may be met, by and by, in a like churlish spirit, and does he not live to "do as he would be done by"?), but the committee will be abundantly cautious. For are not all the members pledged in every loan?

It is upon this question of unlimited liability that those who are not yet in favor of co-operative banks make their firmest stand. But the banks' advocates, on the other hand, regard unlimited liability as the most valuable feature in their system, because it is the one which insures a wise caution in every step taken by the co-operators. Moreover, it is the sole condition upon which cheap banking can be accomplished. When there are no bills, no mortgages, and no pledges, and where character stands for credit, there *must be* unlimited liability. But the feature is, in itself, so valuable that co-operative financiers would advocate it as strongly as ever, even if it were not a case of Hobson's choice.

In *Killboyland Bank*, an "account of how Killboyland characters concerned themselves about co-operative credit,"* I have endeavored to put the objections to unlimited liability in the strongest manner. There is an appearance of insuperability about these objections which is very engaging to the advocate who knows that their strength is merely apparent, not real. As the characters in a book would not speak naturally if they kept always close to the point, my Killboyland folk argue somewhat *at large*, and therefore do not readily lend themselves to quotation. Perhaps some reader will have the curiosity to turn to p. 91 and the following pages of "*Killboyland*" in pursuit of this point.

LIMITED OR UNLIMITED LIABILITY.

Elsewhere,† following M. Rayneri, I have set forth the matter more succinctly. "A superficial glance at the unlimited liability of members of rural banks reveals nothing but difficulties. The first fear is that there must be some immediately threatening catastrophe by which the bank-members' common property must all be engulfed. A calm and detailed investigation, however, discloses extreme prudence in the ruling of the affairs of rural banks. If unlimited liability dowers a bank with its borrowing powers, its statutes interpose, at the same time, in the interest of safety, at every step in its operations." The members are drawn from a strictly limited area. All live under the eyes of the rest. In an Italian village nearly all the people are related, counting cousinship to many degrees of kinship. The bank decides at the annual general meeting what shall be the amount lent out during the year, and what shall be the maximum loan to any one member. The bank's money is for the bank's members, and these are picked men—the parish's flower of probity. The management has power to recall loans that are being applied to other than the objects for which they were granted. Loans of considerable amount are, besides, guaranteed by one surety, or more.

The committee is naturally chosen from the most business-like among the members, and Herr Raiffeisen absolutely discountenanced committees (or banks) where there were not one or two persons rather better furnished with this world's goods than the bulk of the members. The hard-headed and the comparatively well-to-do members have a character for

* *Killboyland Bank; or, Every Man his own Banker*. By E. M. Lynch. London, 1896. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

† *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1895.

sagacity to lose, besides their financial stake in the concern. Is it likely that they would vote that loans should be made to members of doubtful wisdom, solvency, or honesty?

"But let us suppose that the bank's judgment should be at fault, or that the borrower, from circumstances quite beyond his control, should be unable to repay his loan. What would then occur? First, there would be his surety to fall back upon." Now this is a sufficiently unlikely contingency; for a man does not get a next-door neighbor, an uncle, a cousin, to pledge his credit for him, unless the would-be borrower is a "sound man," with a sound plan for using the capital. He is one of the bank's elected; therefore presumably a desirable borrower, and one known to his intimates for an able, honest man. The bank only accepts such sureties as are equally reliable. But let us follow M. Rayneri, and put things at their very worst. Let us suppose principal and surety utterly broken men; there is still the reserve fund to fall back upon. But, some one may object, "If the bank is quite new, there may be no reserve fund." Well, even so, there is still hope. The bank will continue to exist. It will cost next to nothing as to its working expenses, and nothing at all will go in dividends, for the simple reason that there are no shares. The bank will lay by the small profits on its business. Present losses will, in time, be covered by these profits. Meantime, a tax will be levied on all the members to make up the deficit. If the loan was for 96 dollars—500 *lire* (a liberal supposition, as maximums go, in newly-established rural banks), and if there were but 25 members in the infant corporation (an unusually *small* number), each member would, after all, be liable only in the sum of say, for round numbers, \$4! In this calculation everything has been carefully set down in the very worst light, yet *unlimited liability* works out at something about \$4; and these \$4 are not lost. Members have merely to do without them till their bank's business shall have built up a reserve fund equal to their reimbursement.

Wollemborg said of this principle of unlimited liability: "It is the life of these rural corporations, the foundation of them, and, at the same time, their controlling force. This principle is a constant source of hidden, revivifying influence."

But at this point of my argument I feel certain some objector will exclaim: "These banks may be of use to the poorest of the poor, in old and worn-out countries. They are not worth a thought among enterprising folk, in a rich land,

among the trading classes." Well, I would ask, are there *no* people in America who, being out of reach of ordinary banks, are yet in need of credit? It has been said that to-day, from the treasury to the tobacco-shop, credit is "the very currency of business." Those who profit by all the advantages of their own banks fail to realize the difficulties of the struggling toilers who have to do without banking accommodation.

Long ago Daniel Defoe wrote upon banking, expressing his dissatisfaction that the government did not "fix a maximum rate of interest for loans made by chartered banks. They were," he complained, "*of no assistance to the poor trader, who might as well go to the goldsmiths as before.*" The needs of farmers and "poor traders" originated the "cash credit system" in Scotland. But the perfect "democratization of credit" is to be found only in co-operative banks. Of these, however, there are two sorts: rural banks, like Dom Cerutti's Catholic banks, and people's banks, like Schulze-Delitzsch's credit associations in Germany, or the great *Banche Popolari* in Italy.

A POPULAR BANK IN MILAN.

The head office, or parent bank, of the Italian *Banche Popolari*, is housed in a veritable palace at Milan. It has about 100 paid clerks, and 140 unpaid helpers. Lately a department has been built (upon what used to be a court planted with shrubs) where customers, who lodge their securities in the bank's fire-proof safes, may come to clip-off and fill-in their *coupons* in due season. *That* department, surely, speaks plainly of a moneyed membership! Rural banks are for those who have *no* capital. People's banks serve the needs of classes not so low in the pecuniary scale.

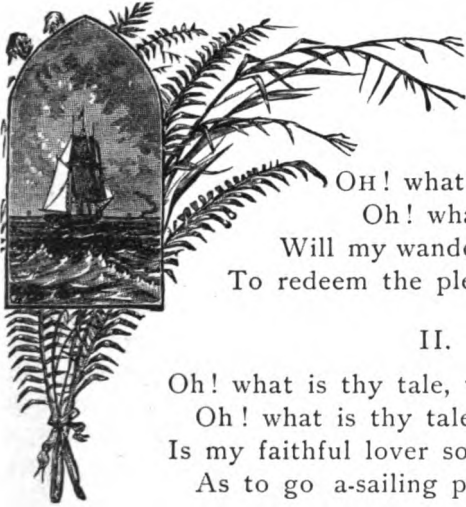
Two square halls in the bank-buildings are set with chairs, benches, and furnished writing-tables, for the convenience of members. Lining these halls there are railed-off approaches to places like ticket-offices, where money is paid in; drawn out; newly made-up bank-books are returned; checks on distant banking corporations are issued; credits opened over-sea; bill-discounting in all its branches is done; insurances effected, etc., etc. "Savings," and "small savings," form separate departments. The daily turn-over in this bank amounts, roughly speaking, to a million dollars, according to the distinguished lawyer and co-operator, Felice Mangili, who is secretary of the bank's directorate at Milan. I quote from his treatise on people's banks, prepared for the recent exhibition at Palermo.

The last official report of this chief *Banca Popolare* counts the annual operations by *billions of lire*. The bank has been only twenty years in existence. It deals with the goods of the small capitalist, for the most part, while the rural banks turn *un-moneyed* men into persons with "credit." Jules Simon said: "*Le plus grand banquier du monde est celui qui dispose de l'obole du prolétaire*"—"The world's greatest banker is he who turns over the poor men's pence"; and Jules Simon's is a name wherewith to conjure in economical questions!

And here, in this immense bank, the thing that most struck me was the friendliness, the enthusiasm of these people's bankers! Frigidity falls in naturally with finance—that is, with *la haute finance*; but cordiality consorts with co-operative credit. The heads *positively glow* with pride in their work as they expatiate upon the advantages that their form of banking extends to the poorer classes; upon the beauties of co-operation in money matters; upon whole industries benefited, and whole classes raised from the state of hopeless drudgery! If the etymologists who turn back the word, enthusiasm, into the Greek for *God within us* be not strictly and literally right in their derivation, they seem to have missed the letter only to hit the very spirit. In Milan, and elsewhere, the leaders in this Credit Movement impress me as men glowing with charity; souls on fire with a happy idea; philanthropists of a burning activity; characters that emit a heavenly radiance. Money, that seems so often but "filthy lucre"; a thing to soil the fingers that touch, and the lips that speak it—money, in their hands, and on their tongues, grows holy; for it is an engine for moral as much as material progress. In two words, it becomes Righteous Mammon.



NUMQUAM REVERTITUR TEMPUS.



BY BERT MARTEL.

I.

OH! what is thy song, summer sea?
 Oh! what is thy song, summer wave?
 Will my wandering love return to me
 To redeem the pledge he gave?

II.

Oh! what is thy tale, winter wind?
 Oh! what is thy tale, winter blast?
 Is my faithful lover so hopelessly blind
 As to go a-sailing past?

III.

No, no, sang the glittering sea;
 No, no, shrieked the moaning blast;
 Thy lover will never return to thee,
 Nor will his ship sail past.

IV.

For his gallant barque plunged into the pit
 Of the ocean's slimy bed;
 And he and his crew as skeletons sit
 In their tomb among the dead.



SHAKSPERE AND THE NEW WOMAN.

But woman, proud woman,
 Dress'd in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what she's most assured—
 Her glassy essence, like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
 As make the angels weep.

—*Measure for Measure* (slightly altered), act ii. scene 2.



HIS is an age of progress. Every science, every art has attained a pre-eminence undreamt of even in the palmy days of the glorious supremacy of Athens—"Mother of Arts," and till now the unattainable in the most intellectual centres.

Nothing but the wonderful, the supernatural, can eclipse the universal development which makes this century so far superior to all preceding ones. But in trying to accomplish too much, we may succeed in accomplishing nothing. One phase of the progressive movement strikes thinking minds as exceedingly dubious. We refer to the much-talked-of problem that proposes so to ameliorate the condition of woman as to change her very nature. It is doubtful progress, because nothing can be said to advance, to improve its condition, unless surrounded by the congenial influences that are found only in its own sphere. Woman's sphere is the home circle. All within that is progressive, outside of it retrogressive, and especially the steps she contemplates taking. For when we consider wifehood and motherhood as the spiritualizing elements in her existence, and in fact as its very end, there can be no question that that state which considers as real emancipation for her an utter detestation and neglect of wedlock; which makes marriage synonymous not with love but slavery; which regards man as a creature placed in the world, not to protect and love her but to degrade and enslave her—that state hopelessly retards her progress. This is certainly a brief outline of their position, as gleaned from the utterances of the most advanced advocates of "Woman's Rights."

How delightfully interesting! Let us compare her present degree of moral and physical degradation and slavery with the exalted position she held in the notoriously neglectful ages previous to the seventeenth century.

Before the Christian era even Greece, the land of the most refined culture, treated her as but a favored slave. Rome, the mistress of the world, looked on her, not so much as the mother of her warriors as she considered her a mere nurse preparing them for their school of action. Instances of intellectual women are few indeed; opportunities for attaining to intellectual superiority, none at all. Perhaps those who possessed it owed it to the precept and example of a cultured father, a second Prospero, or to their emulation of a famous husband.

To Christianity she is indebted for her real emancipation. After its divine teachings had been promulgated she began to take her real place in society, though for a time only in a comparative degree. Her progress was slow but steady in its advance.

During the middle ages, when the whole of Europe was recovering from the inroads of the barbarians, and when all the now powerful dynasties were nursing in their cradles, she remained a hidden light, seen only in the influence she exerted on the founders and rulers of states.

The seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries have so exalted and ennobled her that she is now enthroned on a pinnacle from which by none but herself can she be dethroned. This age particularly has meted out to her more of homage and justice and consideration than even the boasted days of knight-errantry.

But, like in the fable of the Belly and the Members, she now rebels against her most necessary ally, who can no more do without her co-operation than she can without his. She is perhaps incited to such a rebellion by a few discontented petticoated demagogues. She will not listen to the promptings of her own pure intelligence, and consequently she is soaring aloft on Icarian wings of enthusiasm which, when scorched by her own bitter experience, will sink her into a sea of pity and contempt.

We judge the future by the past—the past we know from the great geniuses who have handed down its annals. Let us peruse the greatest of these geniuses and see if he knew such a monstrosity as now confronts us. Shakspeare is the poet and historian of nature, and of the human heart. These are immutable. Consequently the women he portrays are not exotics culled from the hot-house of his own imagination, but real, living personalities, daughters of frail Mother Eve, and stamped with Dame Nature's seal of truth. They walk in our midst to-day, existed centuries before he wrote, and will continue to

increase and multiply fac-similes of themselves long after the "New-Woman" fad has become a dim recollection.

By examining his characters, or rather by watching them and listening to them as they "strut and fret their hour upon the stage," we will learn that in her own sphere woman is "a thing of beauty" and a "joy for ever," but that outside of it she is a foreign excrescence ugly to behold.

PART I.

As the summit of the New Woman's *most laudable* ambition is the realization of power in all things temporal, in no way can we better show the chimerical nature of such ambition than by analyzing the queenly characters in Shakspeare—who are the embodiment of the power *they* so ardently covet. Possibly this analysis will show us that the very reason for the success of his good queens lay in the utter repudiation of "*Mr. New Woman's*" *beautiful* theories.

The most perfect type of a Christian queen is Katharine of Aragon, Henry VIII.'s unfortunate wife. To her queenly dignity she added a regal purity of soul, admirable for the tainted age in which she lived, and unsurpassed even in this age of *unparalleled virtue and feminine guilelessness*. During twenty years of unceasing fidelity she gained for Henry a prestige he would have otherwise never attained, and for herself the voluntary love and esteem of all her subjects. But he, the sensual, has tired of her; his wanton eye has fallen on a younger and outwardly a more beautiful woman. So he declares their marriage invalid, and, encouraged by the sycophants about his throne, determines to put her away. During the humiliating spectacle that was enacted in the presence of the whole court she never forgets her womanhood. She upholds the justice of her cause with gentleness, firmness, and touching eloquence, and, finding it in vain, departs dejectedly from the hall. Is it surprising that Henry is forced to attest her worth to those around him:

"Thou art alone, (he says)
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts sovereign and
Pious else, could find thee out,
The queen of earthly queens."

—Henry VIII., act ii. scene 4.

Yet he is, for base purposes, willing to sustain

“A loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.”—*Ibid.*, act ii. scene 2.

Another queen little inferior to Katharine in stability of character and beauty of soul is Hermione. Though an excellent mother, a loving wife, and a model queen, still, because she tried to show kindness and hospitality to her husband's dearest friend, she incurs the anger of his asinine jealousy. Her conduct throughout this severe trial is admirable. The sympathy for her and the criticism which it incites against her husband show too plainly the exalted purity of her life. When she is publicly charged with infidelity by her husband, one of his most discerning courtiers thus speaks of her:

“Every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false
If she be.”

Rather than suffer the unending cruelty of her king she pretends to have died under the painful accusation, and remains in retirement till her husband discovers and bitterly repents his injustice. He tells us then with infinite sorrow that she was always “as tender as infancy and grace.”

How well her name designates the maternal affection of Constance! Her tongue is by no means as gentle as we naturally look to find in a woman, but how easily such a fault is excused in her! The mother's heart is overwhelmed by the misfortunes of her beautiful and noble child, Prince Arthur, that in her eagerness to right him and wrest the crown unlawfully withheld by his uncle John, she is justified in using any legitimate means. Besides, her opponent is a woman, the Dowager Elinor, and we know that woman's tongue, unfortunately, is her only instrument of warfare. The worry and trouble she passed through, utterly alone, for Prince Arthur, are certainly the strongest possible confirmations of her love for her idolized treasure.

We pass over the weak queens Shakspeare presents us, as not bearing upon our subject, and in fact as not having a par-

ticle of the stuff queens are made of. But the three examples we next propose to consider should appeal very strongly to the sympathies of the disciples of *progress*. Queen Margaret, Lady Macbeth, and the Serpent of Old Nilus are the embodiment of strength of character, of queenly rule. In fact, they ruled everything but themselves.

Margaret dons armor, and while her gentle husband is vacillating between peace and war sets out at the head of her loyal forces against the White Rose of York. She is a typical New Woman. Ostensibly she does this for her children, but she is not so disinterested or of so maternal a nature. Her real object is to satisfy her inordinate ambition for power. She crowns her perfidy to her husband by her demoniac cruelty. Young Prince Rutland is murdered at her command, and when his father, York, falls into her power, she is not satisfied except by torturing him to death. And while this diabolical act is being done she culminates her cruelty by presenting him, to wipe his tear-stained face, with the blood-stained handkerchief of his poor murdered son.

"Proper deformity seems not in the fiend so horrid as in woman."

What shall we say of that other *beautiful type* of masculine femininity, ambitious Lady Macbeth? Surely every gentle reader shrinks with repugnance from the contemplation of such an anomaly in nature. Her ambition has effectually soured "the milk of human kindness" in her some-time softened heart. Her history is so well known that the rising generation need no résumé of the events of her deluded life, and her sad but well-merited end, to deter them from even remotely endeavoring to emulate her ambitious but short-lived career. Perhaps they will object that her life is merely an exception; that the majority of murders and crimes in general are perpetrated by men; that it is a rare thing to hear of a murderess. Let them not lay that flattering unction to their souls. Ambition brutalized Lady Macbeth, and the attainment of their wishes will indirectly brutalize them. Why are male criminals in the great majority? Because they are constantly thrown in contact with the world, opposed on all sides by irresistible temptations—a prey to the manifold evils that perhaps woman in the serenity of her home-life never dreams of. Let her desert this sanctuary in which she has heretofore been enshrined, and, from being a thing "enskyed and sainted," it will not demand a great stretch of

imagination to picture her an unwilling disciple of Macbeth's queen.

Cleopatra, considering her intellectual acquirements, is, from a Christian view-point, the most ignoble among Shakspeare's queens. It is the daughter of Ptolemy Shakspeare paints, for through the charming mist of poetry and romance the student of history will easily recognize the portraiture as one of the most authentic of her character. We find her a perfect adventuress, a voluptuary. She numbered among her paramours the mighty bulwarks of her time. Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and Marc Antony successively paid her homage. She died by the self-inflicted bite of an asp, and bereft of kingdom, friends, honor—all she prized in life.

Beyond doubt she deserved all the homage the greatest paid her; for, outwardly like an angel of light,

“Her own person beggared all description,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature.”

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. scene 2.

Intellectually she was the compeer of Cæsar:

“Age cannot wither, nor can custom stale,
Her infinite variety.”—*Ibid.*, act ii. scene 2.

It is with unceasing regret we review her utterly useless though brilliant career. Her great power destroyed the one essential to usefulness: virtue, the precious diadem of the soul.

Thus we have seen pass before us Shakspeare's queenly pageant. In panoramic characterizations he “penetrates the heart of their mystery,” and shows us that Katharine, Hermione, and Constance alone are formed of the proper mould because they confined themselves to the duties of home government, leaving the weightier affairs of the kingdom to the king. The rest, for neglecting this precept, become villanous.

He evidently found in his “thousand-souled” experience that beyond the limits of home-life a little power in a woman is a very dangerous thing.

PART II.

As a most important feature of the dominating fad seems to be a feverish yearning to literally don man's crural appendages, we will now glance at the characters Shakspeare has adorned with doublet and hose. These are perfect specimens of womanhood. We will immediately see that they wore them

only on account of extreme exigency. The very thought of donning them suffused their cheeks with the blush of maidenly shame. We must also take into consideration that the parts of maids were enacted by comely youths; otherwise Shakspeare most likely would not have subjected his characters to what was then considered so painfully delicate.

Probably the most beautiful creation of Shakspeare's prolific genius is the forest of Arden and its inhabitants, who "find good in everything," and among these optimistic spirits heavenly Rosalind appears like a bright exhalation, in whom

"Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised
To have the touches dearest prized."

—*As You Like It*, act iii. scene 2.

Though she suffers much—her father's banishment first and then her own—her temperament is so vivacious that we forget all her sorrows. She makes life one ray of sunshine. In our opinion she is the most delightfully witty person on Shakspeare's stage. Every word and motion seem to sparkle with life. So exquisitely delicate is her wooing of Orlando that it is impossible to find the least cause for reproof. And how modest she is! Witness the artless delicacy with which she fears to let Orlando see her arrayed in doublet and hose; one of the most perfect touches of refined womanly sensitiveness in literature. To know such a woman is to love, admire, and emulate her. We present her spotless character without commentary. Comparisons are odious.

Modest Viola is another of his irreproachable maids. She is almost without blemish. What her brother says of her we realize in all her actions: "She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair." We first see her shipwrecked off the coast of Illyria, mourning a twin brother she supposes dead, and alone and friendless in the city. She first determines to serve the gentle Olivia, who is also mourning a dead brother and living the life of a recluse. But when Olivia's melancholy makes this impossible, she decides to enter the service of the reigning Duke, Orsino, whose name her father had often

mentioned honorably. Here we see how absolute necessity compelled her to disguise as a boy. Her brother's garments were at hand and just fitted her, so she made a virtue of necessity and donned them. We know how unselfishly she hid her own love, "till concealment like a worm i' the bud fed on her damask cheek," and how she tried to prosper the duke's love for Olivia. In fact she exemplifies the whole history of a perfect woman's life, love, and suffering.

"In Belmont is a lady. . . .
And she is fair, and fairer than that word
Of wondrous virtues. . . .
Her name is Portia."

In this sweet lady we see an accomplished mind, admirable wisdom, and humility so amiable that we love to contemplate her character. Opulent in estates and endowed with great personal beauty and with many virtues, when Bassanio chooses the right casket she resigns herself and all her possessions to the dear care of her future lord with a most excellent grace, and with the ingenuousness of the unschooled girl she terms herself. It is only because the dear friend of her husband is in sore danger of death that she consents to assume the garb of a young lawyer, and with the information her cousin, Bellario, sends her, to strive to avert the threatened danger.

With what consummate tact she conducts the trial! Among women in Shakspeare she is assuredly the most perfect example of that species of mind denominated by the ancients "Versatile ingenium." It is our opinion that the plan she pursued was for the most part her own. Bellario probably gave her a general definition of the case in point, but that, we think, was all; for he could hardly reveal to her the technical flaw by which she circumvented the Jew, because she had little or no time to be apprised of it before she set out for Venice; besides, he had no precedent to guide him in his instructions.

Note how deftly she led up to the conclusion. Her pure Christian character prevented her from overwhelming Shylock until she had given him every opportunity to show a merciful disposition. But when he had refused thrice, nay, ten times his principal, and continued to clamor for his "pound of flesh," then she saw the terrible, cold-blooded vindictiveness of the usurer, and, like Jupiter fulminating over Greece, she let fall the thunderbolt she had so long withheld.

Who does not commiserate the sufferings of Imogen, the

modern Lucrece? Her lot indeed is most pathetic. Immediately after their marriage her husband is exiled, and she is left a prey to the designs of a cruel step-dame and the reproaches of her uxorious father. Then her husband's foolish wager with Iachimo subjects her to the villany of that unprincipled scoundrel; and finally when her husband's cruel message to his servant, ordering her death, reaches her, despair and anguish render her helpless. To escape from her step-mother, her father, and the boorish clout, Cloten, who distresses her with his persistent attentions, and to approach near her husband, she apparels herself like a youth. Thus we see it is no idle caprice that causes her to don man's *envied* garb; for she had to journey over wild courses, and in those tempestuous times a woman was not treated with the degree of chivalry that is now almost instinctively accorded.

In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" we see that the same cause impels Julia to attire herself as a page. She slightly suspects Proteus' inconstancy, and thereupon determines to visit him; but she says:

"Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounter of lascivious men,"
therefore

"Befit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page."

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii. scene 7.*

Notwithstanding the moral depravity of those times, what excellent examples of admirable virtue do these two women (who, no doubt, speak for their whole sex) display!

PART III.

"To know a good woman in the serenity of her excellence is to stand in the presence of God's angels. For not even the whitest asphodel that grows on the heavenly hill is purer." Of such women Shakspeare's works are an apotheosis. He calls man the paragon of animals, but the purity and gentleness and dignity of character with which he enhalos his good women make them the paragon of men.

Richard Grant White tells us that Shakspeare in no instance speaks in a complimentary manner of women in general or abstractly; but can there be a higher encomium on all that we associate of beautiful, virtuous, and amiable in her than the perfect types he has delineated?

Such a woman is Cordelia, the loving though unsophisticated

daughter of Lear. She is one of Shakspeare's best-drawn characters, for he lavishes upon her every virtue—especially filial love and conjugal fidelity. When her *charming* sisters asseverate their love for Lear with swelling hyperboles, she is too sincere in hers to attempt outwording them. "I am sure my love's more richer than my tongue." Her affection immeasurably exceeds what their selfish natures ever could bestow; still she cannot with truth call it of that "beyond beyond" to which they swear. For she says:

"Haply, when I wed,
That lord whose hand shall take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty."

—*Lear, act i. scene 1.*

It is useless to enumerate the perfidious conduct of Goneril and Regan, for the whole reading world is too familiar with their demoniac treatment of their poor old father, and their infidelity to their husbands.

This is again a refutation of the fallacy that women with extreme power remain the same lovable creatures with which we naturally connect the mention of their sex.

Cordelia, however, strives to repair the distresses wrought in her "child-changed father" by his "dog-hearted daughters." Her failure and sad end we lament, but her pure Christian life is an example to all good women.

Calpurnia and Brutus' Portia, Jessica and Virgilia, Celia, Hero, Bianca, and Silvia are all characters whose names alone suffice to extol the womanly dignity of their lives. No carping criticism can find fault with the gentle elements that combined to make them perfect in their respective states of wifhood and motherhood. Would that all Mother Eve's daughters merited the fame that attaches to these gentle personages.

Desdemona, a gem of Shakspeare's creative art, may be called a dutiful daughter, though she set the authority of her father at naught when she married Othello, for her young life was passed in the loving labor of beautifying her father's home—in replacing the gentle influence of her departed mother.

"Here is my husband;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord."

—*Othello, act i. scene 2.*

In describing Desdemona Shakspeare gives us an ideal description of an ideal woman—alas! not as the New Woman would have her, but as God created her:

“A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself.”—*Ibid.*, act i. scene 2.

We have frequently heard Shakspeare's Beatrice spoken of as gentle, wise, and witty, and, in fact, rated among the foremost of his heroines. We cannot see the justice of such an encomium. With the exception of a faint ray of sunshine towards the end, her character is a clouded one. She uses quite too frequently and bitterly her tongue, a woman's most powerful weapon:

“She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star.”—*Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. scene 1.

Her talk, or rather chatter, descends at times to positive vulgarity. The voice of a woman is a most excellent thing when gently modulated and “not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty,” but otherwise it is her greatest enemy. Xanthippe tried the patience of even long-suffering Socrates; Beatrice, we are sorry to say, tries ours.

In the beautiful characters of Miranda and Perdita a certain friend of ours may learn a great lesson. Whatever is done naturally is certainly the criterion for all the conditions of life. These charming maids pass their lives far from civilization, yet they are exemplars for many society-nurtured ladies. Both are obedient to their natural protectors, and both display an exquisite delicacy in all their actions.

In contrast with his other heroic characters they are purely passive, but their delineation is a triumph to the poet's art. Without any of those external concomitants of place, rank, or surroundings connected with his other characters, but with the aid of nature alone, he has given us two of the most “exquisite ladies” in poem, play, or story.

Finally we come to the New Woman's greatest contradiction, Katharine the Shrew.

“Young and beauteous” and “brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman,” she unfortunately is of so headstrong and

self-willed a disposition that she cannot bear the least opposition to any of her caprices. Petruchio saw the real sterling merit of Katharine and felt that she would make an excellent wife if her shrewishness were removed. How well he succeeded in doing this we fully know. Perhaps the methods he adopted will, of necessity, have to come into vogue again among fathers and husbands in our advanced period of civilization.

As a wife Katharine, we certainly know, is equal to the most perfect among Shakspeare's characters. Her advice to all women—wives particularly—is better than the most eloquent sermon on the subject. We give it in full, and thus fittingly close this essay :

“ A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And while it is so none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions (tempers) and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts ? ”

—*Taming of the Shrew, act v. scene 2.*

TO GLADSTONE.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.



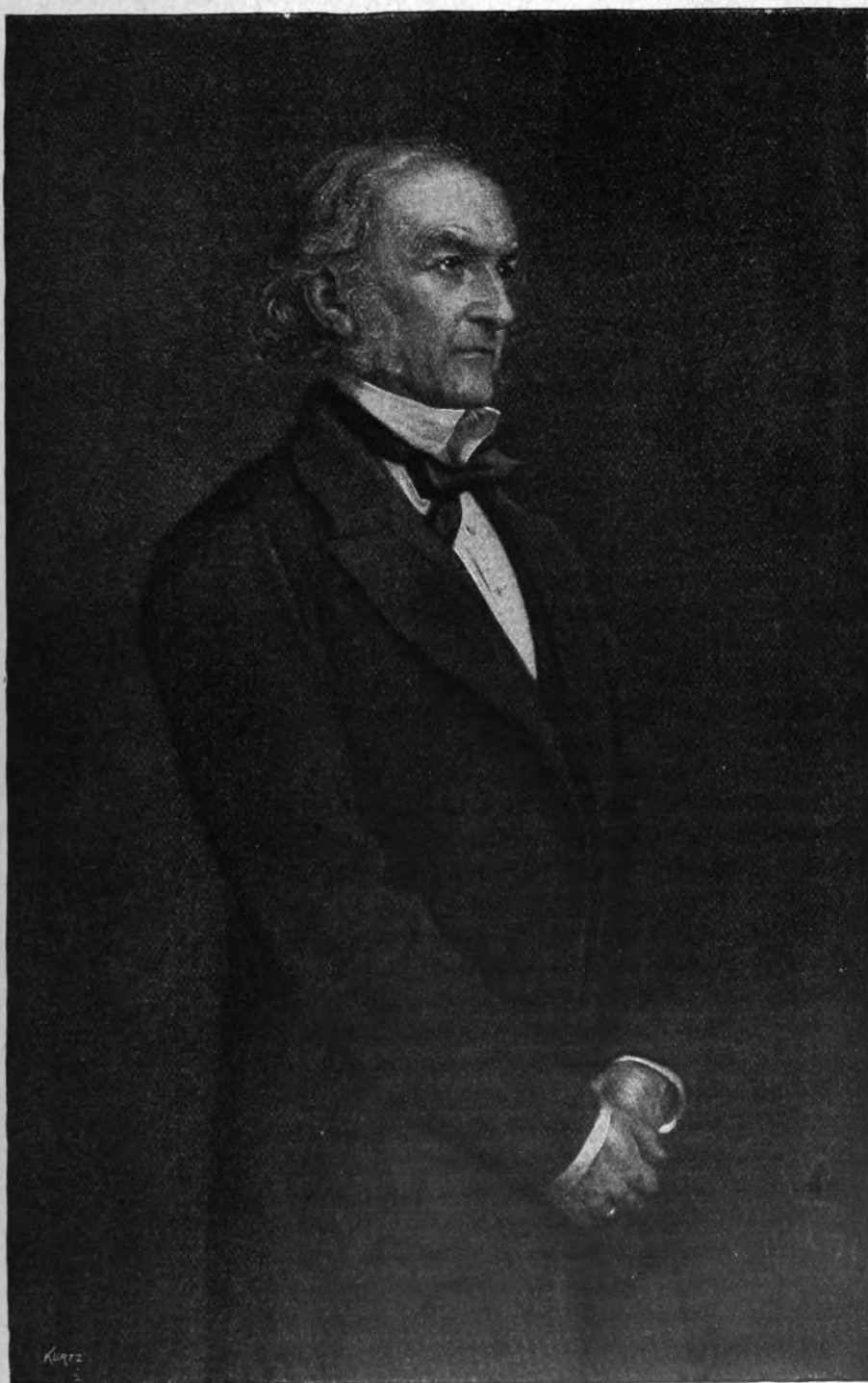
HE trance of age o'ercomes thee,
Chieftain of the clarion tongue!
On whose notes the nations hung:
The frosts of time benumb thee,
While the Moslem's sword is swung!

That sword!—ah, well thou know'st,
Champion of each weaker race!
What red lines its edge can trace—
Hell-charts where blooms earth the most,
Nature's shame and man's disgrace.

Sad Armenia wails her fairest,
Spared the sword for foulest ends;
While her crimsoned robe she rends
For her bravest and her rarest.
Candia's cry to heaven ascends.


Time was that cry had roused thee,
Shepherd of the weaklings' fold!
Like to Roland's blast of old:
Alas! that age hath drowsed thee,
And thy noble rage made cold.

Oh, would that God might lend thee
Strength anew of voice and frame
To waken Europe to her blame—
Ithuriel's spear might send thee
To strike this fiend of shame!



MONICA.

BY EASTON SMITH.

RED, I am in trouble again," I remarked to my brother, who was lounging lazily in a hammock puffing the smoke of a Spanish *cigarito* up into the clear blue New Mexican sky.

"What is it this time?" asked Fred. "Has the nurse another attack of nostalgia, induced by a too close attention to our cosmopolitan bill of fare? I have observed that all Sarah's fits of home-sickness have, heretofore, been the result of gastric rather than mental disturbance. Or has another laundress skipped town, taking with her your choicest handkerchiefs and leaving, by way of compensation, your last week's wash untouched?"

"Oh! Sarah is all right; it is the washer-woman of course. They make my life a burden," I reply, regardless of grammar. "Just as soon as I find one who can do the baby's things at all decently she is called to a higher avocation, or her back gets too 'weak for laundry-work,' or else she leaves town altogether."

"Why not try one of the innumerable Sing Foos or Ah Lees whose celestial signs are about the only evidences of business one sees in this benighted section of the terrestrial sphere—saloons and "gin-mills," of course, excepted."

"And have all of Robert's dainty little clothes brought home in ribbons? No, I thank you. I had enough of Chinese laundry-work the first few weeks I was here; they do very well for some things, but for Boy's clothes—never!"

"Well, try a Mexican," suggested my brother as he started off for his morning walk, leaving me to settle the domestic problem as best I could. We had been in Los Pinos nearly three months, having transported thither our Lares and Penates in order to escape the rigors of a New England March, for Fred's lungs were delicate, and since the death of his idolized wife, eighteen months before, his strength seemed to be gradually failing. The inability to interest one's self in anything of this earth which is so apt to follow a blinding grief, such as death alone can cause when he snatches from us all that made life worth living, frequently results in a physical languor which, in my brother's case, the doctor feared might prove serious. So

he was ordered to New Mexico, the land of *poco tiempo* (by and by), as Charles Lummis so aptly calls it; of perpetual sunshine and cloudless skies; in the hope that a change of scene as well as of climate might help to heal the wounds which Time, that over-vaunted physician, had thus far failed to cure. And since Robert, his only child, could not be left behind—nor could “Boy,” as we loved to call him, go anywhere without auntie—we soon found ourselves, a party of four including Sarah, quietly settled in a large-roomed adobe building that looked as if it might have been designed by the Aztecs ages ago, but which, with the addition of numerous piazzas and a modern brick dining-room, made a very desirable caravansary for the dozen or more semi-invalids who constituted its permanent boarders. I found myself agreeably surprised at the satisfaction with which I could contemplate another two months in the little Mexico-American village so far removed from the world’s “madding crowd.” Why it was ever called Los Pinos no one knows, unless on the principle of so many names which seem given solely because of their inaptness; such misnomers occur so frequently in this portion of the Occident that one is led to believe they are conferred by some humorous individual whose sense of irony is stronger than his regard for the “eternal verities.”

I had not yet tired of the ever-changing panorama of cow-boys and Mexicans, Chinamen and Indians, all so foreign to my Yankee eyes, who came and went through the sun-baked streets, or lounged about the ill-kept apologies for stores; nor of the blinding sunshine, nor the long, weary droughts. It was a picturesque, odd-looking place; a typical frontier town, where handsome modern residences jostled their humble adobe neighbors, and corrals were erected with a reckless disregard of propinquity to the dwellings of the most prominent citizens. No one could call Los Pinos a thriving or promising settlement: its boom, if it ever had one, had long folded its tent like the Arabs, and as silently stolen away. The views were charming, after one got accustomed to the lofty, ragged mountains, almost entirely destitute of verdure; in place of the ever-changing foliage trees that crown our Eastern hills there were here only the shifting shadows from the fleecy, fleeting clouds overhead, the different-hued rocks, and tall, white-bellied yuccas to lend variety to the cliffs and crags of the Sierra Madre.

I was standing by the window watching a burro come down the street followed by its owner, a stout Mexican attired in blue overalls and silver-braided sombrero (incongruity is the

most striking feature of Mexican apparel). The poor heavily-laden beast accepted with passive indifference the blows that were every now and again showered upon it.

"How unfortunate," I mused, "that the S. P. C. A. should confine itself to more civilized communities, where surely its services are not in such constant requisition." I must confess, however, that the iniquities of that particular son of the South did not arouse me to a proper state of indignation, for the shortcomings of the African race still rankled in my bosom. A tap at the door and the entrance of the chamber-maid distracted my attention, and I turned to her with a sigh of expectant relief.

"Well, Martha, have you heard of any one?"

"There is no one but that girl I told you about the other day, mum. Monica is her name, and she is really a very good washer, even if she ain't very good herself."

"That pretty Mexican of whom you spoke to me last month?"

"Yes'm; she was here yesterday, mum; seemed anxious to get your wash. I told her to come again this morning and I would ask you about it."

"I suppose I had better take her, Martha, much as I dislike coming in contact with a person of her character; but there seems to be no alternative."

"La, mum!" replied the maid with homely wisdom, "I expect you have come in contact with lots of worse women than her—only you did not know it. Rich folks can always cover up their cussedness, while poor ones just have to bide the consequences."

As she left the room I could not help feeling some remorse; surely here was a more Christian spirit than I possessed, in spite of superior advantages of education and religion. Indeed, did not my religion teach me to hold out a helping hand to those stragglers who had fallen by the wayside? and instead of so doing I had refused to this one the slight assistance that lay in my power. Perhaps it was just such Pharisees as I that first drove this poor Magdalen to sin! I was working myself up into quite a state of righteous indignation—whether it came from my trying to make a virtue of necessity or from more spiritual motives I had not time to determine before a rather peremptory knock at the door interrupted my meditations. I opened it and fell back in astonishment. Martha's description had not prepared me for the rare beauty of the girl who stood before me.

She had the dark, lustrous eyes and long, black lashes that characterize her race, the same red lips; but her face was oval,

and, instead of the swarthy skin of the average Mexican, hers was a clear, rich olive, while a beautifully shaped mouth and small, regular teeth made up an almost perfect face. She was tall and slight, though well rounded, and her tiny hands and feet

“Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the humble Aztec strain,
The nobler vintage of old Spain.”

A smile of amused self-consciousness, as she noted my expression of amazement, proved that she was thoroughly accustomed to making an impression, and, woman-like, enjoyed it.

Could this radiant creature, with the eyes of a pet Alderney and the pose of a Juno, be the girl who had long been town-talk for her numerous and questionable love-affairs? She had not the appearance of a bold woman, and when she began to talk in her childish broken English my heart quite went out to her, and I quickly forgot my former prejudices in a desire to act as her friend. She was well-dressed and apparently so far above the menial labor of washing that I hesitated to broach the subject; but she had no such false pride, and in a very business-like way made a satisfactory bargain.

After that I saw a great deal of my *protégée*, as Frank persisted in calling her. In order to do a little “home missionary work,” for I began to feel Monica’s shortcomings weigh upon my own conscience, I would try to detain her whenever she came for or brought the clothes, and encourage her to talk about herself. It was not a difficult task, and after awhile she began to come to see me of her own accord; sometimes to bring me flowers, but usually her only excuse was to see and play with the baby, of whom she seemed passionately fond. He fully reciprocated her attachment, and it was a pretty sight to see the two playing together on the vine-clad balcony on to which our rooms opened, his golden curls mingling with her dark ones as she told him stories or showed him picture-books while the nurse Sarah, glad to be relieved of her lively charge, dozed stealthily in a shady corner of the veranda.

Robert was such a rollicking, affectionate little chap, friendly to every one with whom he came in contact, that, to our fond eyes at least, it was small wonder Monica should want to be with him. He was the pet of the hotel, and his small favors were eagerly coveted by all, from the proprietor down to that man-of-all-work who answered to the effective title of bell-boy, but who served in numerous and sundry capacities. As the

"Tremont" could not boast of such modern improvements as bells, his office in that particular direction was a sinecure.

"How did you happen to be called Monica?" asked Frank one day, coming out on the balcony where we were all sitting. "It is not an ordinary name, nor one to be found among your tutelar saints."

"No, señor, but my father gave it to me; he was a very learned man was my father—could read in many languages and speak several. He married beneath him, señor."

"Was he a Catholic as well as your mother?"

"Si, señora, but he knew a great deal; I dare say if he had lived I would be going to church too, but these Mexicans—bah!" And Monica's tone fully indicated the contempt in which she held her fellow-countrymen.

Her non-attendance at the quaint old adobe church since her mother's death-bed had been a source of considerable scandal to the Catholic members of the community, and of much anxiety to the energetic little foreign priest, who was always kept in a state of ferment by the unruly members of his heterogeneous flock. He called to see me one day after Monica had been several weeks in my employ and begged me to use my influence to bring her back to the fold. It was from him I gleaned the story of her life—a very sad one, for the poor girl was without any family and had few friends among her own countrymen.

Her father had been a gentleman of good family in the city of Mexico, but he left his home in a fit of political pique and never returned. Late in life he married a pretty Mexican girl, utterly without education, but who made a good wife to him and a loving mother to Monica, their only child. His death, which occurred some years previous to the time my story opens, was closely followed by that of his wife, and the orphan girl, to whose superior birth the fact of her unpopularity was largely due, had been left to grow up without guidance or control.

"I do not believe half the things these old scandal-mongers say about her," continued the priest; "but she will not go to church, and she sets a bad example to the other half-grown members of my congregation. It is now over two years since she went to her duties, and when I remonstrate with her she only shrugs her shoulders and laughs. She is a great cross to me, mademoiselle," said the poor father with a sigh that came from his heart. I promised to do my best, but met with slight encouragement, for Monica evinced considerable skill in avoiding all conversation that promised to take a religious turn,

and her place on the bare, dark-colored benches that served as pews in the little church remained vacant.

And now June had come! Not the riotous, laughing June with its perfumes of rose and honeysuckle, its languorous zephyrs and cool shading trees; but a dry, parched June, so dry that even the hardy wild flowers of the country around drooped and withered, and only the prickly cacti and paper-like poppies found courage to bloom in any profusion. For seven long months not a drop of rain had fallen; now at last the wet season was approaching, and its advent, as a conversational topic, almost rivalled in interest the latest shooting scrape.

"Should not be surprised if we had heavy floods this year," said one "old-timer" to me; "there was an uncommon large fall of snow last winter in the mountains."

"Are they ever disastrous?" I inquired.

"Well, they swept away a good part of the town in '84; and year before last a man with his horse and wagon were caught in the gulch below Timmer's and drowned. Man was drunk, though, or he could have got away."

"Why, that is the place where Robert is so fond of going; there are lots of wild flowers growing around there, and once or twice, I believe, he has seen a jack-rabbit."

"There is not much danger of his getting caught in a flood, ma'am, as they usually come down at night; but Timmer's is not a good place for kids; you never know but what a rattler may be lurking under the boulders, and I would advise you to tell the nurse to choose some other play-ground."

This conversation took place on the morning of the tenth of June; I will never forget that date, for it ushered in one of the worst storms I ever witnessed. All day long the dust had been rising in clouds, penetrating the closed doors and windows, and suffocating us with its alkaline fineness. At noon distant rumbles of thunder were heard; the sky for yards above the horizon lost its azure tint and became yellow with the dust that entirely hid the surrounding mountains from our view. The wind increased—a hot, scorching wind which changed to an almost icy coldness as the storm burst upon us. It was of short duration, but was gladly hailed as the forerunner of the longed-for rainy season. Every day for two weeks we had the same heavy showers; then the sky resumed its wonted garb of impenetrable blue, the freshened hills put forth new flowers, and babbling streams ran through the dusty *arroyas*, a boon indeed to the poor thirsty cattle.

It was Robert's third birthday, and we had promised to celebrate the occasion by taking him to Timmer's gulch, his favorite rendezvous, which had been interdicted since I was warned regarding rattlesnakes.

The little fellow was jubilant; with the dignity of his three years he felt the glory of manhood fast approaching. But the blind goddess, Fate—who, in spite of mythological authority, keeps, I have always believed, an open and malignant eye upon the doings of mortals here below—changed our plans.

Fred was obliged to go some miles in the country to inspect a newly-discovered mine, and I was helpless from one of those sudden and violent attacks of neuralgia to which I had been a victim ever since we came to Los Pinos. Strange as it seems, one suffers most acutely in a high, dry altitude from all forms of neuralgia and rheumatism.

I hated to disappoint the baby of his trip; so, after repeated injunctions to Sarah, I finally yielded to his entreaties and allowed them to go their way rejoicing. The two hours that elapsed seemed but a few seconds when Fred's entrance aroused me from the heavy sleep into which I had fallen after taking a narcotic to relieve the pain that still racked my poor head. I gazed at him in alarm; he was drenched with rain and very much excited.

"Come to the balcony quickly!" he exclaimed, holding out a gossamer for my protection. "I have just got home in time; there is an awful flood coming down from the mountains, and I want you to see it. Where is Robert?"

"Robert? Flood?" I gasped, sinking back on the pillows as there arose before my numbed brain visions of my baby carried away in the swirling waters of Timmer's gulch. "O Fred! he is lost."

"Lost! Who? Where? For God's sake tell me quickly; there is not a moment to spare."

But I had already started for the stairs, explaining the situation as I went, and madly praying that the nurse might have had sufficient warning to secure her precious charge before the flood was upon them. The storm had ceased, and in the distance we could hear a dull rumbling sound as of the rushing of many waters.

The gulch was about a quarter of a mile below town, accessible only by a rough foot-path which required careful treading at the best of times, and which was now, owing to the rain, almost impassable. On I sped, regardless of the

jagged rocks and thorny plants that tore my flesh and held me back. Others, catching the alarm from our wild exit, pressed on towards Fred, who was far ahead, leaving me to "fall by the wayside," for my strength was nearly exhausted.

At last I reached an eminence overlooking the cañon and stopped, frozen with horror at the sight below: on one of the huge rocks, not yet submerged, stood our darling clapping his dimpled hands as the angry waters rushed by, and calling to "papa" to "tum see the pretty foam." A few yards below me, on a narrow ledge, were gathered several men, who by main force kept Frank from plunging in after his child. Their voices floated up to me above the sound of the angry flood.

"It is no use, Mr. Adair; no man living could breast that tide. You will not save the boy, and will meet with certain death yourself. For God's sake don't attempt it; but if you believe there is a God, pray to him now that the water may spend itself without rising higher."

And rough men, who probably had not said a prayer since they were innocent children at their mothers' knee, doffed their hats and bowed their heads in humble reverence as Frank sent up a fervent petition to the throne of grace. The prayer was answered!

Dashing through, or rather drifting with the raging torrent, came a sight that caused a cheer to re-echo from the rugged crowd on the ledge, and a thrill of hope shot through me, hopeless as the situation looked: Monica, on a horse, urging with spur and whip the frightened animal towards the rock where Robert stood—no longer smiling, for his little heart has caught the infection of danger, and his mouth quivers pitifully as he hears his father's voice telling him to be a good boy and not move.

At first it seemed impossible for Monica to guide the horse struggling with the debris that whirled past it; but after some fruitless efforts she succeeded, and, with Robert grasped firmly in one brown arm, she drew near the bank. Outstretched hands received the child, but ere Monica could be lifted to a place of safety a loosened boulder fell, striking with crushing force both horse and rider. The frightened animal gave a cry of agony, a leap; we caught one glimpse of Monica's white face, and then they were carried past us down with the flood!

An hour later Monica was lying on my bed, her sweet face bruised and disfigured, and an ugly gash across her forehead where the rock had struck her. All the medical skill that the little town afforded had been summoned; but they gave us scanty hope. She might linger until morning, they said; but her

recovery was impossible, as she had received fatal internal injuries. Poor little Monica, brave in death as she had been in life, heard the sentence calmly; she asked for the priest, and, after receiving the last sacraments, motioned me to come to her.

"Do not cry, señora; I am not sorry to die. I have been such a wicked girl since my mother left me, but now the padre says all my sins are washed away; and I saved him—the dear little baby that I loved so much! I have tried to be better ever since he first toddled into my arms; he *made* me good; so you see if I saved his life, he has perhaps saved my soul. Pray for me, señora, and do not let 'Boy' forget me."

Her voice grew fainter, and beckoning to Frank to bring the baby, I lifted him up to give poor Monica the last kiss she would ever receive in this world. She smiled, and with that smile her soul passed beyond all reach of pain and sorrow, across the river of death to that fair land which God has promised to all those who love him and keep his commandments.

With loving hands we arrayed her for the grave as for a bridal, and the procession that followed her to the little Catholic cemetery was the largest funeral *cortège* ever seen in Los Pinos; for Monica's tragic death had enveloped her with a halo of glory in the minds of her warm-hearted, impulsive countrymen, and crowned her as a heroine in the eyes of the entire community. All her shortcomings were forgotten, her sins forgiven by the social Areopagites of Los Pinos. Can we doubt that her heavenly Judge would be less merciful?

As soon as possible after Monica was buried we said good-by to the blue skies and rugged slopes of New Mexico; summer was well upon us, and there was now no reason to delay our return to the North. Both Frank and I wished to leave the scene of the tragedy which had so closely touched our own lives. Indeed I could not again trust Robert out of my sight; for in spite of the nurse's repeated and tearful explanations, I felt that to her carelessness poor Monica's death was largely due. And as we steamed out of the queer, cosmopolitan town that for four months we had called home, past the desolate cemetery with its graves of crumbling clay and its neglected lots bordered with stones carelessly heaped together, the sunlight fell in dazzling rays upon a marble cross bearing the simple inscription

MONICA.

June 20, 1894.

"And a little child shall lead them."

GENOA AND ITS CAMPO SANTO.

BY F. M. EDSELAS.



Of course in our Italian travels Genoa was not to be overlooked—the city that gave us our country's discoverer, Columbus. Throned like a queen on the historic gulf, its beauty and magnificence, as viewed from the sea, render it worthy the title conferred on it—*La Superbia*.

A splendid panorama is indeed presented: the hills, crowding one another and sloping in terraces to the blue Mediterranean, are here and there relieved by lovely gardens and groves of olive, orange, and pomegranate, radiant with blossoms and fruit even in December, when an occasional light snow veils these blushing beauties. Between them tower lofty churches and palaces, with hotels and private residences, while as a magnificent background to the picture we see lofty mountains rising peak upon peak and capped with forts, batteries, and bastions, veritable sentinels guarding the city. In truth its natural defences equal those of Gibraltar, and with similar equipments it could easily be rendered as impregnable.

The energy, thrift, and adventurous spirit of the Genoese have admirably fitted them to cope with their rivals and peers in every age and among all peoples. As the sea-gate of Italy she outranks in commerce all other cities of the peninsula. New lines of railways and steamers have added much to her well-established prestige.

A fine harbor, something less than a mile in diameter, opens its capacious arms to vessels of the largest size, and though often subject to a heavy swell, caused by south-west winds, the captain assured us that it was one of the safest along the Mediterranean. So much for this city by the sea viewed from a respectful distance, which, as we know, too often lends an illusive enchantment to scenes that do not improve upon closer acquaintance; in fact Genoa gave us more than one such disappointment.

It must have been built, like many other sea-ports, without any regular plan. Starting from the coast, the settlers "staked their claims" as convenience or necessity required, thus gradu-

ally advancing to the more elevated portions. But when or by whom settled is not positively known.

If, however, the Genoese take any pride in their ancient lineage it must be fully gratified, since a sort of traditionary legend traces the name Genoa to Janus, King of Italy and great-grandson of Noe. I was not credulous enough to accept this version as a fact, though confirmed by an inscription in the cathedral; it seemed more reasonable to believe that Genoa was derived from *genu*, the Latin for knee, its coast having that shape. Still, however doubtful the origin, certain it is that the present city is a perfect labyrinth of streets to the pilgrim stranger within the gates; few of these are accessible to any but foot-passengers and pack-mules. Thus the architectural beauty of the finest buildings is lost from being hemmed in so closely. An added tingling of the heart-strings brings a blush of shame and sorrow that so many of those grand old palazzos, dating back to the stirring days of the republic, should have fallen from their high estate to serve the ignoble ends of traffic, as in common hotels, business houses, etc.

Some of them recall the eventful days of 1528, when that noble-hearted patriot, Andrea Doria, like another Washington, freed his countrymen from foreign oppressors, giving them the citizenship of a republic. Two are still preserved in something of their ancient splendor—the Palazzo Ducale, once the residence of the doges, now used as a senate house; the other, the Palazzo Doria, formerly occupied by the great president during his official term, both worthy of the high purpose they once served.

Not so, however, the home of Columbus on the Borgo Lanajoli, a narrow, ill-kept street—so narrow indeed that the houses tower up six times higher than its width, and with its steep ascent can only be traversed by foot or hand-carts. This, the home of the great discoverer's boyhood, is well assured; but that of his birth remains still uncertain, many of the coast villages claiming the honor, as also the neighboring Corsica, already so famed.

The Columbus house, now belonging to the state, is unoccupied, and so closely boarded up that it can only be entered by scaling-ladders: we did not avail ourselves of this method, time and ability being wanting; but the dilapidated appearance of the exterior reflected little credit upon the beneficiaries of him who gave a new world to the old. Linger at the portal, we fancied the boy-adventurer looking from an



upper window across the broad sea, linked to the still broader one beyond; and, as he studied map and globe, even then framed the plan and purpose to be so gloriously consummated in after years. But we could not tarry, and so hastened from the narrow alley out into more spacious parts of the city; here palaces of historic or artistic interest won our admiration by their beauty of design, so massive in conception, yet always with that marvellous delicacy in completion which superior genius ever stamps upon its work.

Lofty marble columns enclosing superb corridors often led the way to galleries of paintings—real treasures and masterpieces of art. Delicately carved marble statuary also held an honored place there, so realistic that touch alone could at times convince us that life was wanting.

With these were bits of ancient sculpture, rescued by the archæologist from their long-buried tombs; and though disfigured by time and the spoiler's hand, yet they still and will ever win and hold the admiration of the world; the intense, essential beauty marking each delicate curve and outline of the shattered marble lingers still—glorifying, dare we say, almost beatifying it.

Time, as with most travellers, being a limited quantity, we had mapped our route accordingly, giving less to Genoa than to other cities that we thought of more, though some proved to be of less importance than *La Superbia*.

Having, then, paid our homage to the most attractive portions of this quaint old town, we were ready to book our names for the evening steamer en route for southern Italy.

"That will not do," said a more experienced tourist of our party; "you have not yet visited the Campo Santo, and surely no one has really seen Genoa if that is left out."

"And what may that be?" I asked.

"The Holy Field, or cemetery; and I am sure that your country, great though it be, is yet far too prosaic to carry art and imagination to the extent you will see it exemplified at the Campo Santo."

Enough: we were not registered for that day's steamer, but instead turned our steps toward the beautiful cemetery of Genoa. The day cool, clear, and delightful; the guide, well primed for the occasion, with a soft liquid Italian accent to his broken English, pointed out objects of interest as we walked or drove through the narrow, crowded streets with open shops on either side, where we stopped now and then to make

purchases of something rare or beautiful, unique or useful, so temptingly displayed. Long would we have lingered amidst these attractions, but with a regretful *au revoir* were compelled to hasten on to far different scenes, leading us from the busy haunts of men.

"There it is," exclaimed our tourist friend, pointing to a slightly elevated enclosure—"the veritable Campo Santo! Isn't it more than beautiful even from here?"

"Yes, yes!" was the joyous verdict.

"Wait till we are within; then—"

"But you don't really mean to say this is a cemetery?"

"In fact it is that and nothing else."

"Why it looks more like an art-gallery surrounding a lovely garden than a dismal burial place," I continued; and

such indeed it proved as, coming still nearer, we found the open galleries to be formed of magnificent white marble monuments, while the sunny, verdant hills, like so many faithful guardians, kept watch and ward over these abodes of peaceful rest. But this was as the mere setting of a precious jewel to one of the most charming spots it has been my good fortune to behold. For in addition were lovely, fragrant flowers, shady trees with



THE HOUSES TOWER UP SIX TIMES HIGHER THAN THE WIDTH OF THE STREET.

wreaths of green and immortelles twined together, through which could be seen the wonderful statuary; arched by heaven's blue dome, the whole scene made radiant by Italia's brilliant sunlight, left a picture on memory's tablet never to be effaced.

Yet the Campo Santo's attractions were still but half revealed; those we had seen could be easily pictured to the mind. Not so readily the monuments and memorial statuary. Were it not for the garlands and silken sashes, swinging lamps and inscriptions, one would say at once, this must be a gallery of sculpture; indeed there was suggestion of little else.

Still more, in the statues themselves imagination had no part; all was so true to nature, vivid and life-like. One of these monuments, so marvellous, represents a family gathered around the death-bed of a loved and loving father. From the sculptor's genius has been chiselled, not merely a couch in dull, cold marble; no, we see before us the exact counterpart of real bed, drapery, ornaments and all; again we cannot be satisfied until, by touch, the counterfeit is revealed, perfect in everything except reality.

There is the bereaved wife supported by one of her daughters, both kneeling at the bedside. The aged mother, sitting in an easy-chair, her eyes raised to heaven, seems pouring forth the prayer of grief and supplication so fervently that we feel her lips must move. On the opposite side of the bed stands the son consoling his sister; while one holds a blessed candle in his father's trembling hands, the other presents a crucifix, thus animating faith and love by the image of his dying Saviour. The whole scene—a marvellous triumph of genius and art; or better still, religion—there finds its *Consummatum est*: truly the “Last Farewell” created in marble, as if nature and art had met as rivals; and yet all so real and lifelike that the originals in that group of mourners might be easily recognized by passers-by on the street.

Near by is the figure of a little girl, carved on a marble column, looking as if she had carelessly dropped down to enjoy the beautiful flowers with which her lap is filled; so full of pure delight is her innocent face, that you involuntarily pause listening for the merry laugh just ready to break forth, and feeling sure she will at once step out to share with you those lovely blossoms.

Under another archway a beloved husband and wife lie

buried. They are represented above the tomb, clasping hands and sitting as of yore in their arm-chairs.

A little further on a widowed mother appears standing on the steps of a tomb, while she holds up her little one as if ready to kiss his dead papa. The same mutual love and tenderness of parent and child the world over through all ages, linking life with death, were symbolized with infinite pathos by these *in memoriams*, as we passed them one by one.

The door of another vault appears half open; within lies a dead husband, while the sorrowing wife is represented knocking at the door and waiting for the response, "Come in."

Thus we went on, noting one by one the unique and exquisite beauty of these memorials of undying, devoted love, seeming to echo the *chaire*, or "Hail" and "Farewell," so often seen on Grecian burial tablets. All were so touching in this strange mystery of death, so full of human experience, as we recalled our loved ones gone before; verily it is these touches of nature that "make the whole world kin."

These veritable master-pieces, for such in truth they were, may be numbered by the hundreds. The figures always appear in modern costume and ordinary dress, the minutest details being brought out to perfection. We saw this specially marked in one piece of sculpture over the tomb of an Italian lady. She had just breathed her last; the angel messenger is ready to bear her away. As represented just leaving the bed, she takes the angel's hand, who points upward to the heavenly home awaiting her. Involuntarily we pause for the end of the beautiful scene, but it comes not save in our imagination.

And so past the many and marvellously varied figures of the Campo Santo we regretfully wend our way. Genius had indeed left touches of exquisite skill and classic beauty everywhere; we lingered, held by its magic charm. Immortality seems there embodied, so that, with faith and love intensified as never before, we could only utter the joyful, *Credo in resurrectionem mortuorum*.

Yet, while filled with admiration at the wonders wrought by the sculptor's chisel, our general impressions were not altogether pleasing. One cannot deny the charms of ideals at once memorable and breathing an exquisite beauty almost divine; truly miracles in marble have those sculptors wrought in the marvellous figures of the Campo Santo; yet, with our unmeasured delight in them as works of art, the grand sublimity of death seemed wanting where all was so real and life-like—



ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE SQUARES OF THE OLD TOWN.

an impression doubtless formed by habit and association. Hence with genuine pleasure we turned to more lowly graves, marked by a simple cross, on which a few immortelles or fresh violets appealed more tenderly to our loving sympathy than the grander memorials which had first attracted us thither.

"This seems more like our own cemeteries," said one of our party as we paused before one and another of these humble mounds, recalling our own beloved dead; "but why do they call this 'The Campo Santo?' Is it a holier spot than any other burial-place?"

"Not at all," replied our obliging mentor; "the term has been generally applied by Italians to their cemeteries since the close of the twelfth century, when Ubaldo, Archbishop of Pisa, having failed in one of the crusades against Jerusalem, was driven out of Palestine. To atone in a measure for his defeat by Saladin, not being able to obtain possession of the Holy Land in any other way, he brought home his fifty-three vessels laden with earth from the holy places, and deposited it upon a spot which was thus consecrated as a burial place for the Pisans. The title 'Campo Santo' being then first given, has thus been generally adopted, as I said, throughout Italy."

"Not a bad idea; but how does the one at Pisa compare with this?" I asked.

"Beautiful as it is, the ancient one ranks first among the world's cemeteries; age and historic association may have had something to do with this. But here we are at one of the entrance gates, which for us will be an exit."

"Yes," I remarked; "but this street is not the same as that which brought us here."

"All the better then," chimed in a bright lad of our party; "we'll have a chance to strike something not on the programme. Say, what's this big building?" turning to our guide.

"Just the very place you'd like to visit: a museum of rare and wonderful things; many of them treasures and relics hidden away for centuries until the Columbian year of jubilee, when the Genoese brought them forth in honor of the great event."

And so indeed we found it—a veritable treasure-house. All that belonged to the great navigator and his times were there before us. With some we had been made familiar at the Chicago Fair, but many more were quite new, and all full of interest.

Among these treasures were piles of massive and costly

plate, dating back to the palmy days of the Dorian Republic, when deft fingers of skilful artists chiselled those matchless designs—marvels of genius and art that later artists may in vain seek to rival. In the broad, massive contour of vase, cup, and urn one could read that grandeur and strength of mind which conquered the world to Rome, making her its proud mistress.

But in the delicate, fairy-like tracery of flower, fruit, or mythological figure the rare grace and symmetry of Grecian art had plainly wrought its magical effect. The silversmiths of to-day may well find object-lessons in the museum at Genoa—and other artists as well.

As foremost among the Crusaders, honored by the capture of Jerusalem, and for a time in possession of Constantinople, the Genoese improved to the utmost their opportunities for obtaining relics of the early Christians, and other priceless historic mementoes; many of these we found carefully preserved from the wreck of ages. In them, as an open book, could be read the inevitable chances



THE COLUMBUS HOUSE NOW BELONGS TO THE STATE.

and changes wrought by time, as nations rose and fell, having lived their brief life, then were swept away

“By those who in their turn would follow them.”

Striking comment upon a lesson continually taught, only to be as continually forgotten!

Many who doubt the authenticity of these relics will in the same breath declare as genuine, and almost glorify, the still older "finds" of Greece, Rome, and Egypt. Yet can they bring stronger proof for this credulity?

Much as we desired to linger among these wonders, so unique and beautiful, yet, registered as we were for the morning steamer, a hurried glance could only be given at the best, and then we turned regretfully away, bearing many a picture for memory's gallery to which we could gladly turn in coming years.

Wending our zigzag path to the hotel, we passed the house where Daniel O'Connell died, as we learned from an inscription on the wall. Being the headquarters of the American consulate, we made a brief call upon our country's representative, and were most courteously received. On a distant hill could be seen the tomb of Smithson, founder of the Institute at Washington bearing his name. Beyond this a cottage was pointed out as the residence of Dickens while in Italy. Nearer was Byron's mountain home. Among the more ancient buildings was a gloomy-looking structure, St. George's Bank, dating five hundred years before the Bank of England.

A curious custom has prevailed for centuries connected with this old Bank of Genoa. Citizens of wealth or distinction donated money from time to time, which placed in the bank at compound interest for stated times, should then be used for the public benefit; in return the beneficiaries erected statues to the donors. Patriotism, generosity, or some other motive must then have been at a premium, since within three hundred years just thirty-five such statues were placed in the Grand Council Chamber.

This custom will explain a letter written by Columbus from Seville just before sailing on his last voyage, and addressed to this same Bank of St. George. In it, after acknowledging the favors and blessings of God which had crowned his ventures, and conscious of the uncertainty of life, the pious navigator charges his son, Diego, to donate one-tenth of his income each year to the city, that the tax might be lessened on corn and wine; so that, whether the sum was great or small, his beloved people of Genoa might be assured of his good will, and wherever his body should chance to be, his heart would still remain with them.

By a strange paradox, and striking comment as well upon the idiosyncrasies of human nature, we found the birthplace of

Mazzini honored by a flagstaff, a tablet suitably inscribed, some wreaths, and a public library; while near the bronze equestrian statue of the late king, Victor Emmanuel, stands the sculptured figure of the republican conspirator, whose ambitious schemes were always doomed to immediate failure—of that Mazzini the sworn enemy of the very dynasty which has since become the central pivot of Italian unity (?). Thus,

“Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.”

The future of this beautiful Mediterranean peninsula is indeed a serious problem, difficult of solution. Complications arising from conflicts between church and state, prince and peasant, ruler and ruled, cause the looming of many a war-cloud. Venice and Turin, Florence and Pisa, once the leaders in commerce, arts, or arms, are but mere tombs of their former greatness, each little more than a historical remembrance; the promise of their future but a shadow of the glorious past.

Not so with Genoa, Italia's city above and apart from all the rest. She holds within herself strong, sturdy, and permanent elements of greatness, proof against the disasters brought about by war, change of dynasty, or any other effect of human fickleness. Her magnificent harbor, Italy's marble gate to the world's imperial sea, smoking with steamers from the far Orient by way of the great canal, and from the Occident as well; where merchants meet daily as neighbors from earth's utmost bounds, making Genoa their great commercial rendezvous—all this and much more prove that now and in the proximate future it will stand foremost among the representative cities of the world.





ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

BY REV. H. G. GANSS.



T was in the year 1840 that a boy prodigy, a pianist, eleven years of age, made his appearance before the critical and pedantic musicians of Leipzig. His strange personality, and more yet his astonishing performance, caused more than a ripple of excitement in the tranquil placidity of that staid old academic town. The impression was then prevalent that such meteoric apparitions had seen their day in Mozart, Beethoven, and Liszt. The juvenile phenomena were so numerous at that period, the most confident hopes centred in them so illusory, the most sanguine anticipations so deceptive, that our German spectacled pedagogues, by a peculiar mode of ratiocination characteristic of the country, had come to the settled conclusion that these pale little "wonder children" bloomed only in a hot-house temperature, and as soon as the breath of heaven fanned the cheek of the fragile little beings they would, like some sensitive plant, wilt and sink into a nameless oblivion or into an untimely grave.

Not so this last marvel, who not only was to leave his impress on the history of music, but was to shine as the only rival of the greatest of all executive virtuosi, whose huge, overshadowing figure at that time alone came between him and his public. The whole manifestation was an exasperating paradox and inexplicable phenomenon to these wiseacres as they met in their *Kneip*. Prodigious pinches of snuff, copious draughts of beer, and stertorous whiffs of the pipe left them still in the same irritating quandary.

The prim, demure little figure retained all the ease, archness, and joyousness of a child, yet welded to this seemingly child-like impotence was a gigantic executive facility, that not only successfully coped with, but with triumphant recklessness conquered the most difficult compositions of Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, and Henselt. In this marvellous execution, pellucid clearness, flawless technique, and scintillating brilliancy were not only prominently brought to view, but with these essential attributes of the true pianist there was found to coalesce a most precocious keenness of perception, depth of feeling, and fierce, glowing poetry. It was not so much the astounding technical perfection that puzzled our *Gewandhaus* critics—for this they readily concluded was the product of education—but it was the soul-stirring passion, the poetic intuition, the strongly marked individuality that changed their phlegmatic reticence, first to disputatious garrulity, then to helpless obfuscated amazement. Moreover, this child was not only a most consummate interpretative artist, but a most impassioned creative one. The childish mind seemed teeming and seething with an unfailing wealth of quaint, thrilling, mature ideas, which adjusted and assimilated themselves most felicitously, welling from the apparently immature brain with a homogeneous spontaneity almost inspirational.

A CRITICAL PERIOD.

Would the child develop in years and experience? For there seems to be a period in the life of musical genius during which the improvement in the skill of the performer does not keep pace with the change in his person; a period when one is, as Malvolio puts it, "not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is a peascod, or a codling before it is an apple." In this period we expect too sudden a transition and improvement of that which was wonderful in the child into that which is astonishing in the man. Ripening years seemed only to amplify the scope of his intellectual

capacity and poetical susceptibility, and at the same time bring his pianistic achievements nearer the apogee of transcendent art. Weimar, Breslau, Prague, Berlin were unanimous in speaking of this young Muscovite as almost superhuman in his mastery of the piano, as well as in the musical ideas to which he gave form and life at the instrument.

PERSONAL RESEMBLANCE TO BEETHOVEN.

In his youth another coincidence had a most marked effect on some of these enthusiasts, and gave their vaticinations almost the strength of an accomplished fact. It was the striking resemblance he bore, both in appearance and manners, to the immortal Beethoven, who died two years before the birth of our hero, and whose saturnine figure was still a living and hallowed memory. The obtrusive similarity was more than striking—it was even startling, especially in connection with the piano. There was that huge, leonine head; the broad but comparatively low forehead; the dark, dreamy, flashing eyes; the beetling eyebrows; the ill-formed, flattish nose; the firm, clenched, smileless mouth; the stiff mass of shaggy hair, all on end; the dark, sallow complexion. His manners likewise recalled Beethoven, especially that unconscious brusqueness, a mixture of bashfulness and pride, a blunt modesty coupled with a surly dignity. The whole personality, without being handsome, gave the idea of superior power. Like his prototype, he was an illustrious example of pure, unworldly genius, of true artistic intelligence, of ideally perfect manhood.

“His life was gentle; and the elements

So mixed in him, that nature might stand up

And say to all the world: This was a man!”

Such was Anton Rubinstein!

Was the “wonder child” to develop into a mediocre pianist and then be swept away in that maelstrom of disappointed hopes that engulfed so many hopeful prodigies before, or would he by successive steps ascend the *gradus ad Parnassum* to dwell with the Immortals? Was the mantle of Beethoven to descend upon this youth, the spirit of the great master find its reincarnation in him, consecrating him the prophet of a new musical evangel, or was he, like Icarus, to perish in attempting great things?

RUBINSTEIN'S PARENTAGE.

Anton Gregor Rubinstein was born at Wechwotinez (Wechwotynetz), near Jassy, in Moldavia, of Jewish parents, on No-

vember 30, 1829. If the laws of heredity can be taken as a prognostic and presage of character, talent, or temperament, a most auspicious coalition favored Rubinstein. His father, a Polish Jew of more than ordinary education and strength of character, was married to Kaleria Levenstein, a German Jewess of Prussian Silesia, and a woman of much native talent, keen feminine foresight, and vigorous artistic impulses. This happy conjunction of the Germanic and Slavic traits no doubt formed the basis of that severe and, at the same time, oriental coloring that surprises us so frequently in his compositions. Taking into consideration the socially stunted and intellectually arid atmosphere in which the poor Hebrew mother was constrained to eke out an existence, and the meagre opportunities of self-improvement afforded her down-trodden race, the fact that she was the first to detect and foster the incipient genius of the boy entitles her to a lofty niche among those historic mothers who were the discoverers of genius, the moulders of character, and the architects of their children's destiny and fame.

At the time of his birth a fierce anti-Semitic persecution (of endemic nature in Russia) was raging throughout the country. Confiscation, expatriation, or extirpation was the battle-cry of the Emperor Nicholas, and it was carried out with all the pitiless inhumanity and barbarous savagery for which the Romanoffs are so ingloriously conspicuous in history. To escape the inevitable doom that awaited the recalcitrant(?) Jew, Rubinstein's grandfather assembled all the different branches of his family, and to the number of sixty had them baptized. Whether baptism effected their Christianization we are unable to state or ascertain. It is, however, strongly to be suspected that Rubinstein never divested himself of the strong Hebraic environments of his childhood, and it is more than a mere conjecture that he never openly subscribed to any creed or affiliated with any church.

Existence in the intellect-stagnating, heart-benumbing, and soul-chilling atmosphere of a slimy, reeking little Russian village, with a sordid, benighted, and slavish peasantry as the only companions, was unendurable to a woman of Mme. Rubinstein's energetic mental calibre. The family removed to Moscow, and a most providential move it was to our hero. It proved the pivotal point of his career, the birth of his fame. His mother had already detected his budding talent for music, and being herself an accomplished musician, she soon initiated him in the elements of music and the piano. His maternal

tutelage, however, was of brief duration, for the curly-headed little urchin of six years soon overmatched his preceptress and left her momentarily resourceless and discouraged, in a state of hopeless discomfiture. Fortunately there was a philanthropic musician in Moscow, who had in the meanwhile become interested in this promising child. *This interest will perpetuate his name to posterity.* You may search musical encyclopædias and dictionaries for the name of *Alexander Villoing*, but in vain; his name receives not even the briefest mention. Yet he was the only teacher Rubinstein ever had. An impecunious Mæcnas, no doubt, but who more opportunely helpful?

THE FERULE IN MUSICAL EDUCATION.

Villoing, though not a virtuoso himself, nor even a pianist of more than modest pretension, was one of those old-fashioned, exacting, conscientious but inflexible martinets who, under an austere and imperturbable exterior, conceal the warm instincts, the lofty ideals, and, what is more, the thorough scholarship of the true musician. He was not a dabbler in theories or methods; inclined neither to the empiric nor yielding to the eclectic. His own method, he concluded, was the best; it may have been peculiar to himself and the times, but its result at all events was most happy. If pupils did not readily submit to his iron-clad rules and caustic rhetoric, they were enforced by a due admixture of bodily chastisement, with all the *nonchalance* of one imbued with the idea that he held the key of the temple of knowledge and knew how and when to use it.

"I thank the man even in his grave," said Haydn of his Hamburg teacher, "that he made me apply so hard to study, even if I did receive more flogging than eating."* "In those days," writes Rubinstein, "the method of teaching was very stern; ferules, punches, and even slaps on the face, were of frequent occurrence." All the same, this musical apprenticeship was of inestimable value to him, and, like Haydn, he let no occasion pass by without expressing his enduring indebtedness to his "only teacher, Villoing."

The intercourse between teacher and pupil soon assumed the relationship of the most friendly intimacy, with the ardent reciprocal desire of the latter always trying to please his master and the former determined upon securing a due recognition of the talents of his pupil.

* "If that man had received more flogging from his teacher," muttered Beethoven in thumbing over the score of Rossini's "Barbier," "he might have made a great composer."

FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

His progress was so phenomenally rapid that his teacher decided upon a public test, which was made at a charity concert at Moscow, July 31, 1839, when the child was ten years old. The success was unprecedented, and the pressure from all sides so strong that Villoing, who had in the meantime, with characteristic unselfishness, abandoned cherished prospects in life to identify himself with the future of his pupil, determined to take his *protégé* to the then musical Mecca of the world, Paris, where there was "but one music, and Cherubini its accredited prophet." Whether or not Cherubini was the unyielding autocrat of the French Conservatoire, as the vitriolic fulminations of Berlioz, whom he refused admission, would lead us to infer, the exclusion of Liszt and subsequent rejection of Rubinstein, whether prompted by a chauvinistic animus or by petty jealousy, we will not endeavor to unriddle the enigma. It at all events robbed the Conservatoire of two of the greatest coryphæi of modern art, who no doubt would have formed its crown and glory.

Not disheartened by this rebuff, at the suggestion of Meyerbeer, in 1846, Rubinstein and his brother Nicholas, likewise a youthful prodigy, though eclipsed by the more gifted Anton, went to Berlin to study composition under Professor Dehn. His career after this was that of a travelling and triumphant virtuoso, a prolific and honored composer; in the former capacity especially arousing a frenzied enthusiasm equalled by no pianist of his time, and surpassed by Liszt alone. His compositions likewise met with a flattering reception and soon made their way around the globe, and the name of Rubinstein was rapidly becoming a shibboleth in the musical world.

ART VERSUS LUCRE.

In 1862 Rubinstein organized the National Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg, and was its head until 1867.

In 1872 he came to the United States on a concert tour. The ovations he received wherever he played are still fresh in the memory of music-lovers. Whilst the tour was calculated to turn the head of a less strong character than Rubinstein, and whilst he was not insensible to the hearty receptions accorded him everywhere, and whilst it had the air of piquant novelty about it, it was utterly distasteful to him. His rugged simplicity and sturdy pride revolted at the mercantile valuation placed on his services, and the chattel-like method in which he

was hustled from place to place. "For a time," he writes, "I was entirely under the control of the manager. May heaven preserve us from such slavery! Under these conditions there is no chance for art—one grows into an automaton, performing mechanical work; no dignity remains to the artist—he is lost. . . . It often happened that we gave two or three concerts in as many different cities on the same day. The receipts were invariably gratifying, but it was all so tedious that I began to despise my art." On this tour he received \$40,000 for 215 concerts. In 1891 and again in 1893 he was offered \$125,000 for fifty concerts. He refused the offer.

During his last ten years he was threatened with blindness, the result of over-application to study and musical composition. The catastrophe, appalling as it would seem, absolutely closing his career as a composer, would probably have only partially affected his influence and powers as a virtuoso, because his memory was simply stupendous. In the historical recitals he gave his classes at the conservatory he literally covered the entire range of piano literature from inchoate pianism, as represented by Frescobaldi, Scarlatti, Galuppi, Couperin, Hasse, Bach, etc., to the transitional period of Clementi, Dussek, Hummel, etc., and from it to the achievements of modern virtuosity and romanticism, as exemplified in the works of Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt, and that *without using a note*—a colossal feat that perhaps only Hans von Bülow among all his contemporaries could attempt with any assurance of success. In late years he occasionally suffered from a *lapsus memoriae*, due, however, more to nervous excitability than any impairment of his prodigious memory.

Only one more biographic event we will allude to in this discursive little history, and that is his golden jubilee as an artist, celebrated November 30, 1889, which partook more of the nature of an international *fête*, the entire world laying its tributes at the feet of the master, than a celebration confined to Russia exclusively. In the latter country the festival lasted six days. Royalty and aristocracy vied with artistic circles and popular enthusiasm in doing honor to the master.

His unexpected death, after a brief illness of five days, occurred at two o'clock in the morning, November 20, 1894, at his villa Peterhof, near St. Petersburg.

HIS POWERS AND GENIUS.

In forming a critical estimate of Rubinstein we have to

deal with a dual character, the virtuoso and composer. We confine ourselves to the former.

As a pianist, a technician of transcendent power and a poet of perfervid utterance, he will always occupy, next to Liszt, the loftiest position in contemporary musical history. Perhaps greater difficulties have been conquered, greater power, severity, and sonority of tone produced, but few, if any—always excepting Liszt, of whom in a measure he was a disciple—have approached him, and certainly none gone beyond him, in purity of tone, raciness of touch, massiveness of coloring, poesy of expression, and truly cyclonic grandeur of execution. His execution was less the result of a desire to display prodigious skill than the attempt to express a musical thought. This thought, always complete, manifested itself under his hands with all the advantage of grace, delicacy, depth, and expression.

Zelter, speaking of the old school of pianists, somewhere says that to him Hummel was the summary of piano-playing, "for he unites with much meaning and skill what is genuine and what is real. You are not aware either of fingers or keys; you have music." Perhaps Rubinstein, measured by this standard, was guilty of venial, even mortal transgressions. He sometimes treated his instrument rather as an enemy than as a friend; bullied it rather than caressed it; overheaped it rather with indignities than endearments. His mighty and Titanic figure at the piano left the impression that in those flashing eyes, those clenched teeth, those fingers of steel, those sledge-hammer wrists there was a determination to punish the piano, and endeavor to extort the power of an orchestra from that which after all is but an unpretending row of keys, hammers, and strings. But even here his keen knowledge of musical chiar-oscuro saved him from antithetical exaggeration, turgid pomposity, climacteric pitfalls, and noisy cacophony.

HIS METHOD OF EXECUTION.

Schumann says of Berlioz that he was a virtuoso on the orchestra. Rubinstein was a virtuoso on the piano, but in the hands of this briarean genius the piano was metamorphosed into an orchestra.

Of course there were aberrational moments when he was literally carried away by the *furor musicus*, when he was a lion in the most leonine sense of the word, when he treated the composition under hand just as the monarch of the desert,

hungry and truculent, treats the unlucky beast that falls to his prey: seizes it, shakes it, worries it, tears it, devours it limb by limb. Such is said to have been his tragic performance of Chopin's Funeral March, which he interpreted as "night winds sweeping over the church-yard graves." It met with unmeasured condemnation, yet it has never been equalled, nor for that even approached. It stands unparalleled.

Then again he could coax the most soul-searching pathos from a Mozart sonata, reveal the magically gleaming images of Schubert with a charm ineffable; impart a meaning and poetry to Chopin of almost apocalyptic weirdness; could soar to the Parnassian heights of modern virtuosity with the swing of the stormy petrel or the swoop of the eagle. At such moments the piano became a throbbing, thrilling, pulsating, sentient being. Liszt says there is a music "which of itself comes to us," and other music "that requires us to go to it." Rubinstein by sheer force of his individuality and magic mastery of his instrument became another Orpheus or Amphion. He knocked the feet away from your critical equipoise, toyed and tossed you about at pleasure. Your mental vision became blurred, your discriminative faculties dazed, the heart ceased to throb; but in this cataleptic state the soul, in half-delirious intoxication, drank in the most exquisitely ravishing harmonies.

In his own compositions for the piano—bold and original, solemn and imposing, seldom commonplace and never trivial; truly imaginative creations full of fire and grandeur; clothed at times with an orchestral breadth and pomp of harmony—Rubinstein was always found at his best as an executant, and invariably roused interest, amazement, and the wildest enthusiasm. His volatile temperament, however, would hardly permit him to play the same composition twice in the same spirit and with the same interpretation.

Summing up, it may be that in surpassing virtuosity he may have been outdone by Liszt; in languorous delicacy by Chopin; in fastidious daintiness by Thalberg; in classical austerity by Bülow; in interpretative versatility by Paderewski—but on the whole we find in Anton Rubinstein such a fortuitous or acquired amalgamation of all the essential attributes that constitute the modern pianist, that posterity will unhesitatingly acclaim him one of the greatest masters of the piano—one who must yield to the overtowering colossus, Franz Liszt, alone, in the light of whose achievements he was, and no doubt will be, measured by the critic and historian of the future.

ACROSS COUNTRY.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.



HE winter has set in, and Kevin, Nell, and I are sitting round the fire discussing the prospects of to-morrow's opening "meet" of the hounds. Kevin is telling me that "before the Land League days fox-hunting was the national amusement of the Irish people. Aristocracy, snobocracy, and democracy were one in heart and feeling when with the hounds flying across country after Reynard. In these latter days the hunt, through many parts of the country, is a poor affair compared with old times. The bone and sinew of our people—the farmers—are conspicuously absent as a protest against rack-rent. The old squire stays at home and sulks; to be insulted as a trespasser where, as master of the hounds, he had been greeted as a hero and a fine old Irish gentleman, is more than he can stand, and so he sits at home in his old oak study and nurses his wrongs. The agitation for land reform began, the pent-up injuries of years broke forth; the tenants demanded reduction, the landlords' reply added insult to injury. The farmers showed their resentment by enforced prohibition of hounds and huntsmen from their high-priced acres. War was declared, and—well it is all a thing of the past, or very nearly so, now, everywhere. Here we are very amicable, I am glad to say. Father Tom is a man of peace, and as envoy of the tenants he calmed all injured feelings, and made landlord and tenant brothers in distress, for there is little doubt that there are grievances on both sides."

First impressions, every one tells us, are lasting, and my first Irish hunt is the best remembered and certainly most delightful in my life. Dungar is in the midst of the wildest scenery, with glimpses from my bed-room window of lough, ruined abbey, and extensive woodlands. Kevin is the idolized though rather youthful master of the hounds, and he is anxious that my expectations of a Tipperary hunt shall be realized. The sun is peeping above the hills, and I am out of bed and in my habit in the cold gray of the early November morning. The bay of the hounds, the huntsman's horn, the horses on the gravel beneath my windows would awaken the Seven Sleepers. The

meet is four miles away, and I hurry down to be in time for the start from the kennels. In the grand old hall red coats vie with one another in splendor. The mingling of pink with the dark habits, with a background of ancient oak walls hung with mediæval armor, has a striking effect as I turn an angle of the wide, winding staircase on my way to join the throng.

Nell is looking for me to introduce to all comers, and Kevin gives me one of his witty challenges as to what America can show to-day on horseback. We sally forth and mount before the door. It is my first view of what I privately term "wild Irish girls," and theirs, as I afterwards learn, of a Yankee. We start down the avenue, with its venerable limes, now bare but giving rare bits of water and mountain pictures through their naked branches; past the ivy-thatched lodge, through the massive iron gates, and on to the road.

I admire the grace and beauty of those wild Irish girls riding on before me; they are so different from my ideas of them; they actually speak quite good English! I bring my chestnut on a line with theirs, and seeing they are anxious to be civil, I give them every chance. I start them on hunting, and after a little shyness at first their native eloquence shines forth, and I am charmed. They are cousins evidently, though it is difficult sometimes in Ireland to define relationships. Between intermarriages and old friendships of generations the Irish are all kinsfolk, it seems to me. Before I know it I am captivated; their bright, frank, girlish freshness is irresistible, and we are at Curragraigue Cross Roads long before I wish, were I consulted on the matter. I am not, however; and worse still, we are no sooner at the "meet" than we part rather unceremoniously.

It is the hour to begin operations, and I have only time to catch a flying glance at more fascinating Irish girls, with the most wonderful complexions I have ever seen. A delightful combination of pink and snowy white, roses and peaches; gray-green and blue eyes—sparkling, laughing, dancing; stately matrons in barouches and pony-carriages, fresh and fair as their daughters. Cavaliers, booted and spurred, jovial and jolly. Farmers on their stout cobs coming down the hills, boys uncountable on foot, all chattering on that one absorbing topic—a find!

We are off in a canter down a splendid road, by cottage and country house, through the village street with its rural chapel standing in the trees, the cross gleaming above. A little farther down, seated in his porch, the old priest is reading,

and he raises his eyes as he hears our clatter. A bright smile lights up his worn, kindly face; hats are raised and merry glances flash down on him. The old squire pulls up for a telegraphic greeting, and we hear him cry out behind us: "Bring round Billy, and come on with us, Father Tom, and you and I will lead the field to-day." I lose the old father's reply, but it must be witty, for the squire laughs so joyously that we all feel merry as he gallops up, still chuckling, and I hear him say: "I knew I would have one good laugh to-day when I saw Father Tom. What a splendid man he is, if only he would not bury himself in his books and his people." As we turn a bend in the road I see the old priest with bowed head, and we leave him with his plain cottage and his hidden, beautiful life.

The crowd keeps gathering, the farm lads break from the school-room and dodge between the horses, fearing their irate parents, riding on in front. The men leave the plough in the furrow, and mount bareback, if a saddle is not at hand. It is no use for masters, fathers, and wives to object; all authority is outraged at the first cry of the hounds.

And now a great shout goes out: "A fox! A fox!" "Tally ho!" sounds the horn, and we start across country. Over hedges and gates, by headland and furrow, we tear onwards. I see the boys on foot take a short cut across the fields, well knowing the trail. What splendid fellows they are; what hard riding, what dash! Farmer and squire, landlord and tenant, are fine specimens of Irish manhood.

I give an admiring glance at those "matchless men of Tipperary" fast disappearing over a stone wall before us, and whip up my chestnut to the front if I can. One must do daring deeds with such a field. I see my girlish companions of the morning far ahead, and I do my best to come up with them. Kevin and Nell will be so scornful of me to-night, I know, lagging so far behind—I, too, that was supposed to be one of the riders in Central Park; now I learn how much I have still to know. My nationalism comes to the surface, and I fly along; the chestnut does her duty, and I come out with the leaders.

Kevin is riding for life; the "cousins" are fresh as the morning, and smile on me as I gallop on now with them neck to neck. We are going so fast now I lose sight of everything but Reynard. For miles and miles we go over fence after fence without a stop; the fox has the best of us I fear, and if he is not caught soon he will take to the lake and save him-

self for another day. On and on we go ; fence after fence is left behind, and but a third of the field are with us. The sun will soon leave us ; I feel collapsed, but dare not give up with those plucky girls beside me. We jump a gate, skirt a wood, through a farm-yard, out on a road, down a hill and stop. A white shimmering sheet of water, shot by crimson, bars our way, shut in beyond by the mountains, steep and rugged. The sun rests for a moment on their peaks, gives us a wintry smile, and disappears. This is what Reynard started for at morn ; here we lose him at eve !

A short, low groan from Kevin ; a blank, disgusted look from the girls ; an ardent, loving, wondering gaze at the lovely scene from me, and the hunt is over !

They are too polite to indulge before me in all the fierce things they would like to say on that wily fox. Their good humor returns immediately, and they try to forget their indignation and disappointment in teasing me.

"Well, Uncle Sam ought to be proud of you !" cries Kevin ; "for an American you are an honor to your country, Miss Democracy. We did not know you could show anything like that over there." The girls quiz me about the prairies and riding on the plains, and I try to be very witty ; but of course do not shine and scintillate half as brilliantly as I would some hours later, when I lie in bed thinking of all the smart things I might have said and—did not. We all become very friendly, nevertheless, and turn our horses' heads homewards. Six men and four girls are all that remain of the field. With merry banter we slowly walk our horses to a country house near, and in the old drawing-room around the fire drink tea. Though we are not expected, the urn is hissing and the logs crackling invitingly, and evidently an Irish hostess is always prepared to welcome all weary travellers who love to call. We are out again and away, with scarce time to be home for dinner, and by starlight we reach Dungar. The open door is welcome ; Nell's sweet face more charming still, as she greets us lovingly in the bright, pleasant hall. She has been home hours since, having driven some friends of hers to the meet, and when the fox had the bad taste to go where they could not follow, she gave the bays their head and careered to some abbey miles from home. She is telling us all about her drive, as we mount to our rooms ; and I do not leave her long in doubt of my delightful hunt with those "matchless men of Tipperary."

THE FUTURE OF CATHOLICITY IN AMERICA, WITH REFERENCE TO MISSION WORK TO NON-CATHOLICS.

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It does not take very much high thinking to convince one that the Nineteenth Century, with its marvellous changes in the political, industrial, and social orders, has been an era of preparation for the newer and larger revelation of God's spirit to the world. I do not mean that there is going to be any new truths revealed, nor that in any sense will there be a further development of Christian doctrine. The old church, through the strength of her vital principles, and by the very machinery she now possesses, has over and over again subdued men's hearts—has brought whole nations from barbaric darkness to Christian light and cultivated the highest spirituality among them. By the same methods she has used before she will triumph again. But undoubtedly there have been times when conditions seem more favorable for her work. It is not difficult to specify many such eras in Christian history. Religion has had its periods of efflorescence as well as of decadence, and before every new revival of religious spirit there has been a providential ordering of natural as well as supernatural conditions which has generated the new life. "Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, who shall prepare thy way before thee." The Nineteenth Century has been the John the Baptist among the centuries, a precursor of a new spiritual awakening.

In our day economic, social, and religious conditions have undergone a wonderful change. It is so trite to say so, but seldom do we rise to the mountain heights of observation and look back in order to mark the contrasts with what is before us. Steam and electricity have set the wheels of progress revolving at a tremendous pace, and every department of human activity has been aroused by them. Changes have been wrought in a week now that in the last century a year would scarcely have been long enough to bring about. The seventeenth cen-

tury had its Thirty Years' War. The late war between France and Germany was begun and practically consummated within thirty days, and the changes wrought in the political complexion of Europe were hardly less profound than those brought about by its predecessor of the seventeenth century.

Activity means change. Such restless activity as is displayed in our modern life means most radical changes. Little wonder, then, that every morning we awake unto new conditions.

In the intellectual order particularly are these activities displayed. What has been, no longer attracts; what is, no longer holds; what will be, is looked forward to with eager eye. This century has seen one hundred and eighty millions of people lifted up from a vassalage in which they were as sheep led to the shambles, without any knowledge of their rights, or any power to assert them—lifted into the full possession of social and political freedom. The atmosphere of freedom has developed individuality so that no longer are men to be driven in herds, and has awakened personal endeavor so that no longer do people lie helplessly in dumb despair awaiting the Samaritan to lift them up. This same hopeful liberty has bred a healthy spirit of discontent with existing conditions, and has cultivated an energetic reaching-out for higher and better social surroundings. In this upward movement the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next, and demands are generated that become as imperious as ever tyrant of old uttered to his soulless slaves.

We may easily drop into the apocalyptic mood, but, as Lowell says, "events are apt to show themselves humorously careless of the reputation of prophets." Still, from what has been and now is we can easily argue to what will be. It may be definitely stated, then, that the trend of all these great movements is to a more wide-spread intellectuality, a closer brotherhood, and consequently a deeper spirituality. There is no stronger passion in the human heart than that of religion. Very few hearts have ever been without some movements of it, and by all odds the largest majority of men have been stirred to the highest heroism through its promptings. At no time has it ever even seemed to die out; but, like the grass on the prairie, though it be burnt over year after year, though it be trampled down by the hoofs of myriads of cattle, though it be flooded by deluge after deluge, yet the next spring it will crop out and cover the landscape with smiling verdure. So religion,

even though it be beaten down by revolution and trampled under foot by tyrannical law, or smothered by rampant vice, still surely and constantly will assert itself. The genius of religion with sombre mien sits enthroned in the human heart and none can usurp her power, and when every other agency has struggled for the mastery and been foiled in the attempt she will quietly but surely assert her supremacy. Religion is queen, and to her feet will social, political, and physical factors bring their triumphs and crave her blessing.

The upward and onward struggle of humanity for better living, greater freedom, and higher existence will only more and more develop the religious sentiment in the heart. After man has wearied himself in the eager pursuit of pleasure and ambition, like a child tired of his toys turns to the gladsome smile of his mother's face, so the child of maturer age will find the only satisfying rest for his soul in the sweet spirit of religion. Unless all signs fail, we may consequently expect in the coming years a new and wonderful revival of the religious spirit. After increasing strivings religion comes to sweeten the rest; after anxious yearnings religion alone brings contentment; after wearying watchings religion gives rest and comfort to perturbed hearts. Though no prophet or son of a prophet, but a watcher of the ways of men, to predict in the early future a deep religious awakening and still not seem extravagant, is but to say that certain effects will follow from certain existing causes.

Already the gray streaks of this dawning day are visible in the east to the watchers on the hill-tops. What else is the dying-out of the blatant infidelity of ten or fifteen years ago but the scurrying away of the dark clouds of the night? What else is the decay of agnosticism, and the return of scientific men to religious standards symbolized in the religious death-bed of Romanes, but the dissipating of the mists of darkness. What else is the wonderful spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, with its hundreds of thousands of adherents, with its eager First Friday throngs in every church in the land, but the aurora of this dawning day. In other countries, too, similar signs are visible. In France the national vow church is calling out a remarkable profession of the national faith; the apostles of naturalness no longer command an attentive audience, but they who have written of the Christ—the Fouards, the Le Camuses, the Didons, the Hamons, they are the popular favorites. To still further demonstrate that as all roads lead to Rome so all the changes in modern conditions lead to this religious

awakening. Look outside the church and see what a stirring there is among the young people! Their hearts, to be sure, are the more susceptible, and consequently the first to feel religious influences. But see how mightily they are moved! The organization of Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, and Brotherhoods of St. Andrew, with their long rolls of membership running into the millions, is a significant fact; the demand for such books as *Titus: A Tale of the Christ*, which has within a very short time achieved the enormous sale of three million copies—surely there cannot be brighter signs of the awakening of the religious sense than this interest in and love for the minute details of our Lord's life.

Though these signs of the times are evident elsewhere, it is in America that they are the more pronounced, because America leads in the race of progress. Here the agencies that make for the greatest development are permitted the freest exercise untrammelled by rooted tradition or by conservative institutions. Here, then, may we expect the earliest and the largest growth of this religious revival. It is coming as surely as the rising of the morrow's sun.

With it come our opportunities. To us who possess the treasures of the ages, in view of this religious awakening, Emerson's oft-repeated dictum, that "America is but another name for opportunity," takes on a new and tremendous meaning. When the warm spring sun thaws the frosts out of the ground and softens the ice-bound soil, then is the husbandman's opportunity, and he who desires the harvest dashes aside the lethargy of sleep, is astir with the gray mists of the dawn, and is at it all day long with his ploughing and sowing. If he lets his opportunity slip, the same sun that softened his soil will cake it into hardened masses. Before the enemy is fully armed and entrenched behind fortifications is a general's opportunity. Does he want to conquer, he will preempt the field and control every coign of vantage. Delay invites defeat.

America ought to be Catholic. By every right, by title of discovery, of first occupier, of claims of truth against error, is the Catholic seal put on this land. The Holy Mass for a hundred years was the only Christian service celebrated on the Western hemisphere. I believe, moreover, in the providential ordering of nations. It is here, if we are true to our trusts, that Catholicity is destined to achieve her greatest triumphs—triumphs alongside of which the conversion of the Franks or any of the northern races will fade into insignificance. God led

the chosen people out of the bondage of Egypt across the sea, through the trials of the desert, into the Promised Land. So, too, have come into this promised land, across the sea from the bondage of the despotism of the old land, whole nations of the down-trodden and the poor, who are especially God's chosen people. So, too, will God build them up a great people.

The existing conditions also are favorable to the progress and advancement of the church. Already has it been plainly demonstrated that nowhere in the wide world has the church increased her membership and enlarged the sphere of her influence as here in America. The free air of liberty has been peculiarly favorable to her growth. The separation of church and state has removed far from her any overshadowing, and consequently blighting, influence coming from the civic order. The perfect natural manhood, endowed with the most excellent natural virtues of honesty, love of truth, sense of justice, a desire to do unto others as one would be done by, is a peculiarly American type. It needs but the touch of the Holy Spirit to supernaturalize it. So, too, does the church, by her democratic spirit and her marvellous organization and her great power with the masses of the people, her restraining authority, her inculcation of reverence for established law, commend herself to all thoughtful Americans.

The decay of organized Protestantism and its utter failure to satisfy the religious cravings of the people, as is so frequently acknowledged these days by its own ministers, creates a void that Catholicity alone can fill. What congeries of conditions can possibly create more favorable circumstances under which the conversion of America to the truth may be brought about.

Was there ever a more beautiful field, bending low with richest harvest, than here in our beloved land? Was there ever in the whole history of the church a triumph more sublime than the conversion of America? Was ever there a race more worthy of the mettle of the missionary spirit that was born on Pentecost, and ever since has not failed to conquer the hearts of the nations, than the American people? "Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the hour has come to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe" (Apoc. xiv. 15).

Already has the work been begun in an organized form. I take from *The Missionary*, the official organ of non-Catholic mission work, an authoritative statement that will give us a definite idea how the work stands:

"A short *résumé* of the progress of the work will be inter-

esting. A few months ago Archbishop Corrigan made a special request of the superior of the Paulist Fathers to have some one delegated to inaugurate the work in the Archdiocese of New York. Father Elliott was immediately selected for this special duty. At the close of the summer a band of missionaries, with Father Elliott, will begin a series of missions in the metropolitan diocese. Archbishop Corrigan's attitude towards this new work from the very beginning has been one of approbation and active encouragement. He warmly commended the work to the clergy of the diocese in his address at the Synod last fall, asking them at the same time to interest themselves in it and encouraging volunteer action on these lines.

"During an interview with him, shortly after Easter, he gave his express permission to any priest in the diocese of New York, with the exception of the officials of the diocese whom he could not spare, to devote himself especially to this work; and in order to encourage them to do so he guaranteed to any pastor who would volunteer for this labor, to hold his parish open for a year, appointing an administrator in the meantime; and to any curate who would desire to devote himself to this special missionary work, for every year that he spent in it a gain of two years of seniority in the diocese."

Under these very encouraging conditions the work will begin in New York in the fall.

There are presented elsewhere in *The Missionary* the reports of the work that has been done during the last three months. The band of missionaries laboring in the Cleveland diocese has met with very encouraging results. The Pittsburg band is duly organized, has completed a number of successful missions, is now settled in its own home, and has the warmest sympathy of the priests of the diocese. The missionaries look forward to a career of great usefulness during the months to come.

Besides the various organized bands there are a number of individual priests laboring, either from their own initiative or officially deputed by their bishops to labor in this special field of work.

The most hopeful feature of these missions, besides their undoubted success, is the fact that the work has been taken up by the diocesan clergy. This work belongs to the diocesan clergy, and no greater misfortune could befall it than to have it considered the special work of any one man or group of men.

The work in some form or other has been going on in

various parts of the country for years back, but it was mainly due to the initiative of apostolic men. There have been missionaries remarkable for the number of converts they have made. There have been parish churches which have been veriest shrines to which the brightest and best come to make their professions of faith. But now the work is being inaugurated in a systematic way in the various dioceses and is being placed where it really belongs, with the diocesan clergy. They are the ordinary workers in the vineyards on whom the church depends for her best progress. When in every diocese there is one set apart, who is taken from all other responsibilities and devoted exclusively to giving missions to "the sheep who are not of this fold," and when the other work of every other priest has a very large element in it looking to the conversion of non-Catholics, we may readily appreciate that the day of the one fold and the one shepherd will not be far away. When the devout and intelligent laity, too, are filled with the same missionary spirit and make the number of converts they have made the mark of the excellence of their Catholicity, what a tremendous propelling power there will be within the church's organization! Given five thousand priests, fifty per cent. of the number in this country, thoroughly imbued with that deep sense of conviction that says "I am right and I can prove it," taught from the seminary days the best ways of addressing the non-Catholic people, eager with the desire of making converts, and unite with them a missionary laity, and in one generation the doors of the churches will not be wide enough to admit the crowd that will come clamoring for entrance.

The reflex action of such missionary work on the Catholics themselves cannot be overestimated. It is only when one begins to make converts that he thoroughly appreciates the blessings of his own faith. He realizes what a priceless treasure it is. He guards it most sacredly, and at all times he is mindful to give good example lest, perchance, his own life be a rock of scandal to his non-Catholic neighbor. So from every point of view that we measure this new movement it bears with it the richest blessings.

In its organized form the work is still young. But several important facts have been thoroughly demonstrated. The "question-box" has shown how lamentably ignorant the immense mass of the non-Catholic people are concerning the teachings of the church. From the very beginning the Catholic Church

has been an important factor in American life, but the great majority of the American people are as ignorant of the truths of the Catholic Church as they are of "the number of birds in the air or the fishes in the sea." Another point that has been demonstrated is the possibility of getting an audience. Non-Catholics are anxious to learn. They will come to listen. They are ready to approach the investigation of the claims of the true religion with the utmost fair-mindedness. They do desire to have a religion that will settle the vague uncertainties of their minds and will satisfy the deep cravings of their hearts. The only other thing that is wanted to bring the American people within the bosom of the church is the grace of God and the zealous work of the efficient missionary. The former we know, through the unfailing promises of Christ, we have with us at all times. The latter, too, we are not without.

"And going up into one of the barks that was Simon's, he desired him to put off a little from the land. And sitting down he taught the crowds out of the bark. Now when he had ceased to speak, he said to Simon: 'Put off into the deep and let down your nets for a draught.' And Simon answering said to him: 'Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; but at thy word I will let down the net.' And when they had done this they enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net was breaking. And they beckoned to their partners who were in the other bark, that they should come and help them. And they came and filled both the barks, so that they were almost sinking. When Simon Peter saw this he fell down at the feet of Jesus, saying: 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!' For amazement had seized him, and all who were with him, at the draught of fishes which they had taken. Jesus said to Simon: 'Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men.'" A little teaching of the American crowds from Peter's bark—a little letting-down of the nets into the deep at the divine bidding, and such a multitude of people will be enclosed therein that for very amazement we shall fall down on our knees and thank God that in some little way we have been chosen to be the instrument of such a great manifestation of his power.

TWO DAYS AT LA VERNA.

BY G. S. M. M.



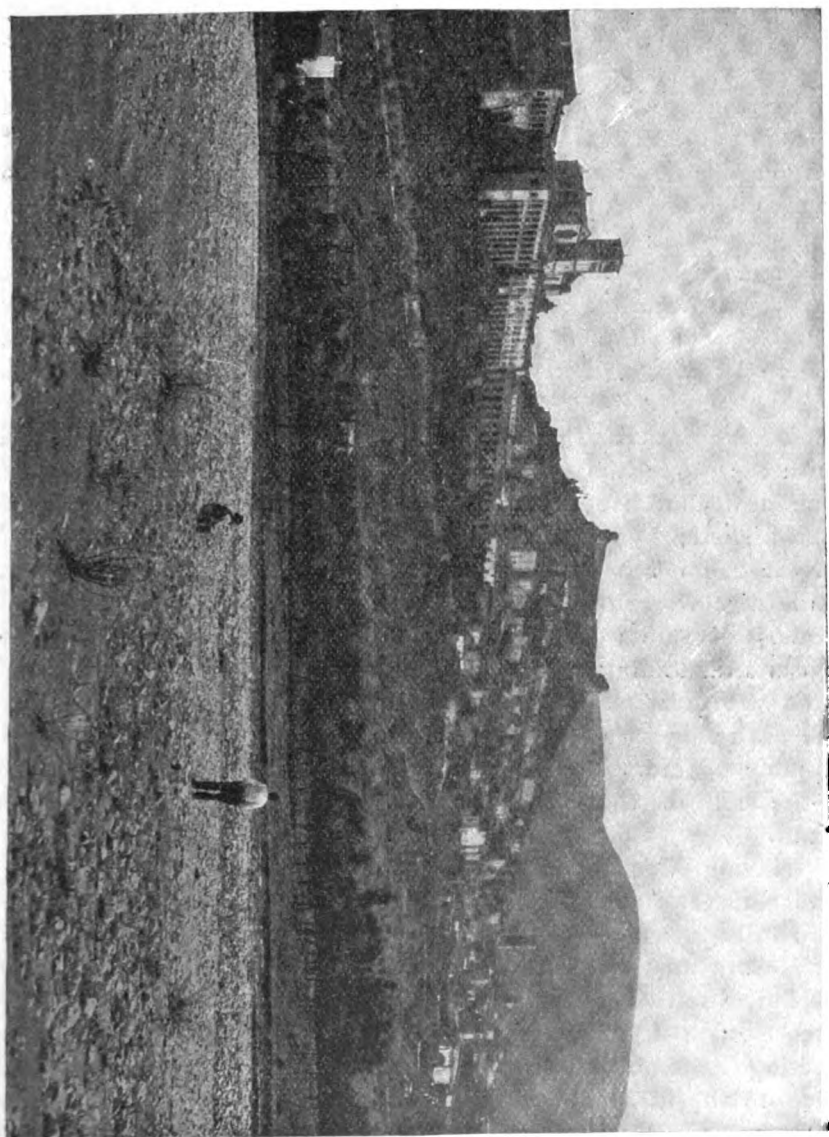
YOU ask me to tell you something about my two days at La Verna ; and it delights me to do so, because they were delightful days, "taken out of time" and marked white in the calendar of memory. All the more lovingly remembered because they followed and preceded long periods of illness, sorrow, and anxiety. When one has touched the half century, one has very few white days, "play-days," and those few are remembered accordingly.

One of the great charms, perhaps the greatest charm, of being in Italy is, that in no other country in the world can one live a dual life so well as here. We walk about in the Present, but often we almost actually live in the Past. Buildings centuries old look as young as though they were creations of yesterday. The names of streets and houses have been unchanged since given, perhaps five hundred years ago ; and, generally, these names are those of men famous then and who will be famous for all time. Figures elsewhere seen only in pictures walk familiarly beside us. The brown-frocked and sandalled Franciscan friar ; the more stately black-and-white robed Dominican ; the shrouded Brothers of the Misericordia ; the Papal soldiers in their quaint motley designed by Michael Angelo ; the contadino with his sheepskin-lined cloak, that he throws over his shoulder as gracefully as the Roman of old did his toga ; we know them all so well that we have long ago ceased to wonder, almost to look at them.

Influence, that marvellous power of one human soul over another soul, or, in ever-widening circles, over hundreds and thousands of souls, can be realized in Italy more fully than elsewhere. Here men's works have "followed them" ; nay, the men themselves live now in their works. Michael Angelo discourses vehemently with us on the great principles of art ; and Dante pleads with passionate pain to our sense of justice, to our love of honor, to our patriotism. But of all the dominant spirits of the middle ages none lives more really, none still influences Italy more lovingly, than the gentle Francis of Assisi.

The name scarcely needs the prefix of saint, it being in itself a synonyme for holiness. The fervent Catholic, the vehement Protestant dissenter, the devout and cultured Anglican alike

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF ASSISI.



believes in this man, alike honors and, in his measure, loves him. In Italy the name "*Frate*" is applied exclusively to the Franciscans, whose "order" alone is still popular, when others

are coldly looked upon. At any rate it and its humble possessions are more frequently protected from the ruthless hand of the modern radical and demagogue. Francis was born at Assisi and died there, and yet to me he had always seemed more closely identified with La Verna, where the crowning mystery of his spiritual life was vouchsafed to him. Nevertheless, it was Assisi that I visited first; and in the great, triple church on the hill I tried to feel the presence of the saint and I could not. That huge pile of masonry seemed to me "out of touch" with the gentle brother of the birds, with him who "prayed well because he loved well all things both great and small." I stared duly at Giotto's frescoes and I did not like them much (may the heresy be forgiven to me!), but I was not unhappy; I had had all my pleasure before in the smaller church under the hill, the Church of St. Mary of the Angels. There I had found my saint, or he had found me, which was probably more to the purpose.

I have heard Mass in many a sacred fane: in St. Peter's, with the Pope himself celebrating; in St. Mark's, Venice, the one ideal church of Europe, hollowed like a sea-girt cave, curved like a shell; I have followed "the Ambrosian Rite sublime" in the "dim religious light" of Milan's glorious Duomo; ay, and have worshipped in a Roman catacomb, with the dead bodies of saints and martyrs close beside, and their spirits closer still, abiding with us and joining in the hymn "*Trisagion*." And yet in none of these, not even there, did there seem to me such fulness of worship as that which went up from the humble peasants kneeling in the tiny grotto within the church—the cell of the early eremites, rebuilt by St. Francis's own hand.

Having been at Assisi, I longed the more to visit La Verna: and whilst we were staying at Vallombrosa last September we had fully arranged to go there and to Camaldoli, but a burst of stormy weather that lasted three days upset the plan, and as I had settled to go to Rome on a certain day under the escort of a friend, a Roman ecclesiastic who also had been visiting Vallombrosa, there seemed to be nothing for it but to give up the idea of taking the little pilgrimage for that time at least. On Friday morning my companion and I began our journey to Rome at a very early hour. Each mile brought us into new beauties of scenery: at first the solemn pines, and then the chestnut-trees, slipped past us, until we were in the midst of vineyards laden with fruit. Each moment brought

also brighter loveliness of weather, as the sun rose higher in his illimitable field of dazzling blue. First we exchanged wishes that we had had such weather two days previously, so that we might have gone

to La Verna. Then I began to say tentatively: "Why should we not go now? The journey from Bibbiena is much easier than from Vallombrosa; we could telegraph to my friends in Rome not to expect me till to-morrow." And so we tossed back-



wards the ball of "Yes" and "No," and "Can" and "Can't," until, taking our courage in both hands, we actually did the deed, and on reaching Pontassieve station telegraphed to Rome, sent on thither my trunk, and took tickets for Bibbiena.



FRESCOS ILLUSTRATING THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS.

We felt like children on a holiday. The entire unexpectedness of the pleasure was half its charm; and when one is elderly a revival of any of the innocent sensations of youth is specially delightful. What a scene of noise and confusion met us on getting outside the apparently

quiet, sleepy little station of Bibbiena! There we found quite a small crowd of men, each with a quaint-fashioned

phaeton seated for two, and drawn by a pair of brisk little horses—many-belled, of course, being Italian. The drivers fell upon us, the only passengers, and shouted, vociferated, implored,



DISTANT VIEW OF ASSISI.

coaxed, argued, all in a breath. Dr. C—— vainly strove to awe them into silence; meanwhile I had been using my eyes, and pointing out one special driver I begged Dr. C—— to take

him, and to secure doing so jumped into his carriage whilst the final bargaining for the same was carried on. All went well, and presently we were off for Bibbiena, which we saw on a hill, but which was distant at least a mile, it being the fashion almost everywhere in Italy to have the railway stations at ridiculously long distances from the towns or villages that they are supposed to accommodate.

I had chosen our driver for his beauty. Never, except in a Greek statue, have I seen such perfection of form and feature, made more beautiful by rich olive coloring, curly brown hair, milk-white teeth, and eyes larger, more liquid, more golden brown in hue than even Italian eyes are wont to be. He was such a nice fellow too, good-natured, courteous, full of child-like simplicity, as so many of his nation are.

Such perfect health and strength and beauty were sufficient witnesses to the temperateness of his life. He proved himself to be all we could desire in a driver, and as fully honest as it

THE SUMMIT, LA VERNA.



is possible to an Italian driver to be, the code of truth and honesty being almost, through no fault of these Southerners, different from that of Northern nations.

Bibbiena is a quaint little hill town, with the unfailing narrow streets, but they were flooded with sunshine that day. We rested and had an excellent luncheon in a homely but clean and comfortable inn, where the charges were low and the attendance kindly; but we were longing to push on to La Verna, and our handsome driver was quite ready for us. Half the children and many of the women of the little town turned out to see us and our luggage packed in. One wonders that by this time the Italians have not lost their interest in us foreigners, but, on the contrary, it seems increasing.

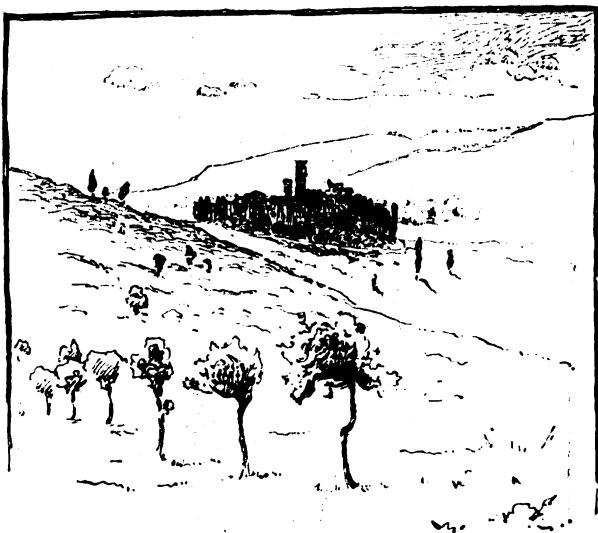
As soon as we had descended from Bibbiena we began to ascend, and with the exception of an occasional abrupt declivity continued so to do. We delighted in this upland; the breezy air of the hills, tempering the heat of the brilliant sunshine, invigorated us and raised our spirits to a delightful pitch. "The attraction of the Heights" is indeed great to all of our nation, and to most of the saints and monks of olden times it seems to have been equally powerful. To our St. Francis it certainly must have been so, or he would not have accepted the gift of Mount Alverna from the Count Orlando da Chiusi, and on its rugged, barren rocks built his monastery.

We exulted as we left the vineyards and the maize-fields behind us, and gained a veritable Scottish moor, strewn with great boulder rocks, "fragments of an earlier world"; and covered with juniper bushes, and various kinds of mountain flowers, conspicuous amongst them the broad silvery disc of the "pilgrim's thistle," and another species of the same plant, of a rich indigo blue.

From the moor we passed into a little wood of stunted oaks and beeches, from which, small as they were, some peasants were ruthlessly cutting off branches, and on Dr. C—— asking why they were doing so, we were told that it was to provide fodder for the beasts in the winter, that in that mountain region would shortly be a present reality. Then we came to meadows skirted by the stream that, in answer to the prayers of St. Francis, issued from the barren rocks far above; and immediately after we drew up at a little cluster of cottages, with here and there a larger, higher house—just what the Scots would call a "clachan." Here we were told we must leave the carriage and walk the further and steeper ascent to the mon-

astery that towered above us, built into the very rocks of a beetling crag, looking like that noble one on which stands Edinburgh Castle, and almost exactly its height, 840 feet, from that point which we had now reached. We longed to be going onwards and upwards. Our wished-for goal was now "so near, and yet still so far"!

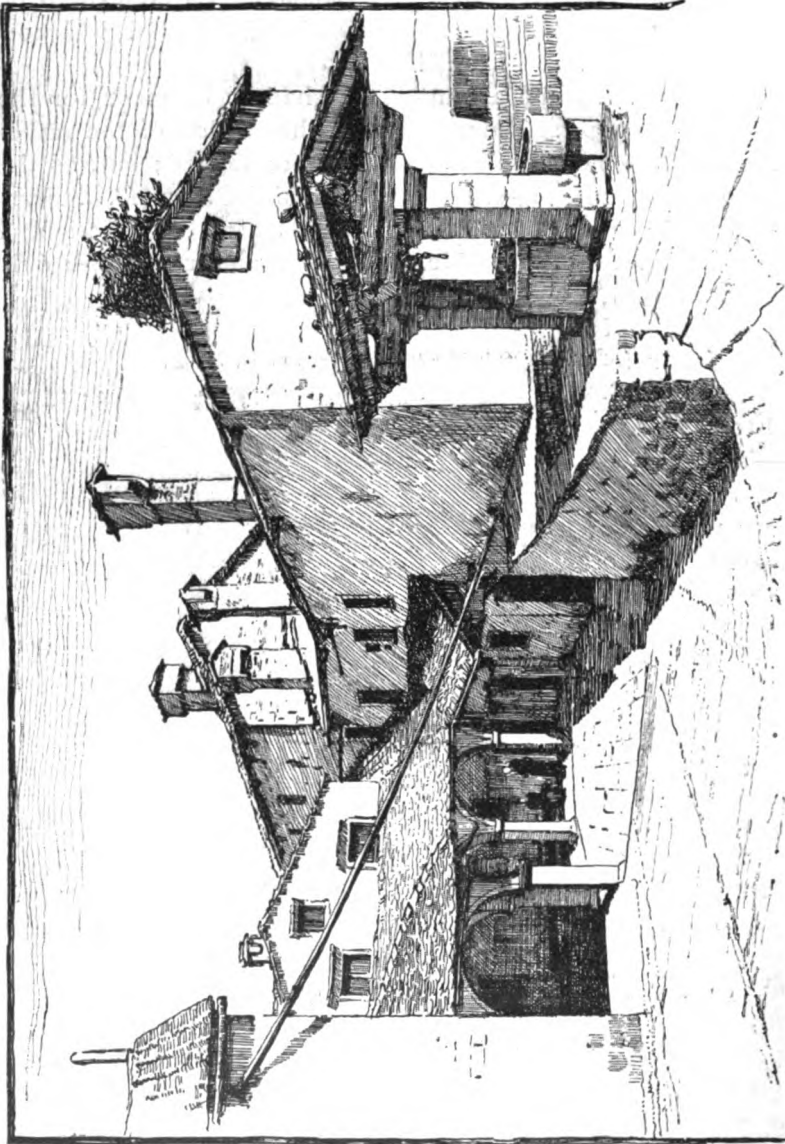
First, however, some arrangements had to be made for the disposal of my night. We were shown the outside of the rather high, straggling house in which ladies are lodged; but, as the good women in charge—sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis—had gone to the monastery to assist at Benediction, I could not then see the inside. My bag and rugs were duly placed at the door, with assurances of their perfect safety. Some one offered to carry Dr. C——'s bags to the monastery, and we were free to begin the steep and stony, but fortunately winding, ascent that one feels as a *Via Sacra*, not only because of the sanctuary to which it leads, but also for the lofty



BIBBIENA.

Latin crosses that stand beside it, in their form eloquent witnesses to the faith in which and for which St. Francis lived and founded his order, and in their rough, unpolished, unpainted wood, to the still-abiding presence amongst his sons of the "Lady Poverty," the bride he loved so well. Near the beginning of the way is the first of the *Luoghi Santi* with which the mount abounds. It is a tiny chapel over the spot where the birds welcomed Francis on his first visit to La Verna. The iron gate set in the round archway was locked, but we looked through its bars and saw, behind the simple altar, a fresco of the saint, life size, sitting under an oak and surrounded by birds; but these are not flatly painted on the wall—they are made of colored metal, and suspended by slight invisible wires.

The birds fly round the saint's head, and rest on his arms and shoulders. This pleased us immensely. It is such a pretty realization of the sweet old story of the love of the gentle birds



IN THE GREAT COURTYARD, LA VERNA.

(God's own unfailing songsters) for the gentle monk, who, repaying their love, called them his brothers and sisters, and in fellowship with them sang his hymns of praise, sweet-syllabled canticles that even now the peasants of the Casentino know

and sing. At last we reached the low-arched gateway of the monastery, entering therein as into a holy place, although only a small, insignificant portion of the original building erected by



LINEN-SELLERS.

St. Francis now exists, nearly all of it, and the additions of following years, being destroyed by fire in 1472, with the exception of the church, which dates from 1264. The service of Benediction was going on in the principal church, which is, I believe, as a parish church to the inhabitants of the little village I have mentioned, and to all who live within any approachable distance. I was enchanted by the rich, deep-toned voices of the monks, and even still more by the organ accompaniment played in a masterly fashion. Instantly one recognized and felt the presence of that indescribable yet most real gift, genius, which, in whatever department of art, literature, and science it may develop itself, has the power of conveying a sense of absolute confidence in those who see or hear its operations; some weeks afterwards I learnt from a professional

musician. that the organist of the La Verna monastery is as celebrated as a poor Franciscan monk whose secular name is unknown can possibly be, and that were he but "in the world" he would soon gain fame and wealth. Although it was still only a little after five o'clock, we were told that it was too late to make the round of *Luoghi Santi* that evening, so we made our way to the "Hospitium," a detached building near the entrance gates. Plain and unadorned indeed is the guests' reception-room, and smaller and plainer is the dining-room—although it has a large mirror above the mantel-piece. The presence of such a piece of furniture in such a place rather amused us. We were not sorry to hear that supper was ready, for the crisp mountain air had given us an appetite. It must be remembered that the day was Friday; therefore the fare, always of the plainest, was of course especially so. There was a thick soup, curiously but not unpleasantly flavored with thyme, and some other herb unfamiliar to me. This was followed by a dish of stewed potatoes—what Scottish peasants call "stooed potatoes"—very rich and good, if only it had not been so strongly seasoned with onions, which, though not greatly felt at the time of eating, were not pleasant in remembrance; one had to be devoutly thankful that at least there was no

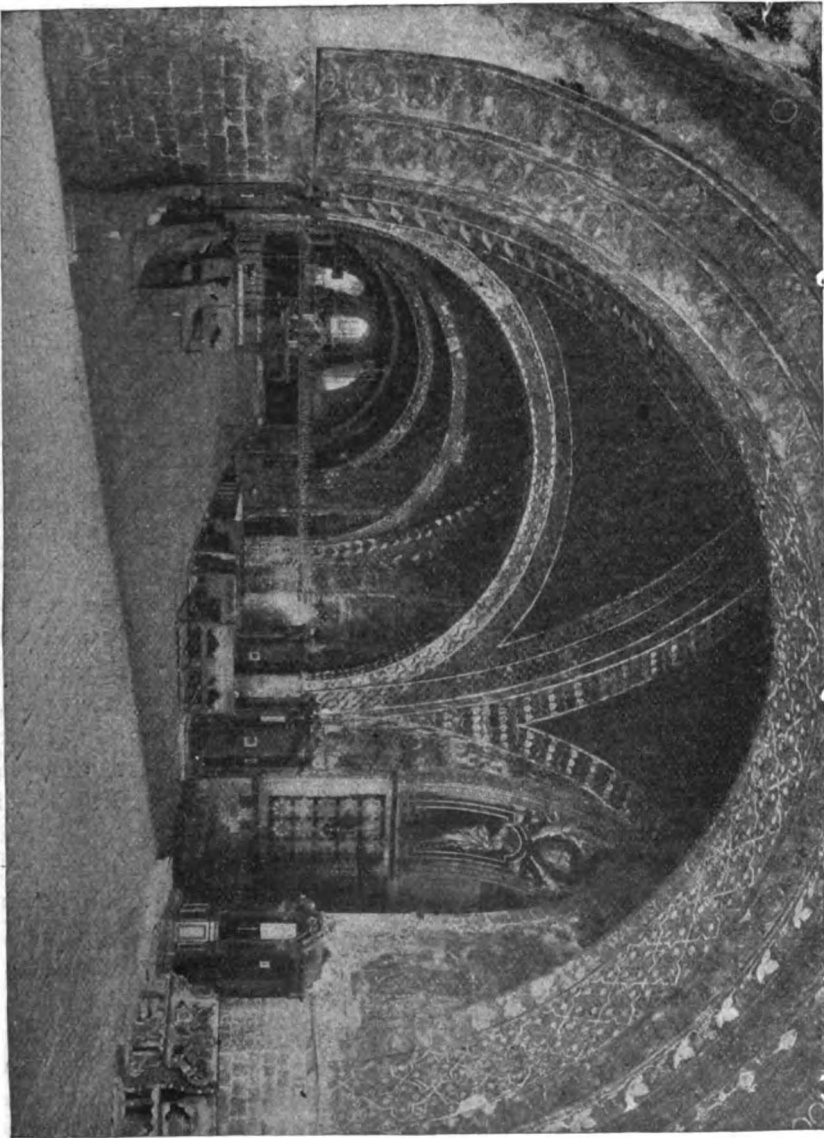


LOMBARD OXEN.

garlic. Lastly came some cold tunny, not by any means bad eating, as the flavor somewhat resembles that of cold pickled salmon. Very brown bread and the wine of the country were the accompaniments of this meal, some bits of which we shared

with a large and handsome cat, which though occasionally driven away by the serving brother, would return to our side. Was

INTERIOR OF THE LOWER CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO AT ASSISI.



there ever an Italian monastery yet where cats are not favored pets?

Almost immediately after finishing supper we descended the hill, and this time found my hostesses at home. They

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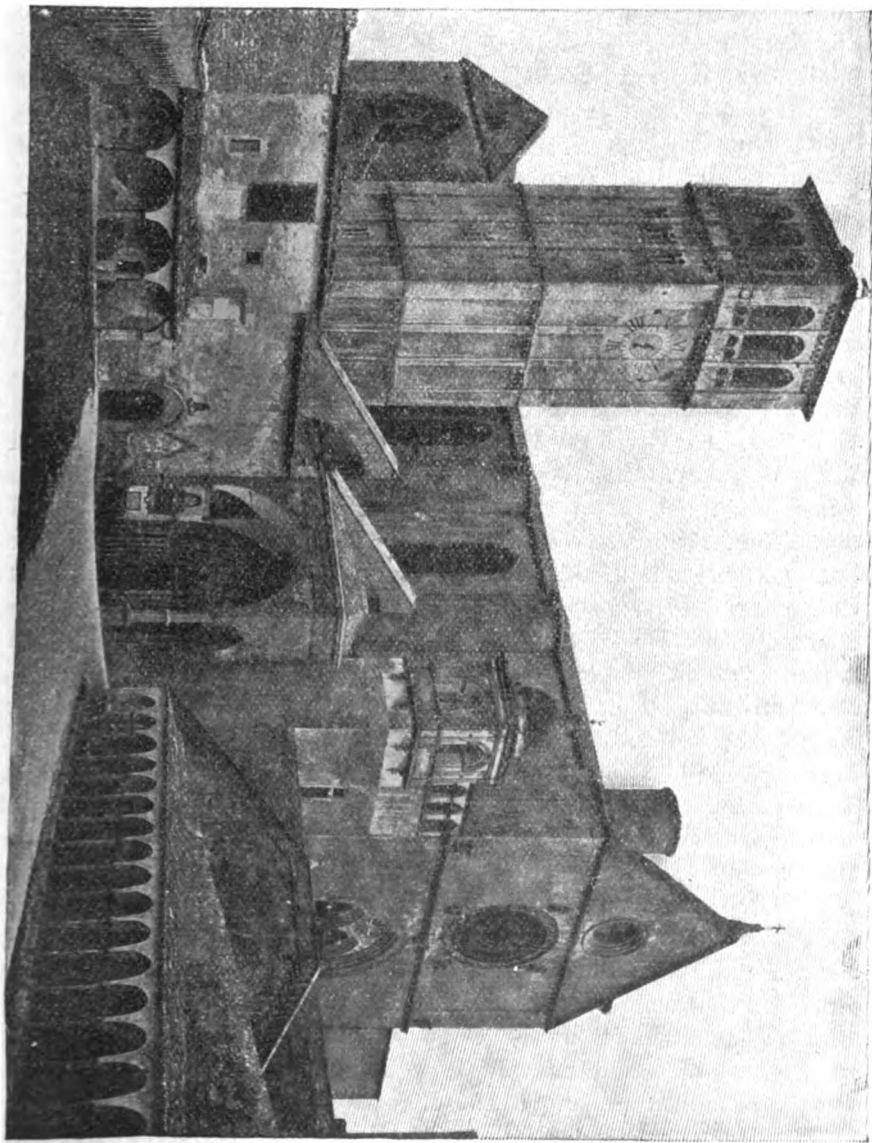
were exceedingly plain, hard-featured women, completely peasants, but eminently respectable and civil after a somewhat dour fashion. They were evidently impressed by the sight of the ecclesiastic, and promised him to take care of me, and to help me in any little matters in which, not being strong, I might need help. The reception-room at the monastery is luxurious compared with that at the ladies' lodging. Not a shred of carpet on the stone floor, in the centre of which is an enormous white deal table, uncovered by a cloth and surrounded by the veritable "kitchen chairs" of English domestic life.

Dr. C—— was obliged to hasten back to the monastery, and I own that as I heard his retreating steps I felt rather dismayed at the thought of the hours of loneliness before me in that bare and cheerless room. Although not much after seven, the twilight had already come, and a light was brought in, a lamp of the antique Tuscan (or more truly Etrurian) form, the exquisite gracefulness of which is a continual pleasure. On my eager inquiry whether this light would last till morning, I was assured that it would, if only I would raise the oil in the proper fashion and trim the wick with the lovely old scissors hanging from the stand.

All the supply of literature that I had with me was a prayer-book and a guide-book. I occupied myself with the latter for a time, then wrote a letter to the daughter I had left at Vallombrosa, and finally took to singing—easily and pleasantly done in that large, lofty, and almost empty room. The sounds brought in one of the old hostesses, who expressed her pleasure therein, and asked if she might sit down and listen. Of course I said "Yes"; and changed from the English hymns that I had been singing to an Ave Maria, and the Magnificat in Latin to a Gregorian chant. She liked these, she courteously said, but begged for a repetition of the tunes she had heard at a distance; and when told that I knew only English words for them she said that that did not matter. After hearing two or three she was going away, when I begged her to buy me some bread and a little wine from the small osteria I had noticed next door. She said that she would get the wine, but that there was no bread to be had but the hardest and blackest possible; she would give me some of her own, which was softer. If it were, that of the osteria must have been a stone from the monastery-crag! I had to punch out little bits of the crumb with the help of an ancient clasp-knife, delightfully quaint in form, and with an inlaid

particolored handle (I wish I had asked if I might buy it!). The wine was vinegar, or at any rate too like it for my drinking, so I asked for water, and that was absolutely delicious.

EXTERIOR OF THE LOWER CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.



It was still only nine o'clock; but what was one to do if one stayed up? I had, alas! exhausted my writing paper; the guide-book had ceased to please, the mood for singing had

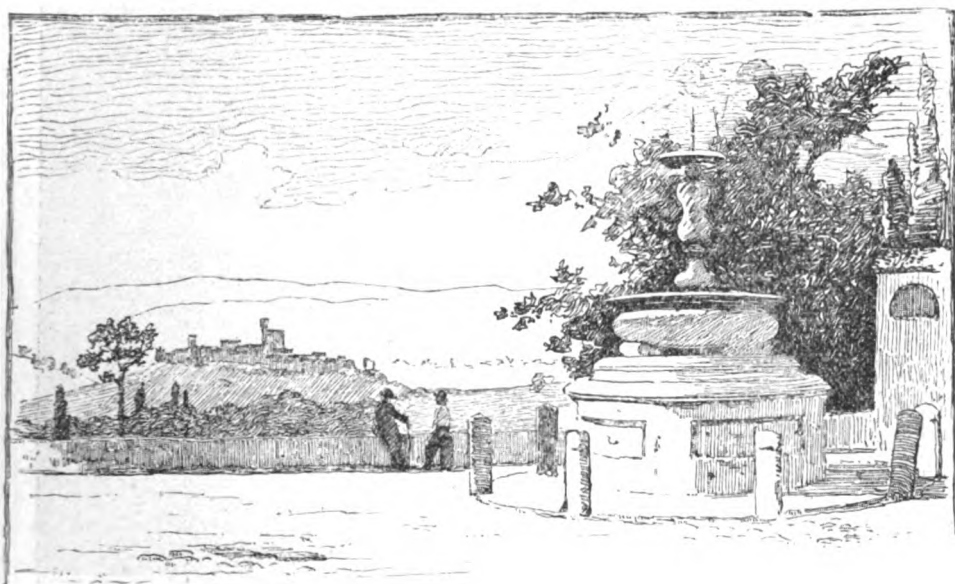
Dr. C——'s manner of celebrating is, at all times, singularly impressive and devotional. Naturally, it was even more so than usual that day, for, if ordinary lay-folk are stirred and thrilled by a first visit to a spot where so great and mysterious a privilege was vouchsafed to one of God's holiest servants, what must not be the emotions of a priest who can there offer the Holy Sacrifice in full assurance that that saint and "all the company of heaven" are offering it with him? Above the only altar is a very fine Andrea della Robbia of the only possible subject for that chapel—a representation, and if one may say so, an almost adequate representation, of the Crucifixion. Although the artist has made the cross truly the throne of suffering, he has yet shown it as the noblest throne of earth, whereon the God-man reigneth King—conqueror by and over pain vanquisher, in being vanquished. Next to the great beauty and pathos of the central figure comes that of St. Francis, and the yearning, tender, all-pitying love in his upturned face is a thing to marvel at, not to describe, even if one could. The whole work is not only a triumph of art, though it is that; it is an inspiration, and, if it do not inspire holy thoughts and lofty desires in those who see it, making them better than ever before, it must, alas! make them worse. In front of the altar, and almost in the centre of the chapel, is a grating covering the spot where, according to tradition, the wonderful privilege was vouchsafed.

"Nel crudo sasso, in tra Tevere et Arno,
Do CRISTO prese l'ultimo sigillo
Che le sue membra du anni portarmo."

—*Dante, pas. xi. 100.*

After Matins, on Wednesdays and Fridays, kneeling around this grating, and in perfect darkness, the monks scourge themselves with steel disciplines. One could not but remember that kneeling there in the beauteous morning sunshine, and feel ashamed of that easy-going Christianity, the sort of "arm-chair" piety, that characterizes too many of the nineteenth century Christians. One regret I had: that the monks, whilst thus disciplining themselves, cannot see that exquisitely beautiful altar-piece, so as to have before the bodily as well as the mental eye so touchingly suggestive a representation of that one suffering which sanctifies all pain, and that alone renders any that is self-inflicted a worthy and acceptable offering. In

the little ante-chapel there is, above the altar, a large-sized figure of St. Francis, a late addition, and though I do not as a rule like colored statues, this one seemed to be creditable to modern art; but to compare it with that full interpretation of the saint's face, that presentment of the whole man, which Andrea della Robbia was inspired to give to himself and us, and of which I have already spoken, would be almost a profanation. Yet I greatly fear that the modern brethren, good, simple souls! have a greater pride in this new statue that is uncovered only on festas and for visitors. There is something else there, though, that is better. Round the niche in which

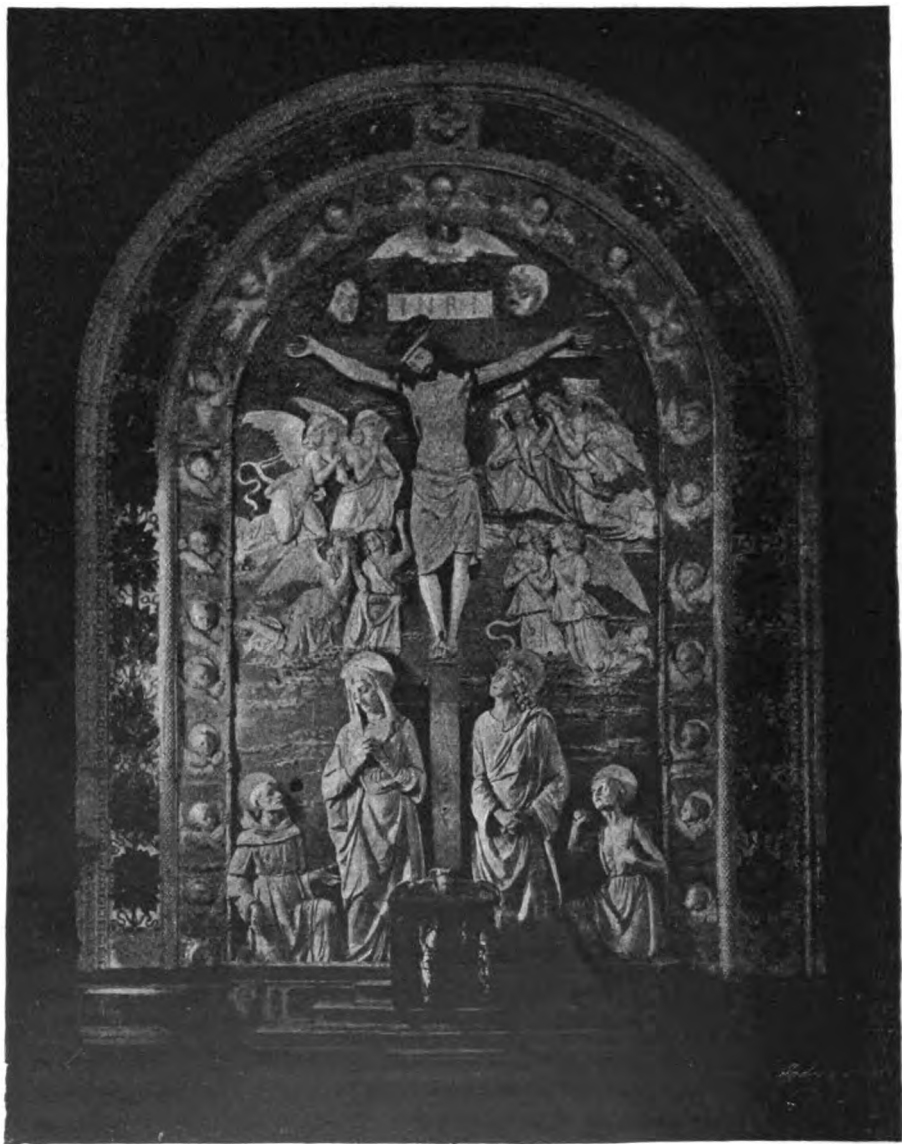


POPPI, FROM THE PIAZZA OF BIBBIENA.

the figure stands is trained the beautiful Australian creeper that bears delicate-hued lavender-blue blossoms, two or three of which I was given by the kindly, bright-mannered young monk who, after we had breakfasted, conducted us to all the *Luoghi Santi*. They are numerous, and the tour involved a considerable amount of exertion; but I would not have missed an inch of the road, for not only is the associative interest great, but the scenery is wild and romantic.

The narrow gorges between giant rocks, and the zigzag wooded paths cut out on the face of the cliff, precipice above and precipice below, reminded me of Dollar Glen, and of many other famously beautiful places in bonnie Scotland. In the

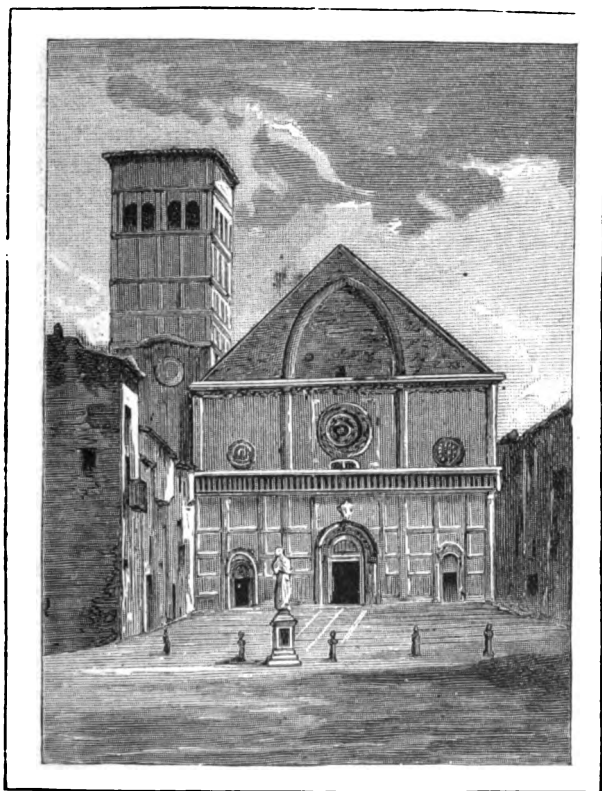
rocky clefts and beside the mossy paths grow many delicately fronded ferns, and quantities of cyclamen; so, probably, the



ALTAR-PIECE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE STIGMATA, LA VERNA.

wild boars sometimes take their walks there in the depth of winter, its root, which they ruthlessly dig up, being a favorite food with them.

We were accompanied in our pilgrimage by two peasant children, black-eyed lassies of eight and ten years old. The elder wore a triple row of rose-seeds round her dusky throat, making a point of vivid color between it and the white chemisette that was most effective. Very devout were these little girls, joining with much fervor in the brief prayers which it is the pious custom to offer at each of the shrines, and



CATHEDRAL OF SANTA RUFINO.

which prayers our guide, although himself a priest, invariably asked Dr. C—— to lead.

I think that there are perhaps too many of these holy places. Human nature cannot feel the same fervor of devotion in each separately, especially when the underlying interest is the same in all. The one which touched me the most was the deep, dark cavern, shut in by lofty walls of rock, where, perpetually chanting the penitential psalms, St. Francis spent the Lent of St. Michael. We all know the story: how only one monk, Brother Leo, was allowed to visit him, and that only once

a day, bringing a little bread and water; and once also at night, at which time he had always to wait at the narrow entrance, and to say "Domine, labia mea aperies," and how, if an answer came, he might enter the cave and say Matins with the saint; and how, if there was silence, he was forced to depart.

"Very unwillingly," mused I to myself, must he have turned away his steps, and I hoped that the saint did not often give him that pain. "In this world we cannot have everything."



Fresco by GIOTTO, AT ASSISI.

"No pleasure, not even the purest, is perfectly satisfying!" No proverbs are more true than these, and yet there are few that the human mind is more apt to forget; and thus it was that whilst really enjoying all this beautiful scenery, and these interest-fraught places, I was also longing to be hearing the music in the church, where I knew that a Mass for a brother just dead was going on. At last we were free to go there, and, to my great satisfaction, in time to hear

the "De Profundis," which in vocal and instrumental rendering was simply perfect; truly—

"The music was

Of divine stature, strong to pass,

With giant march: from floor to roof

Rose the full notes—now parted off

In pauses, massively aloof,

Like measured thunders;—now rejoined

In concords of mysterious kind

Which fused together sense and mind."

"In pauses, massively aloof." I know no other words wherewith to give you an idea of the solemn minims of the opening line "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine."

The anguish of the cry from the depths pressed itself into the soul; then, thanks to God! rose to the Throne on high—

"Flashing, sharp on sharp along," and coming back to earth in a torrent of rainbow-hued notes, the glad confidence of—"Quia apud Dominum misericordia, et copiosa apud eum redemptio."

To hear that psalm sung to such music in St. Francis's own La Verna was a great lesson. It seemed the embodiment of the saint's whole life—"from the depths" to the mercy and the "plenteous redemption." And now, far above and beyond all need even of those, he sings "Magnificat anima mea Dominum."

All too swiftly passed the moments of our one remaining hour. Part of it was spent in taking a meal very similar to that of the preceding evening, because in Italy Saturday is also a day of abstinence. We took farewell of the two or three kindly monks with whom we had come in contact, and then reluctantly passed out of the monastery gates; and not by the stony road, but by a shorter way, through a marshy and yet rock-strewn meadow, reached the village where our handsome charioteer and his little carriage were duly ready for us.

Over and above the brilliancy of the sunshine, and the balminess of the air, the return journey had its own pleasant episode. Dr. C— asked the driver to buy some grapes from one of the many vineyards that skirted all the road when once the hill region had been left behind. For a few pence great clusters of purple grapes, with leaves and stems and curling tendrils, were heaped in my lap, until I could have imagined myself Pomona. As the good monks' rather over-salted fare had made us thirsty we *did* enjoy those grapes, and for at least a quarter of an hour our tongues were silent. The downward path is ever easy, and so we too quickly reached Bibbiena station; and the poetry of the past twenty-four hours was soon merged in the prose of every-day life, but the glamour of its memory is still with me, writing in golden letters the lesson it was meant to teach.



BISHOP POTTER AND ANGLICAN ORDERS:
WHAT NOW?

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS.



THE Holy Father has at last spoken on the question of Anglican orders. And so has Dr. Potter, the Protestant Bishop of New York, in his late charge to the clergy of his diocese. The Servant of the servants of God has decided. And he is so fortunate as to get the assurance from Dr. Potter that, on the whole, his decision is a rather good one. At all events this right reverend critic of the Sovereign Pontiff is "profoundly thankful" that the chief shepherd of Christendom has declared that his (Dr. Potter's) priestly orders are absolutely invalid! In fact the bishop fairly gloats over this, and, with a smack of his lips, tells his assembled clergy that the Holy Father's declaration that not one of them was ever a priest is a welcome piece of news, singularly calculated to advance the cause of Christ in the world. The lofty allusion of Dr. Potter to the "large ignorance" and "provincial narrowness" of Leo XIII. is simply delicious, while the flippant, jaunty, incredibly impudent air of the bishop's charge has been already commented upon editorially in a great secular newspaper.

HALF A CENTURY ROMeward.

The recent learned and characteristic pronouncement of the Vicar of Christ brings to a close one of the most momentous causes of modern times; and Bishop Potter's charge to the Protestant ministers of New York, a day or two after, betrays the fact that much not visible upon the surface hung upon Leo's word. For fifty years the spiritual impulse of the great Anglican communion has been persistently toward Catholicity. A steady stream of converts showed how the currents moved, while the magnificent advance of ritual (in spite of the authorities and rooted prejudices in high places) proved that the very heart of England was grown devout, and that the bulwarks of the Reformation were crumbling fast. Along with this, part cause and part effect of it, sprang up a sacerdotal sense among the clergy, and what was once pure "par-

son" became a "priest." The reading-desk diminished both in size and meaning directly that the altar was built anew and raised on steps, and decked with cross and candles. The apostolical succession became absorbing; the priestly powers of sacrifice and absolution dearer than all.

No wonder that when views like these became wide-spread men turned toward Rome, whose orders no one questioned, to seek corroboration at her hands. And who but God shall know the hours of mortal anguish suffered by those who, having learned the deep, unspeakable desire for priesthood, knew not with certitude whether that grace was theirs? It was from bottomless, vague terrors of the night of doubt that some sought certainty and peace through roundabout and devious means such as the secret society for corporate reunion whose members, remaining beneficed clergymen of the Church of England, secured reordination on the Continent from certain bishops of the Roman line.

Others—great multitudes were these—finding no peace in the discharge of functions for which the good and sure authority was at least uncertain, fled for salvation to the Rock of Peter, preferring much to be lay "*keepers of the door of the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tabernacles of unrighteousness.*"

NIBBLING AT UNITY.

Meanwhile, the whole communion of the Anglicans was being leavened, and one heard less and less of "Christian unity" from which the Church of Peter was left out. Innocent talk about the Holy Father's "primacy but not supremacy" began to be indulged in by ritualists, and even deans and bishops (in guarded phrase) would now and then refer to the two hundred million Catholics as part of Christendom. Then came such movements as that of the English Church Union coquetting boldly with the ecclesiastics on the Continent, chiefly in France. And then came that unprecedentedly great and good man for such a cause—Lord Halifax, with his avowed intention to consult the Pope. He did consult him. And so at length came the commission to inquire into the question of the validity of English orders. *Roma locuta est—causa finita est.* The cause is ended.

What will the consequences be? Catholics, it is quite possible to think, do not appreciate just what this question meant to hundreds of English clergymen. Nobody, of course, can tell what the result will be. It will be great, profound, immediate,

most certainly. Nobody expected any other decision. Apart entirely from theological and canonical considerations, a common-sense view of the three hundred years of Anglican Protestantism would lead the least informed observer to conclude that a body of ministers exercising no sacerdotal functions, denouncing in vehement terms the very name and office of a priest, abolishing and denying the sacramental mysteries for many generations, could possibly have been true priests. That their successors were now longing for and claiming the sacred orders could not make good this hiatus of three hundred years.

But so impelling was the sacrificial aspect of the priestly character now grown that the august machinery of Rome was set in motion to winnow out the chaff, of which great quantities exist about all antique quarrels, to find if haply but one grain of wheat were there.

Had that one grain of the pure wheat of grace been found in English orders, it would have meant that English Eucharists contain the very Bread of Life, and that the clergymen of the Established Church are true dispensers of God's great mysteries.

THE ANXIETY OF ENGLAND.

To thousands upon thousands Rome's word of approbation would have meant joy unspeakable. England's first citizen and foremost layman, William E. Gladstone, felt so intensely what the Pope's word meant, that he wrote recently to ask the Holy Father *not* to speak that word, lest—should the word be nay—the cause of Christian Union might be injured much. Before innumerable altars the earnest clergy of the English Church have prayed each day that Rome would recognize them, and thus the one great, final barrier be burned away.

It makes one's head swim to imagine all that would have instantly transpired had thirty thousand Anglicans been declared true priests. The heartache of uncertainty for ever gone, the precious balm of a good conscience at last allaying the awful smart of duty flinched from. The thrill of the awakening of a day of wondrous meaning.

Was Leo tempted? Dr. Potter says he was—and lauds him for resisting. Leo was tortured rather. As a father is, so was the father of the faithful tortured by yearning love. They asked a stone—the rock of error; he gives them bread—the bread of truth. And while he feeds them thus he feels—does not his language show it?—he feels that by his very benedic-

tion he may drive them from him! From *him!* who has so yearned and prayed and agonized for them!

O Holy Father! they *will* come!—not in battalions, as troublous, doubtful allies, but singly, and in humbleness of heart. They will come now—now as they came never in all time before, now that the Voice that all the unseen workings of the Holy Ghost are making men revere has told them the plain truth.

Quite reverently one may be able to look down into the great warm hearts of those true men who sought for Leo's word, and see, now that the word is said, that shock of bitter sorrow from which the miracles of grace do most spring forth. How many reading this pronouncement in the morning papers knew what an epoch had been made in Christian history?

Such, then, has been this celebrated cause, weighed by so able and so great a Pontiff. A vital, elemental, and far-reaching matter has been decided. God will again be justified, and man be taught.

And Bishop Potter says that he is glad! Glad that he whom Gladstone calls the first bishop of Christendom, and whom Dr. Potter styles "venerable," has sorrowfully had to say that not a man whom Bishop Potter has ordained was thereby made a priest!

What does he care? Not a fig! He says so. And he calls such men as Lord Halifax "unmanly" and "fatuous." And, forgetting apparently his whole past rôle of an apostle of "unity" and Catholicity, he comes out in his true colors as a downright vindictive Protestant—one who rejoices in the fact that this "far-seeing age" of ours is much too knowing to be hoodwinked by ecclesiastical authorities. The world is going to do its own thinking. The past, with its apostolic successions, authorities, traditions, doctrines, must now look sharp, as it stands at the bar of the modern thinker(?) and everything must rest on its own basis. What seems so to me, *is* so to me. And being so to *me* it must be so to you, or else you are not a thinker!

AN APOTHEOSIS OF INDIVIDUALISM AND INCERTITUDE.

Not often in these latter days of unctuous "alliances" and "movements looking to Christian unity" are we treated to such outspoken Protestantism. Here is this famous bishop, stung by the declaration of the Holy Father, stultifying himself, and

coming out squarely for private judgment and the divinity of doubt. The Pope is ignorant, provincial, and incapable of seeing a question in the clear, broad way in which Dr. Potter does! And, anyhow, who pays the slightest attention to what the Pope says? As a wretched piece of taste, as an insult to fully half of the very clergy who had to hear it, and as an evidence of the shallowness of his pompous posing as a lover of unity, this charge of the bishop of New York to his clergy in convention assembled is a masterpiece. It states that "we are the organs of the Voice"; we—that is to say, each one of us is an organ of the One Voice! Sitting before him as he spoke were doubtless the rectors of St. Ignatius' (dizzy), St. Agnes' (high), St. George's (broad), All Souls (agnostic), St. Bartholomew's (comfortable), Heavenly Rest (sweetness and light)—representing every form of belief from that of "Robert Elsmere" to that of Newman. And yet their right reverend ventriloquist maintained that they—"we are the organs of the Voice." So be it! To such a man what does the sublime conception of unity which Leo presents signify? One may judge which tends toward the reunion of the world—the abounding charity and unyielding truthfulness of our great shepherd, or the flaunting individualism and supercilious egotism of this modern specimen of an ecclesiastic.

At the very moment that the cold, disheartening periods of Bishop Potter's charge were dropping from his icy lips scores of devout men sat before him with wonder and disgust down in their souls;—men who *believe* themselves the priests of God, and *know* that Leo XIII. is neither ignorant nor base; men, therefore, who will ponder what he says, and find a new grief—it may be finally a new joy—contained in it.



PURGATORY.

BY M. T. BLACK.

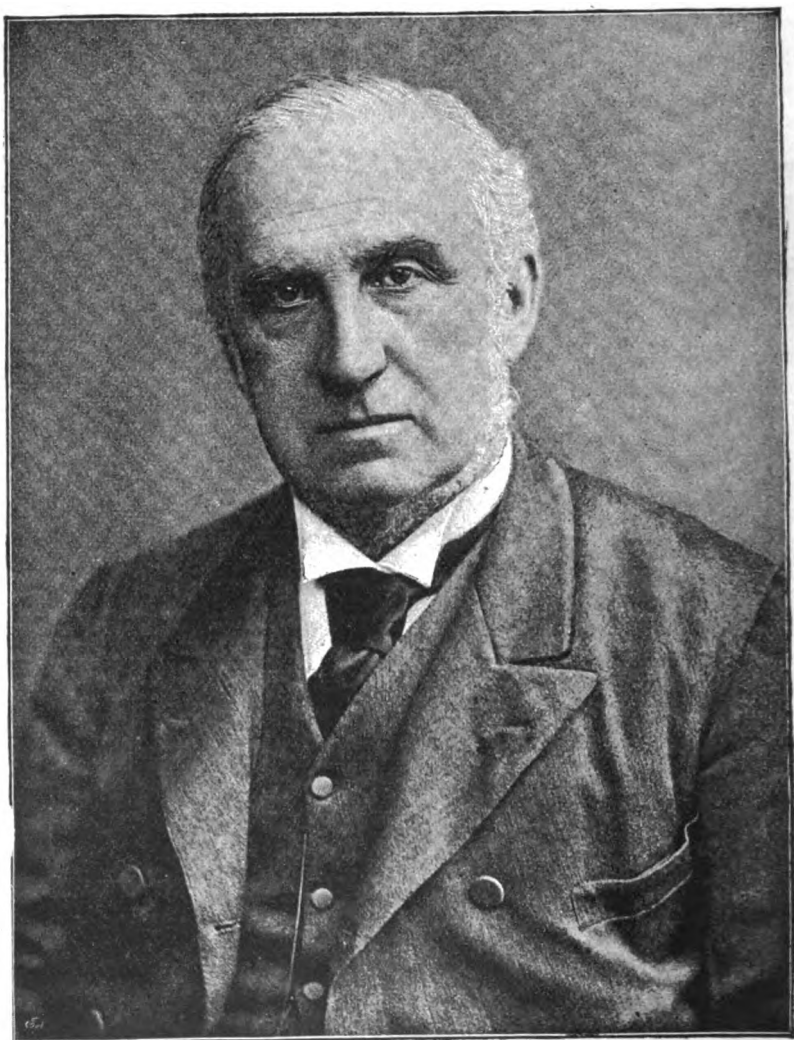


FEARLESS above the wild and snow-capped height
The eagle sails, not knowing full his might,
Till, baffled once before the storm-cloud's force,
An instant backward driven in his course,
Again he tries the gale and battles through
There, in the boundless heaven's eternal blue,
To tempt the sun.

With burning kindled by sweet freedom's breath,
The soldier, for his cause despising death,
Knows not the joy for which he fiercely fights,
Till, once repelled, he scales again the heights,
Upon the conquered ramparts there to stand
Flushed with the light of hope for fatherland
In battle won.

Through death to Love hastes the repentant soul,
Nor knows how stainless is the spirit's goal,
Until, restrained in love's reluctant fire,
Refined by pain of unattained desire,
She thence escapes, pure, to a purer light,
And knows that 'neath the warmth of God's fair sight
Life is begun.

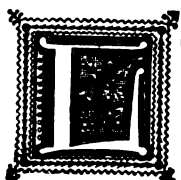




Karl Kautsky
K. Kautsky

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN AND THE CHIEF- JUSTICESHIP OF ENGLAND.

BY A TEMPLAR.



LORD RUSSELL of Killowen—or, to give his full title and style, the Right Honorable Sir Charles Russell, knight, Lord Russell of Killowen—is not the least remarkable of that line of great lawyers who have had so much to do with “making” the constitutional and criminal law of England. I say “making” advisedly, because, putting aside the more or less fanciful theory of lost enactments, the common law in so far as it is distinguished by lawyers from the statute law, and in fact all case-law, is judge-made law. We find it in the reports that fill law libraries; and this vast mass of precedent has been steadily growing through the ages, partly by judgments interpreting clauses of a statute, such as are had on clauses of the statute of frauds; partly by the enunciation of a principle already latent in some enactment, or a judgment, or a doctrine of the common law, like a particular application of the statute of uses, for instance, or like the deducing of the rule in *Shelley's case*; * and partly by the still further unfolding of a principle already enunciated, as in the evolution of a tenancy from year to year out of a tenancy at will, the law on the agricultural customs, the rights held to be incident to other rights or to duties, say in some cases of burgage tenure, or the rise and growth of the complicated law of trusts in land out of the practice of feoffments to uses. It may be said that almost all the greatest lawyers in equity and at common law for more than two centuries have laid the foundation for success in this labor of law-reporting.

It is not, however, an essential step to success; for Russell does not seem to have been a law-reporter, but that he was an uncommonly good pleader I have some reason to believe. Indeed I was strongly recommended in 1863, or thereabouts, to study pleading with him. And the advice was given by a person who knew well the fitness of Russell to teach the art of

* Every English lawyer will know that I do not mean the equity case concerning the custody of children, but the great case that gives the rule for determining the meaning of the word “heirs” in a settlement.

pleading,* but who differed from him *toto cælo* in political and religious sympathies. My friend was a considerable country gentleman in Roscommon, Mr. Kennedy of Oakport, Boyle, who had been called to the English bar and stayed at Westminster for a few terms after his call. In a paper like this, which must be largely a gossipy one, consisting as it does, to some extent, of family history, and to some extent of a history of the great office which Lord Russell of Killowen fills, it will not be out of keeping to tell the American reader some things about the legal profession in England which he could not by any possibility know from his experience of the institution in his own country.

The very person alluded to above as my adviser was one of a class peculiar to the British Isles, and the like of which, the parallel for which, can only be found in Rome, and particularly Rome up to the Empire. The reader will see in Blackstone's Commentaries that that jurist impresses on young men who were to take a leading place in their counties on account of estate and social status, the propriety of making a study of the law. In this he was as much giving recognition to an usage as recommending a practice. There is hardly a great family in England that is not descended from a lawyer. Even all the blood of all the Howards flows from Sir William Howard, who was most likely chief-justice, certainly a puisne judge, in the reign of Edward I., and the present Prime Minister of England belongs so distinctly to a legal family that it would be contrary to precedent if some son in every generation was not bred to the law. Consequently we have Lord Robert Cecil a practising barrister at the present moment. As I have said, it was usual for a young man, the heir of a great estate, to get called to the bar for the sake of the honorary degree, and to go a circuit or two before he proceeded to administer unpaid justice at petty and quarter sessions in his county.†

At the same time, though barristers were very great gentlemen, or at least supposed to be so, one finds a very decided admiration for fees handed down among them from the earliest

* By pleading is meant the drawing of pleas—that is to say, the allegations of statement and answer until issue is knit between the parties. From this it must be seen that a good pleader is very possibly a different man to a good advocate, though he may be both. At common law a man must know his practice, procedure, and precedents to be a good pleader, but to be a good advocate he need not know anything—well, hardly anything.

† The reader will have no difficulty in finding an allusion to this in Henry IV., where we learn that Shallow had spent his time at an inn of court, though he was to have land and beeves; but more distinctly is it suggestive of the custom when we read into the shadow, Justice Shallow, the reality, Sir Thomas Lucy, a man of character and standing in Shakspeare's boyhood.

times; and this despite the theory that they were not to be paid for their services.* I am not aware to what extent the Roman relation of patron and client subsisted in England; it extended almost the whole way in Ireland to living memory, and over a great part of the way in Scotland, until the Union in 1707, when a pettifogging class began to find their way to, and introduced their own spirit into the Scotch bar. One thing seems clear, that there is no account of any great English lawyer attended by a retinue of clients such as accompanied a Roman nobleman to the Forum, or crowded after Prime Sergeant Malone in the last century, or Mr. O'Connell in this, as they proceeded to the Four Courts,† or followed a Maxwell to the Parliament Close to show their Jacobitism, or a Campbell to prove their Whiggery and Presbyterianism.

But for all that one will find at the English bar, and filling the place now occupied by the Irishman, Charles Russell, members of families as great as the Roman Fabii. The claimant to the throne of Scotland, Robert de Brus, whose title was vindicated by the valor and fortune of his son Robert at Bannockburn, appears in the legal records as "*Capitalis Justiciarius ad placita coram Rege tenenda*"—the exact modern designation of the chief of the Queen's Bench. It is curious enough, too, that Bruce was the first who presided under the improved system by which the chief of the King's Bench was required, at least supposed, to have nothing more to do with military affairs or the government of the kingdom. It had become by this time the place of a lawyer—rather than that of a minister and judge combined.

Looking back from Lord Russell to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux and Earl of Kent,‡ the first Chief Justiciar, as he was called, we have a singularly interesting history of the development of an institution running side by side with the advance of the social system to which it belonged, and to whose progress it contributed in no small degree. Notwithstanding theories of social evolution, which are flaunted before us with the

* As a matter of fact a barrister cannot recover fees. The solicitor or attorney pays him what are called fees, and includes them with the other items in his bill of costs.

† I do not think Anthony Malone ever appeared in the present Four Courts. Notwithstanding the perversion of the family, the Malones were idolized as a great race of lawyers.

‡ There is an amusing instance of cynical sagacity in the reply of William the Conqueror to this half-brother Odo when arresting him for what would be like filibustering at present. The king's officers had scrupled to lay hands upon him on account of the immunities claimed by ecclesiastics, so he himself was obliged to seize Odo. When the latter claimed his exemption from temporal jurisdiction, William exclaimed: "God forbid that I should touch the Bishop of Bayeux, but I make the Earl of Kent my prisoner."

confidence of sciolism from lecture-room and platform, one sees in the legal growth of English society evidence of constant forces, prejudices, ambitions, social aggregates and their rivalries, very much as they are to-day. Whatever change has taken place in external life in its aspects of peace and war, or rather public tranquillity and disturbance—and the change is great—it is surprising how little difference, allowing for so many new factors, there is between the tone of the national mind under the Norman and early Plantagenet kings and its tone in the present hour.

As a proof of the principle just stated I shall cite the words of Peter of Blois concerning the *Aula Regis* under date 1180. This was the tribunal out of whose bosom the Queen's Bench came, and which represented it more distinctly than did the co-ordinate jurisdictions of the Common Pleas and Exchequer, which, like the Queen's Bench, issued from that source. Speaking of this great tribunal when Ranulfus de Glanville* became chief justiciar, "if causes," said Peter de Blois in his letter to Henry II., "are tried in the presence of your highness, or your chief justiciar, then neither gifts nor partiality are admitted; then all things proceed according to the rules of justice and judgment; nor does ever the sentence or decree transgress the limits of equity. But the great men of your kingdom, though full of enmity against each other, unite to prevent the complaints of the people against the exactions of sheriffs, or other officers in any inferior jurisdictions, whom they have recommended and patronize, from coming to your royal ears. The combination of these magnates can only be truly compared to the conjunction of scales on the back of the behemoth of the Scriptures, which fold over each other, and form by their closeness an impenetrable defence."

This quaint illustration of Peter de Blois applies with painful precision to the action of associated railway companies in the United States, and combinations of capitalists aiming to control some industry or to obtain possession of some natural agent. The grievances were clearly perceived then, and the court was strong enough to deal with those that came before it. But the interception of complaint by powerful influences prevented too many of the wrongs of the poor from reaching the court until at length, under the force of events and in the

* Glanville wrote "A Treatise on the Laws and Customs of the Kingdom of England," which on some points is still an authority. His precedents in real actions were the forms used until such actions were abolished in the reign of William IV.

grinding of war and revolution, that strong and settled justice was secured in England which protects the artisan and the laborer against wealth and power.

What would appear to be a more dangerous influence than wealth and power, popular passion and enthusiasm, had to be reckoned with by Lord Russell only the other day in trying those prosecuted for the raid into the Transvaal and complicity in the conspiracy to sustain it. Nor did it seem clear on the last Foreign Enlistment Act that adhesion to a conspiracy carried on within the jurisdiction of the crown by persons not resident within the jurisdiction came within the purview of the statute. If the noble and learned lord and his colleagues were desirous to pander to public feeling there was at least in this particular an opportunity to gratify it. I think the Chief in dealing with those South African filibusters made rulings which can compare for clearness of exposition, authority, and title to respect with those of any of his predecessors in cases of public passion and where consequences of the most far-reaching character were involved.

It is thought that in this case exceptional and unsuspected influences were at work. I should be sorry to think so; but we know that Lord Russell's predecessors were subjected to all kinds of influence, and that the spirits of many were not then wanting to the cause of liberty and justice. Kings, the Houses, great personages, ministers—one and all employed themselves after their manner in trying to lead justice to betray its trust and to become the terror instead of being the protection of the subject. If some judges succumbed to the evil of the time, their suppleness or their corruption is compensated for by the courage and integrity of so many. Next to the examples of public spirit that come to him from Greece and Rome, the school-boy is animated by the sentence of Gascoigne, Chief-Justice, pronounced upon Prince Henry: "And now, for your contempte and disobedience, go you to the pryson of the kynges benche whitherto I commytte you, and remayne ye there prysoner until the pleasure of the kynge your father be further knowen."

In some respects the present Chief-Justice is perhaps the most remarkable of the entire line. As an advocate he had no equal at the common-law bar. He had to contend against a double prejudice against his country and religion, but almost from his call he started into a practice which put him in the foremost rank while still a comparatively young man. The way he led for Mr. Parnell and the other "incriminated"

members is something never to be forgotten. His courage and resource never failed him during all the anxiety of an inquiry in which not merely the reputation of individuals was concerned, but the very cause of his country, dearer to him than all other interests, was deeply involved. Indeed in his whole life Charles Russell is a signal example of ability, integrity, fidelity winning the highest professional and social distinction without causing any feeling anywhere except that of unmixed satisfaction. I know of no Irishman settled in England except himself, and perhaps the amiable and high-minded Earl of Moira who became first Marquis of Hastings, who was not anxious to be deemed an Englishman, if not in birth, in sympathy and will. Edmund Burke laid upon the altar of English greatness all his marvellous powers. Even his profound knowledge of Irish affairs meant no more than an equally profound knowledge of Indian; and the hatred of injustice and oppression which caused him to be so strenuous an advocate of Catholic relief had its counterpart in his speeches on questions affecting the interests of India, in his exertions to bring about the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and his wonderful efforts of industry and genius as one of the managers of the impeachment.

As Burke did, Russell belongs to the lesser gentry of Ireland, a class which produces well-bred and accomplished men, but rarely men of great energy and ambition. Like Burke,* he left behind him the narrow traditions of home, and trusted himself to the great theatre of the island where the whole life of the empire pulsates. He was right. As a visitor said to me only the other day, talking of the minority in Ireland, "There is nothing in the world to compare with their sublime attitude"; and this attitude of utter intolerance of Catholicity and contempt for national feeling; this attitude of invincible superiority which causes them to learn nothing and forget nothing, would have prevented Russell from attaining high rank at the bar unless, like a certain Catholic baronet, he sold himself, and, like a certain Catholic lord, he sold his party.

* It may be added that, like Burke, he is a graduate of Trinity. Another Trinity man, the late Earl Cairns, was the leader of the Equity Bar. So that in this generation one Irishman led the Equity, another the Common-law Bar of England. Russell received his preparatory education from the Vincentians of Castleknock College, Dublin, of which at the time, as I understand from the following story, Dr. Gillooly, the late Bishop of Elphin, was president. I heard at a great country-house in Roscommon, Clonalis, the residence of The O'Connor Don, that Lord Russell shortly after his elevation to the peerage met Dr. Gillooly at a watering-place in Wales. It was the first time since he left Castleknock that he saw his old master, and his first impulse was to adjust his dress to receive the customary flogging.

INSTITUTES FOR PAROCHIAL SCHOOL TEACHERS.

BY B. ELLEN BURKE.



HE voluntary school system under parochial auspices has become an educational force in the United States that cannot be ignored and that must be reckoned with. From small beginnings it has grown into a wonderful organization.

The school-houses are built, the rooms are filled with children, the teachers are at their posts. What is the next movement for progress?

It is well to repeat old truisms as new generations appear to inherit the experiences of mankind, and none is more applicable to-day to the parochial schools of the United States than "In union there is strength"; or clearer and stronger, "United we stand, divided we fall." Are we united in a way that we can stand, or are we a loose arrangement of units that is in danger of falling? Destruction will never come from without; the history of the nations where education flourished and waned and died proves that decay begins from within. The Catholic schools in the United States ought to be united in such a way that each and every school, from kindergarten to university, might help each and every other school in the land. The strength to be gained by union cannot be overestimated; the inspiration of the many marching shoulder to shoulder to battle in a common cause is not the least argument in favor of unification. As one spark can communicate flame to tons of powder, so one new idea will frequently set in motion a train of thought powerful enough to revolutionize the methods of teaching thousands of children. It is sad almost to despair to see the amount of force and power wasted by lack of union—force and power sufficient to energize the whole teaching body with a life that cannot be created by isolation.

The child with only one childhood, with powers and possibilities to become a fully developed being, with only one life in which to prepare for eternity, needs and ought to have the best the world can give by way of assistance during these budding, blossoming, ripening years. The soul God created and Christ died for is worthy of the greatest care, profoundest thought, and tenderest love. The teacher who comes in con-

tact with this soul, who professes ability to guide and inspire, and knowledge to wisely furnish material and opportunity for proper development, should be one with much understanding of the law of growth, should know how to foster, lead, and direct, should be growing herself. A cessation of growth in either the one teaching or the one taught is a sure indication of intellectual death.

ONE MILLION CHILDREN IN PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

Our children, our treasures, God's little ones, are in the school-rooms being trained for time and eternity. The following will show about the number of children at present in the Catholic schools of the United States:

New York Province,	205,234
Cincinnati	"	156,445
Boston	"	122,235
Philadelphia	"	107,326
Chicago	"	77,960
Milwaukee	"	54,726
St. Louis	"	43,450
New Orleans	"	41,144
Baltimore	"	31,286
San Francisco	"	29,460
Dubuque	"	27,959
St. Paul	"	27,777
Oregon City	"	12,174
Santa Fé	"	8,925
Total,	946,101

These figures fall below the aggregate of children in attendance, as the number in some of the industrial schools could not be ascertained in time for the writing of this article. The reports from several of the larger cities indicate an increase during the months of September and October, 1896, over the months of the last scholastic year, sufficient to warrant the assumption that there are nearly one million children now being educated in schools under the auspices of the Catholic Church in the United States. What a power for good is the right education of so many people! Whether the child be the son of the beggar or the heir of the millionaire, he has a soul to save, talents to develop, a work to do in this world, and possibilities that belong to him alone. What need for good schools, the very best!

THE BEST TEACHER IS NECESSARY.

The school is what the teacher makes it. If we want good schools, we must have good teachers; and if we want good

teachers, we must aid them, care for them, encourage them in every way possible. The people have been giving to the teachers in the parochial schools a minimum of aid and have been demanding a maximum of results. The teachers in the state schools are receiving a vast amount of assistance that always comes from intelligent co-operation. Conventions, associations, summer-schools, and institutes in many parts of the country enable the teachers to meet each other without the cost being oppressive. Frequently the teachers in the parochial schools can avail themselves of the benefits to be gained by attendance at these gatherings. At the National Educational Association in Buffalo, in July, 1896, a large number of nuns were at the general and department sessions, but they were principally ones living in Buffalo and vicinity. The question of expense necessarily had to be taken into consideration. The printed report of these meetings never conveys what the living voice and flashing eye impart to the audience.

The Summer-School work begun in New London and continued in Plattsburg, Madison, and New Orleans has done great good for the cause of education in the United States. The work accomplished in these schools cannot be judged by the amount done in the few weeks they are in session. The stimulus given to higher education is far-reaching. The University extension courses and reading circles that have had their rise in these centres extend out and beyond over the whole country, and are manifestations of the value of the work begun in these places. An interest in the work done in these schools is a fair test of one's interest in the uplifting and betterment of humanity.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE WORK.

The Teachers' Institute work of 1895-96 opened up another opportunity for the instructors in our parochial schools. As this work was for teachers, it was so planned that the institute came to them, thereby giving a large number a chance to avail themselves of this means of studying methods of teaching. The institute work in Catholic schools in this country is yet in a formative state, but plans are ready to be put into operation that, if successful, will prove that this department of work is one of such benefit to the teachers that it must be sustained. In addition to the method work, which will always be the marked feature, round tables are to be organized, thereby giving all an opportunity to discuss the subjects in which they are most interested. During the school year of 95-96 about three thousand nuns attended these institutes, or the

courses of lectures connected directly with the work. Already application has been made for twelve institutes for the summer vacation of 1897.

"Teachers' Institute," as this phrase is now understood in the United States and Canada, is a meeting of teachers for the purpose of considering methods of teaching, ways and means of governing children, or, to express the latter thought in more correct terms, ways and means of developing self-control and of character-building in the child. The institute differs from the summer-school proper in that the one makes the general topic of methods of teaching paramount, the other gives prominence to subject-matter that will aid and broaden all professional people. The institute is of interest to the doctor or lawyer only as he is interested in the right methods of educating the race; the summer-school is of interest because his own knowledge of subject-matter will be increased, and if he assimilate what is given to him, he will become more cultured. Both the institute and the summer-school are of personal value to the teacher.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL INSTITUTE WORK.

The State of New York has a Bureau of Institutes under the jurisdiction of the State Department of Public Instruction. This institute force consists of a superior of institutes, five conductors, three special teachers, and one lecturer. All the members of the force are experienced teachers who are now engaged all the year in connection with the institute work of the State. An institute of one week is held in each one of the 114 commissioner districts of the State. All persons engaged in teaching in the public schools of the State, outside the cities and towns employing a regular superintendent, are obliged by law to attend these institutes. The teachers usually attend the ones held in their own commissioner district. Although city teachers are exempt because of the advantages obtained from direct supervision and faculty meetings, many of them do attend the State institutes. The instructors employed by the State are authorized to visit normal schools or any schools noted for good work, to attend conventions and associations of teachers, and in every way keep in sympathy with the great educational movements of the day. Educators deem it essential that teachers should frequently meet each other, exchange ideas, discuss the topics of the day pertaining to their work, and in every way help one another.

In the other States of the Union the institute work, while a recognized feature of the state departments of public instruc-

tion, has not a bureau or sub-department of its own; the instructors are selected and supported in a manner different from the one employed in the State of New York. Frequently the teachers in the elementary schools pay a large portion of the expenses themselves, instead of all being furnished by the department.

In some of the Southern States the institute work is inaugurated each season by a general meeting of all the instructors, who spend several days together, receiving instruction in psychology, pedagogy, and general methods from the best teachers in the country—professors from the state universities and others. They discuss among themselves the needs of each locality, the results of work done in former years, and at the close of the meeting go out to the different counties of the State and hold institutes for the teachers in the elementary and secondary schools. In no part of the country is greater enthusiasm manifested at these meetings of teachers than in the prairie States. It is nothing uncommon for the teachers to urge instructors to extend the length of the session, and the early morn and the late evening find them occupied with note-books or works of reference, or engaged in discussions upon the mooted questions taken up in general sessions.

The zeal and interest shown in the institute work inaugurated for the benefit of teachers in parochial schools are second to none manifested by educators in any part of the country for any educational movement. This interest was not confined to teachers alone, but extended to the clergy who supervised and inspired the work and to all the friends of the parochial schools. The work under consideration for 1897 will cover a greater area and will be enriched by several new features not attempted the first year.

LINES OF IMPROVEMENT.

Much is demanded and much will always be demanded of institute instructors. They must be constant students, must watch the trend of thought of the world in matters pertaining to education, must study the best methods of teaching as exemplified in the best schools of the country. The institute force will need to be affiliated with some strong educational centre, in order to be under the watchful eye and fostering care of safe and reliable supervision. The question that will need to be offered to the teachers in the institutes of 1897 will be of great import. The strongest feature of the work of 1896 was how to correlate Christian doctrine with arithmetic, grammar, nature-study, history, and all the subjects that belong in the school-room.

Evidently the reading circles, summer-schools, and institutes are of sufficient educational value that they are to remain with us. They are epoch-making facts in the history of the church in the United States. They should be fostered and encouraged. Each branch of educational work has its own distinctive features, but all should be united for the common good of the whole. "Communion of saints" is broad enough to include communion of those striving to be saints by doing a great work for a great motive.

Our teachers need more assistance than can be given to them during vacations only. We need an information bureau, a place where the teacher can be free to write for instruction on any subject. We need a national normal school. Each novitiate is a normal school standing alone, neither giving nor taking from the other normal schools of the land. No one is free to visit it, to see and hear the method work, to watch the novices in the practice school. We need a place where all interested can go and see the work, remain days, months if necessary, as pupils or observers; bringing to it the good from the whole world and taking from it whatever may be found needful. In *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* of April, 1890, this idea of a normal school for Catholic teachers was ably advanced by Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., of Peoria, Ill., and as long ago as the early 70's McMaster, in the *Freeman's Journal*, gave us some strong articles favoring such an institution. A school on a broad foundation, with method teachers, model teachers, critics, lecturers, practice schools, is just as necessary for the life of our Catholic school system in the United States as the sunlight for the life of the body. It should be a living fountain from whence the whole teaching force could draw knowledge and inspiration.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

This national normal school might supply to an extent the institute instructors, and both might be under the supervision of a pedagogical department of some established institution of learning. The closer the union of the elementary, secondary, college, and university work the stronger will be our educational system and the better the schools for our children. We can profit by the mistakes and successes of the state schools. Intelligent, earnest, enthusiastic co-operation has done much for the public-school system of America. The whole system is grand in its conception, great in its opportunities, and marvellous in its results. It lacks the one thing necessary, religious teaching. But the public schools from a pedagogical point of

view have some weak places because of their lack of union. The normal schools are not parts of the colleges and the universities, and the institute instructors have no claims upon normal schools or higher institutions of learning. The colleges and universities have begun adding pedagogical classes, but they have not yet normal school departments. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, says that "a comprehensive philosophic scheme of education nowhere exists in practice." There are to-day, here in these United States, engaged in doing elementary and secondary work in our parochial schools, men and women capable of utilizing any "philosophical, comprehensive scheme of education" the philosophers may give to the world. The teachers as a whole recognize the need of methods of teaching, and they value what the study of pedagogics brings to them; but no worker in this great broad world needs the encouragement and stimulus to be obtained from fellow-workers more than the capable, conscientious, enthusiastic teacher. Her ideals are so high that she never reaches them; the consciousness of the importance of her work often makes her falter.

There is, without doubt, a wide-spread interest in education, not only in our own country but throughout the greater part of the world. Wherever this interest flags or has not been aroused, there we find people lacking in love for their fellows, people leading selfish lives. This almost total separation of the higher schools of learning from the lower is the outgrowth of a condition of things that does not exist in this country, or of a time when, as Lamartine says, "The head of society was in the sunshine and the feet in the shadow."

No claim is made that normal schools, method classes, or training departments are new in the educational work of the church. The pedagogical work begun by the great orders and societies, and continued to the present day, needs no defence, nor even mention, to prove existence. The good work done by all these able teachers is an evidence of what strong work can be done in all departments. No one part of our educational system can attain its greatest power alone. The one needs the other. The universities need all below as feeders and material for proper study, and all below need the higher educational institutions for instruction, guidance, and inspiration. All are parts of an undivided whole that must from the very nature of things be a unit for harmonious development and to attain its greatest excellence.

AMONG THE ORANGE LILIES.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.



ORANGEISM has given our Canadian cousins a bad name. As a matter of fact the mass of Canadian Protestants are fair-minded people, and will give a Catholic lecturer a fair hearing. Orange lodges are, indeed, numerous in Ontario, but it is only in particular localities that they are venomous, being used mostly for social purposes. Such was the estimate we received from several well-informed priests of the province, and on testing the matter by non-Catholic missions we have found them right.

Our desire to experiment in this interesting part of the missionary field found an opportunity in the presidential canvass this year, the excitement of which will long be remembered. We were glad to serve the zeal of Canadian priests who invited us into their parishes, fearing that our efforts in "the States" (those at least now ready for the Apostolate) would be hurt by the fiery struggles of the political campaign. Allow me, however, to confess a sincere regret at not being present during this ever-memorable contest, and at being deprived of the pleasure of voting. One of the hardships of the missionary is that he can seldom be at home on election day.

But the compensation, if wholly spiritual, was generous and ample. Our audiences at Thorold, Ontario, were half non-Catholics, and sometimes more than half, the hall seating not quite four hundred persons, and it was filled every night but one.

We got good help from the local paper, both before and after the mission. Some days before we opened the editor called and asked an interview, which was gladly given. It filled a column and a half of the next issue, and gave us and our cause a good introduction to several hundred of these serious-minded people, telling what our object was and how we felt towards our separated brethren. The very friendly terms on which the pastor, Father T. J. Sullivan, always kept with the editor was thus a practical aid to the mission. We also secured a good report of our closing lecture. Sometimes we

lament the errors of the Press, and rightly; but an interview and a report and a "puff" and a personal communication are all modern means of imparting the grace of faith to non-Catholics and infidels.

Another aid was the social equality of the Catholics and Protestants in this town. This is sometimes a hurt to religion, as when the true faith is weak, but an apostolic aid when Catholicity is sturdy, as is the case in Thorold. Our people made positive efforts to bring their friends to the meetings, and succeeded, because they were on terms of equality with that intelligent class which alone takes an interest in a fair argument on religious questions. The natural relation between truth and error is that truth is on the aggressive and error on the defensive—much rather is this the supernatural relation. Every help to a good life is present in this town, and therefore every help to a successful apostolate: a beautiful church, a fine house and school, and a flourishing state of practical virtue in priest and people.

All this was put to use in getting a good attendance in this staid old town. We found ourselves among a non-Catholic people who, though church-goers, are not positively curious about religion. In Canada, furthermore, religious sentiment is stiffer than in the States, and yields less easily to curiosity, or to personal kindliness. The people are not exactly slower than on our side of the line, once they begin to move; but this is not so soon as with Americans. The English-speaking Canadian is a graver character than his cousin, takes more for granted in his own favor, and is averse to impulse—a solid race of men and women, and in religion solidly bigoted. So that we were glad of a good attendance of them, and knew that our Catholic people had done their duty to secure it.

It is like carrying the war into Africa to give non-Catholic missions in Ontario, the nursery of the A.-P.-A.-ism across the border. Orangeism is strong and of course squarely anti-Catholic, and in some places aggressive. But so is consistent Protestantism anywhere, as the name implies. And as Protestantism is seldom consistent, so is Orangeism in the Dominion seldom as venomous against the church as it ought to be, considering its avowed objects. Among our auditors we nightly had some Orangemen. "I counted," said a young and zealous Catholic to us, "twenty-four men at one meeting who are known to be bigots, and they seemed entertained and pleased." In fact personal invitation to a free lecture is hard to refuse when it

comes from a respectable source. Now, for instance, a prominent business man, a zealous Catholic, kept a supply of books (Father Searle's *Plain Facts*) on his office table, and offered them to Protestant callers and talked up the lectures very freely. It is no unusual thing for zealous Protestants to do this during their revivals, and it is a way which is pretty sure to gather an audience.

Every lecture without exception was attended by a young student for the Methodist ministry, accompanied by his brother—whether in peaceful or warlike mood we have no means of knowing; but the Protestant ministers of the town totally ignored us. And not nearly enough of women were present, more than three-fifths of the non-Catholics being men, and they mostly young. All the better for them; but we would have been glad to see more Protestant women present. But they are very commonly afraid of becoming unsettled in religious belief, more so than the men, because generally they are more earnest. Also, reasoning and argumentation have little place in female Protestantism. But what women did come to the lectures were powerfully affected, as some of them managed to let us know. If we could have got them to the Catholic mission which went before the non-Catholic one, our ground would have been well cleared for us. But only a few non-Catholics attended at the church, though the whole town was edified at the attendance at the five o'clock Mass. Would it have been better to begin with the public-hall lectures instead of the Catholic mission? Perhaps so. Yet the Catholic mission gave our own people a decided increase of zeal for souls, and in that respect (a very important matter in this place) aided the meetings in the hall.

These last were greatly enjoyed by the Catholics, upon whom a permanent effect was produced, especially a more energetic interest in the salvation of their separated brethren. We are apt to forget that it is necessary to bring the Catholic Church out into the open for the sake of its own members, for it is a public claimant for universal spiritual allegiance, and must be exhibited as such at certain intervals or suffer in all its influence. The faithful themselves profit greatly by this development of the missionary vocation of the church. This parish is well equipped, materially and personally, for the forward move which its pastor has thus started. It was a privilege to co-operate with him.

The lectures occasioned much talk. Protestants admitted to

Catholic friends that they had held wrong views about us, and that they now could study the church from an altogether different stand-point. They were much surprised that we did not attack them, because, as we think, they were conscious of deserving attack. But after all, Canadian Protestants are substantially the same as American ones: kindly disposed at bottom, but woefully deceived about Catholic matters. Was it not kindly in our Protestant quartette to sing for us? and those hard-headed church members to attend our meetings nightly? This class came even the night of the town's annual fair, when our numbers were lowest, thus showing a strong *desire to understand Catholicity*. What more inviting field can bishops, priests, and people have? Doubtless these brethren of ours are very far from us; they are still set in their cold and hungry religion. But yet they can be made to listen to us, and we confidently look for some conversions from this mission. Was it not an encouragement that two priests who sat on the platform during several of the lectures were converts, as well as the organist who conducted the singing? and some other converts, men and women of character, were with us every evening.

We should be content to begin with whatever kind of non-Catholics will consent to listen to us; but when we know the admirable natural qualities of these people we should be glad even to spend our whole lives in removing obstacles to the faith. Let us cut away the tangled underbrush and drain the swamp, that a future generation may plough and plant a fruitful field. By drawing off from these honest souls the prejudice and delusion which overspreads them and hinders the truth of Christ from reaching them, we shall do what *must be done* before they can be converted.

The churches here, as in the States, are mainly Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Church of England, the latter not yet having changed its name to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Dominion of Canada. Episcopalianism must be strongly national, non-universal, since it so instinctively localizes itself, even keeping its English localism of name and nature in so independent a nation as this. A curious name—The Church of England of the Dominion of Canada!

Our lectures were on the Divinity of Christ, the Authenticity and Inspiration of Scripture, Intemperance, Confession, the Real Presence, the Intercession of the Saints, Purgatory, and "Why I am a Catholic"—the last-named lecture and that on the Bible giving opportunity to explain the church's right to

teach. Our leaflets were *What Catholics do not Believe*, *The Senators of Sherbourne* (rule of faith), *The Gospel Door of Mercy* (sacrament of penance), *The Real Presence*, and *Prayers for the Dead*. Three hundred copies of Father Searle's new book, *Plain Facts for Fair Minds*, were placed in the hands of the people of Thorold—over two hundred of these with Protestants. The pastor attended carefully to this part of the mission, and made sure of a literary apostolate in this town.

The grand total of all expenses for the non-Catholic mission was less than \$30.

The question box, as usual, was a great attraction. It was well patronized; though a number of the questions were placed in the box by a Catholic voicing the difficulties of his Protestant friends in conversation. I noticed that but a single question out of the large number received was not spelled right; and this is better than we can testify of any mission given by us in the States. One question drew from us a warm invitation: "Reverend Sir: Your talks have made me feel sorry for having led a sinful life. Is there any comfort in your church for a man who is heart-broken with worldly cares, business troubles, etc.?" This suggests the availability of lectures on the moral topics suited to such difficulties. The following question is evidence of dark ignorance, yet common enough among our separated brethren. I answered that I was a poor man, but I would raise \$1,000 and give it to the questioner if he could find his quotation in any Catholic catechism.

"How does the teaching of the Roman Catholic Catechism, that 'Catholics are not bound to keep faith with heretics' (Protestants), correspond with that passage of Ephesians iv. 25: 'Wherefore put away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor; for we are members one of another?'"

One question pleased us greatly: "Who founded the order of Paulists?" In answering we did not brag, but we said some true and good things about Father Hecker and his associates.

These missions to non-Catholics in the diocese of Toronto were most heartily approved by Archbishop Walsh, whose affection for our separated brethren and whose zeal for their conversion are well known in all Canada.



HOWEVER much we may object to some of the themes of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," and however questionable his method of treatment of his subjects at times, we are forced to acknowledge his masterly skill in delineation and his wonderful industry in the filling-in of his backgrounds. We do not rise from the perusal of any of his works with the same conviction as we feel from a perusal of some of his contemptible imitators. We do not conclude that he has laid open the sores of humanity with the base desire of indulging a personal appetite for the morbid and the pruriency of a ghoulish sort of *clientèle* whose favorite literary diet is garbage and whose instincts are satyric. Some of Balzac's works have a decidedly elevating tendency, and perhaps the best of this unobjectionable lot is the one which he has called *Le Curé de Village*. This is now given to us in a pleasing English dress by the Dent Publishing Company.* The translation is the work of Ellen Marriage, and the three fine mezzotints which embellish it are the production of W. Bouchet. Mr. George Saintsbury writes a preface to the edition.

Although the title of the book might naturally lead one to think that its principal figure was the village curé, such is not the case. This curé, Father Bonnet, is indeed drawn with a fidelity and a tenderness of appreciation which no writer of any school could excel; and it is but just to Balzac to observe that his views on the doctrine and spirit of the Catholic faith, as presented in this commanding novel, are in the main just as well as sympathetic. Yet in the presentation of the character of the central figure, Véronique de Graslin, he shocks us by picturing a woman sound in faith and pious in practice carrying on, under the veil of devotion and beneficence, a sinful intrigue and luring an unhappy victim of her charms

* *H. De Balzac. The Country Parson (Le Curé de Village).* Translated by Ellen Marriage. With a preface by George Saintsbury. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Company.

to murder and the death penalty. The life of remorse which is her retribution, and the final public reparation she makes, remind one forcibly of the tragedy of *The Scarlet Letter*. Some of the chapters are strikingly impressive. Yet when all is finished, we cannot escape the conclusion that the French conception of tragic art is false and strained. In order to produce its effects the limits of nature and ordinary experience have to be left behind, and the theory of a sublime repentance can only be reached by means of a premise of sinfulness and hypocrisy which outrages the truth of nature. This style of literary architecture is to blame for the grotesque failures of Balzac's school. Its culmination was witnessed in one of the scenes of Zola's *Rome*, so utterly outrageous in its rococo tragedy as to provoke mirth and ridicule rather than pity or tears.

Another notable characteristic of the realistic method is strongly evident in *Le Curé de Village*. The detail is filled in with a minuteness that in lesser quantity would be admirable. But it embraces, as it is unfolded, such a variety of topics—physiographic, philosophic, theoretic, speculative, economic, and didactic—as to suggest a cosmogony rather than a novel. The reader might well be excused if at times he thought he was swallowing an encyclopædia rather than a mere work of fiction; and the average adult who has any business to attend to would either fling the book away in despair or skip three-fourths of it. So much for the original realistic school of fiction.

Our readers are familiar with the literary skill of Walter Lecky, and they will be glad to hear he has had published as a novel the biography of *Mr. Billy Buttons*, the simple-hearted hero of several of the "Adirondack Sketches" which appeared some time back in the pages of this magazine. The author has spent much time in the tonic air of the mountain region in which his scene is laid, and it will easily be seen that he has not lived there an indifferent observer. His sympathies are wide, and in the ingenuous people who inhabit the hills he has found several types of human nature which make the region lovable. He has, in addition to a crisp and keen literary style, an eye for the humorous side of life which finds full expression in some of the chapters of this work, especially in that which depicts "The Coming of Hiram Jones." Another agreeable feature of his mode is the entire absence of that nauseating personal intrusion which so often marks the failure of this

literary cycle to secure a hold either upon the present or the future. So, too, his work never sags through a resort to the scene-painter's brush; a deft touch or two thrown in as an indispensable incidental is the means the author chiefly relies on to call up his locality vividly to the reader's mental vision. We are glad to note that the volume has been produced in worthy style, handsomely bound, by the Messrs. Benziger—one of the first of a new series of books by American Catholic writers.

Of the same series is Mr. M. F. Egan's new novel, *The Vocation of Edward Conway*. It is one of the religious order of novels, and, despite the outcry against "conversion" stories in short form, is a carefully elaborated conversion story. It may not have been the author's purpose to show that such stories can be made tolerable, but if so he has "builded wiser than he knew," for he has given us a conversion story that is attractive enough for any one who cares more for a little mild satire over the world and its ways than for the most deadly earnest in the chronicle of conversion. The story is ingenious in its structural lines, the keystone being the remorse of a man (Colonel Carton) over the death of his quondam friend, Major Conway, as he honestly believes, by his (Carton's) hand, as the result of a quarrel over the breaking off of an engagement between the son and daughter of these respective principals. Conway is not killed, but escapes in a way suggestive entirely of the *deus ex machina*; and the remorse of the supposed homicide, like that of Falkland in *Caleb Williams*, is one of the strong elements of the story. The depictions of the various religious conflicts, wordy and internal, through which the chief persons of the drama pass, are also indicative of experience and observation. As a picture of the intellectual level of ordinary American life to-day, in the stratum of the well-to-do and pretentious, it is not flattering. There is a good deal of gentle satire in many parts of the book; there is a good deal more suggested. We are left under the impression that the author did not say all he intended.

But, as it is, the story of *The Vocation of Edward Conway** will be read by many with much pleasure, as it reflects so many of the elements that make up the sum of the life of to-day, and is the work of a man who has become a favorite with most Catholic readers.

* *Mr. Billy Buttons*. By Walter Lecky. *The Vocation of Edward Conway*. By Maurice F. Egan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A volume of sermons by Most Rev. Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, under the title of *The Christian Inheritance*,* causes us to view the ever-increasing output of homiletic literature with less apprehension than we might under other circumstances entertain. The sermons are perfect models of religious discourses, and the language in which the fine thoughts are clothed touches the high-water mark of classical English. Almost the whole range of the Christian life for ordinary people is treated of in these admirable discourses.

Messrs. Benziger have conferred a substantial benefit upon the Catholic public by the issue of a fine volume of *Goffine's Devout Instructions*,† on superfine paper and with some plates of an unusually choice character, at a very low price. These Instructions are ushered in with a preface of a highly commendatory description by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The work is a family treasure, such as every Catholic household indeed might well covet to possess.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has contributed to the "Public Men International Series" a brief biography of Pope Leo XIII.‡ In a work of two hundred and fifty pages it is difficult to do justice to a life so full as that of the present illustrious Pontiff, yet in the hands of so judicious a condenser as the writer all that could be made of the subject within such a compass has been accomplished. The narrative does not aim at being picturesque, nor is there any striving after strong antithesis. It is sober, in good taste, and in nothing exaggerates or minimizes unduly. It partakes in parts more of the nature of a history of contemporaneous events than a biographical examination. It will prove, most certainly, an invaluable book of reference.

A fresh volume of essays on education§ by the lamented Brother Azarias comes to remind us how great has been the loss to the cause of Christian culture by the death of that gifted teacher. These essays show how deeply he had penetrated into the lore of the past in his quest of light on ancient methods of pedagogy. He takes us back into the period of Charlemagne, and earlier, in tracing up the beginnings of me-

* *The Christian Inheritance*. By Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Goffine's Devout Instructions on the Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays and Holidays*. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Pope Leo XIII.* By Justin McCarthy. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

§ *Essays Educational*. By Brother Azarias. Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co.

diæval culture, and gives us much valuable and curious matter on the origin of the Palatine Schools, those curious institutions which followed the king's court from place to place, training the youth of the nobility in all gentle arts as they went along. Others of the essays are devoted to a study of university life in the middle ages, the primary schools of that period, the methods of simultaneous teaching, the origin of the normal school, and other kindred topics. It will be seen, on an examination of this valuable work, how thorough was the author's own method of investigation, and with what careful labor he traced the progress of educational work from the very beginning of modern Europe down to his own time.

The demand for the reproductions of the English classics must be brisk, since the supply is beginning to be somewhat embarrassing in bulk. In addition to those noted in last month's issue, from the Longmans firm, we have now to chronicle a fresh batch from the American Book Company. They include several standard favorites, such as *Robinson Crusoe* (Kate Stevens), Tennyson's *Princess*, *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*, Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, and *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*. The latter is an especially happy book for children, as it contains some nicely illustrated versions of the imperishable favorites, such as "Bruce and the Spider," "King Alfred and the Burnt Cakes," the "Three Hundred of Rome," and others of equal notoriety, but a couple of score more not quite so accessible but of equal merit as folk-lore romances. The introductions and annotations in *The Princess*, the *Iliad*, and *Franklin*, although anonymous, are characterized by somewhat better taste and greater erudition than some of the more pretentious prologues and commentaries which we have had put before us in other editions of English school-books. As far as typography and suitability of binding are concerned, these handy volumes are all that could be desired.

Cheerful Philosophy for Thoughtful Invalids, by William Horatio Clarke, is a little tract of the Universalist school. There is no philosopher who can cheerfully endure the toothache, and there is no comfort for those who are really in pain or hopelessly invalided but the balm which the Holy Spirit alone can lay upon our bruises. Pious generalities and artificially cheerful monitions are of little avail when the one sustaining solace of the Christian soul—the consciousness of suffering borne as a

trial of the human spirit with profound resignation to the divine behests—is absent. We have no doubt that the author's claim for this *brochure*, that it has the support of clergymen, physicians, and philanthropists, is quite true; but those who commend are not invalids themselves, we may reasonably conclude, and know not what it is to be put off with bland sayings when the despairing heart is hungering and thirsting for one ray of blessed assurance that all this human struggle has not been in vain. There is only one source whence that consoling panacea can come, and this is the church which is the handmaiden of Christ.

The requirements of the modern system of intermediate education in the matter of history necessitate panoramic views rather than philosophic study. The question whether or not any permanent good is effected by this superficial method is not ripe for settlement yet; but it cannot be that old ideas of education, so radically subversive of the acquisition of real knowledge, can much longer survive. While we await the day of reformation, however, it is good to note an advance in the method of preparation of historical studies in the same direction which has been so successful in Green's *Short History of the English People*. We have to hand a useful hand-book of ancient Roman history* constructed somewhat on that excellent model, by two Fellows of Oxford, Messrs. W. W. How and H. D. Leigh, M.A. If we compare this pithy work with one of the old text-books of our less practical period, we shall readily perceive what a mass of useless encumbrance has been got rid of, and how usefully succinctness has been substituted for tedious iteration and prolixity. This book is something less than a detailed history and a good deal more than a hasty outline. It is a vivid, graphic, and clear-cut survey of the great events which made the rough-hewing of our modern civilization and laid the foundations of world-wide law. The book is full of fine illustrations, and enjoys the advantage of a complete index.

Hitherto Father Finn has written chiefly for boys; his latest book, *Ada Merton*,† is better adapted for young people of the other sex. It is a story full of pathos, and yet its style is such

* *A History of Rome, to the Death of Cæsar*. By W. W. How, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer at Merton College, Oxford, and H. D. Leigh, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Ada Merton*. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

that it does the mind good to read it rather than to plunge it into an abyss of sadness, as the story of little Nell, for instance, is calculated to do. Father Finn possesses the subtle power of going straight to the youthful heart without any apparent effort; his art is skilfully concealed under the mask of simplicity. The motive of his story in this latest work is the too frequent one of degenerate Catholic parents, and the love of a sweet child whom Heaven in pity removes early in life from their evil influence. The tragedy which in the end overwhelms them—the ruin of the father, the insanity of the mother—is powerfully painted in these simple but most life-like pages. It will be little wonder if this book prove to be the most successful of the many that Father Finn has already given to the juvenile Catholic world.

A rare example of fine book-making is seen in a work published by Messrs. McGowan & Young, of Portland, Maine, under the title of *The Golden Chaplet of Prayer*. The binding is white and gold, in vellum; the ornamental bordering and letter-press are in different colors and shades; and the numerous choice engravings which are interspersed are also admirable examples of the printer's art. On each page is a favorite prayer or hymn, the whole forming a collection suitable for every state and incident of life. The book is in every sense a fine work of art.

I.—STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY.*

English Literature is not well furnished with historical works of a high class and which are also impartial and trustworthy. Some which are classical in respect to style are pervaded by infidel sentiments, or if not totally anti-Christian, are yet to a greater or lesser degree anti-Catholic and full of misrepresentations. The knowledge of history among the educated class who read chiefly English books has, therefore, been partial and imperfect, and this is not only true in respect to Christian nations, but in regard to universal history. We have learned from our childhood up only certain chapters, and those in great part incorrectly. The present epoch is especially remarkable for a great and universal reformation in the domain of history. English writers have followed in the wake

* *Studies in Church History*. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. Vols. I., II., and III. 1896.

of the scholars of the Continent, and have begun to enrich our language with translations and original works.

The history of Christendom in its ecclesiastical aspects has suffered more than any other department. And this is especially true of the history of the Papacy. The popes have been the object of a persistent and virulent hostility, which has no parallel and in a great measure seems unaccountable. For three centuries the monsters of cruelty who wielded imperial power in Rome, and the other emperors also, who were comparatively virtuous rulers, persecuted them to the death. These were pagan idolaters, and could give a reason for their hostility. But after them came emperors who were nominal Christians, but were nevertheless heretics and were animated by an equally fierce hostility against the Catholic Faith and the popes who were its chief champions. Emperors and kings who were professed Catholics, but still enemies to all independent and superior authority in the Catholic Church and the Papacy, continued the warfare against the popes down to the times of Louis XIV., Joseph II., Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel. The warfare of the pen has been as fierce as that of the sword. Heathen philosophers, heretics, and modern infidels have exhausted the resources of calumny, sophistry, and rhetorical vituperation. What is worse, children of the church, Italians, Romans, some of them ecclesiastics and prelates, have turned their parricidal stilettos against the Holy Father, in the spirit of Judas betraying his Lord to Caiphas.

The author of the *Philosophoumena* began it with his libels on Popes Zephyrinus and Callistus, and his venomous brood have continued to lie in wait on the path of successive popes from that time to this.

It is from these Italian scavengers that the filth has been derived which has run in foul, death-breeding rivulets down the streams of European history. The same tropical climate which produces the richest vegetation, the most brilliant flowers, the most luscious fruits, the birds of variegated plumage, generates the most subtle and violent poisons, the deadliest scorpions and serpents, the fiercest wild beasts. Italy is the tropical climate of Catholicism and Christian civilization. It has produced every kind and degree of sanctity, of intellectual culture, of art, of everything that is beautiful. That which in its ripeness is the most fragrant and delicious, is the most odious in its rottenness.

Moral nightshade and cobras of wickedness have sprung

out of the same soil where the choicest growth of virtue has flourished, and the most consummate forms of intellectual and spiritual beauty have come to perfection.

Rome and Italy have never appreciated the honor and privilege of possessing the See of St. Peter. They have given more trouble to the Popes than any other portion of their spiritual domain. The Popes have had perpetual struggles with princes and republics trying to steal parts of their temporal principality; with cardinals in opposition, with conspirators and rebels, treacherous sycophants and false friends in their own households. After their death, their persons and their reputation have been a target for the envenomed shafts of malicious, unscrupulous men of letters, and have been treated metaphorically in the same manner that the body of the apostolic Pope Formosus was literally outraged by Stephen VII.

Since the time when Clement V. transferred his residence to Avignon, alienation from the Roman See has prevailed to a considerable extent in the episcopate, and the writers of the extreme Gallican party, which skirted dangerously near the border-line of schism and heresy, particularly Fleury, have been ready to represent the popes in an unfavorable light, whenever they could find a plausible reason. Even the most thoroughgoing champions of the Papacy, like Baronius, have often been duped into admitting the truth of false and calumnious charges, and these have become so embedded in current history that it has been difficult to get them out.

Of course, all the enemies of the Catholic Church and of Christianity have adopted and spread abroad all the indictments against the Papacy and popes which they have been able to gather up, garnished with their peculiar rhetoric of vituperation.

Nevertheless, there have been exceptions, and several writers have freed themselves from the grosser prejudices of the mass of their contemporaries, and have done a certain measure of justice to the Roman Church and the great popes of the past ages. The chaste and severe Muse of History has touched with the spear of Ithuriel the demon of falsehood squat like a toad at the ear of an ignorant and unthinking public. The Catholic cause has everything to gain from the critical and impartial investigations and disclosures of history. There is a lack, as I have already said, of Catholic historical works in the English language not as yet fully supplied. This is notably the case with histories of the popes. We have good lives of sev-

eral. Gregory the Great, Gregory the Seventh, Innocent III., Pius VII., Pius IX., Leo XIII., are quite well-known characters to well-read Catholics, and to persons of literary culture in general. But the history of the whole illustrious line, extending like a series of stately columns all down the vista of the early, middle, and modern periods, is almost unknown, or known but in a dim and obscure manner.

The *Lives of the Popes*, by Artaud de Montor, although complete and accurate, is concise and dull, the translation is inferior, and the illustrations are in a very poor style of art. Probably it has had very few readers. There are several excellent ecclesiastical histories, translated and original, suitable for students.

What is most wanting is an abundance of popular historical literature, instructive and attractive for the great mass of the intelligent reading public.

Notwithstanding the great improvement in the treatment of history and the increase in the number of writers and works which are conscientious, thorough, and impartial, the baser sort of purveyors in literature, whose motives are the gain of a tinsel reputation or, of money, still continue to practise their trade. I have lately read a libel on the popes of the fifteenth century from the pen of a conspicuous literary man, in the pages of a respectable magazine, which for its unspeakable vulgarity is not surpassed by anything from the cloaca maxima of the fanatics of the sixteenth century. I will not defile my page by quoting it. And it would be as useless to argue or remonstrate with a Bashi Bazouk as with any such literary ruffian. The only way to contend with the apostolate of the Satanic press is by the apostolate of the Christian and Catholic press. We must appeal to the sincere, the honest, the lovers of truth and morality, and create a sound public opinion which cannot be duped by sophistry and falsehood, leaving the dealers in garbage to make what they can from those who desire to be provided with that commodity.

Dr. Parsons has labored with great industry in his task of reading and writing in the field of ecclesiastical history. At the time of our present writing he has published three large volumes, and has a fourth in press. He has taken up a series of salient events and personages, from the first age of Christianity to our own times, giving an epitome of the history of each one from the best and most trustworthy authors. The work has been in general well done, and in a readable style. Some of the

studies are among the best we have ever met with, and among these we may specify those on the election of Urban VI., the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, and the Conversion of Henry IV.

It is rather singular that in his notice of authors who have vindicated the middle ages Dr. Parsons has omitted all mention of Maitland, whose *Dark Ages* has done more to dissipate the ignorant prejudices once so prevalent than any other book in the English language.

In chapter viii. of volume ii. Dr. Parsons says: "That the life of Pope John XII. was abominable seems certain from the concordant testimony of the olden writers." Later on he says: "We must remember, however, that the *continuator*, upon whom we principally rely for information, was thoroughly devoted to the Emperor Otho and to the intruder Leo. His testimony, therefore, is not above suspicion. Sigebert wrote more than a century after the death of John XII., and probably derived much of his knowledge from the *Chronicle* of Luitprand and its *Appendix*." It would have been more prudent, therefore, to avoid a positive and categorical judgment on John XII. Father Brunengo, in his excellent work *I Destini de Roma*, does not give credence to the disgraceful accusations against this pope, and expresses the opinion that the worst which can be historically proved against him is: that his character and spirit were more those of a secular prince than of a pontiff.

Dr. Parsons repeats the statement common to ecclesiastical historians, that Hosius of Cordova fell into the Arian heresy in his old age. This has been, however, recently disputed and denied as an Arian fable.

The story of a shameful compact between Vigilius, who was afterwards pope, and the infamous Empress Theodora, and of their mutual conspiracy against Pope Silverius, has been, in what seems to be a conclusive manner, refuted by Father Aloysio Vincenzi. Here again, Dr. Parsons, who is apparently unacquainted with Father Vincenzi's works, repeats the common statement of historians.

Dr. Parsons has made a very elaborate and ingenious effort to vindicate the character of Alexander VI. Every Catholic would rejoice if this could be done successfully. The most atrocious charges against this pontiff are no doubt proved to be calumnious, as has been frequently done by previous writers. Nevertheless, we are obliged to admit that the attempt to rehabilitate his moral character, even during his cardinalate and

pontificate, is a failure. The authority of Cardinal Hergenröther and Pastor seems to be decisive on this point, and their judgment is based on evidence which cannot be evaded.

It is to be hoped that other competent writers will follow the good example of Dr. Parsons. There are other extensive fields of history to be cultivated, and it is especially desirable to write up the history of the Roman Church and of the popes in English for the generality of intelligent readers. Father Brunengo has fulfilled this task in an admirable manner in the Italian language, in his historical works, *I Destini de Roma* and *I Primi Papi-Rô*. Similar works are needed in English, translated or original. There are some portions of the history, obscured by the passions, the partialities, the polemical aims and interests of eager partisans on all sides. These need to be cleared up by critical investigation, so far as the data can be found. It would be wrong as well as futile to carry on this investigation with a preconceived purpose of vindicating and eulogizing the popes and prelates and casting a roseate hue over all things. The truth must be sought for and told, be it to the praise or dispraise of men, as it is in the sacred history, and we must carefully avoid the fallacy of identifying the Catholic cause with the private and personal character of the rulers and members of the church.

Dr. Parsons has produced a most valuable and interesting work, and it is to be hoped that the sale of it will be such as to encourage authors and publishers to edit similar publications. Every library should possess at least one copy, and every priest who can afford the price should make a point of purchasing these volumes. It will be especially valuable to those who are engaged in preaching or lecturing to non-Catholics as furnishing replies to questions and objections drawn from topics of ecclesiastical history.

2.—THE SCIENCE OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.*

So many works on the Exercises of St. Ignatius have been published within quite a recent period—those, for example, of Father (afterwards archbishop) Porter, Father John Morris, and Father Dignam—that the question arises on opening this new volume, by Father Clare, what room is there for it? An inspection, however, of the work will give a satisfactory answer.

* *The Science of the Spiritual Life according to the Spiritual Exercises.* By James Clare, S.J. New York : Benziger Bros. ; London and Leamington : Art and Book Company

The volumes referred to above—although based on the Exercises and leading to a knowledge of them—are not, and are not intended to give the readers the Exercises in their integrity. Father Clare's volume, however, includes this within its scope, and is, so far as is known, the first work in English which embraces the complete Exercises, with all the rules and additions, along with suitable developments and explanations. It therefore opens out for English readers a way to the knowledge of a work which may without exaggeration be said to have been more influential for good than any other work published for three centuries. For out of the Exercises grew, and still grows, the Society of Jesus, and to these Exercises what the society has done and is still doing is to be attributed. So much was this the case that it is related of St. Ignatius that he thought of writing no rule for the members of the society, believing that all that would be required would be effected by the Exercises properly made. And although a rule was found to be necessary, that rule is itself but the outcome of the Exercises.

Father Clare's work, while embracing this complete presentation of the Exercises, is not restricted to it, but includes suitable and appropriate meditations on our Lord's life after the manner of meditation books in general. The present volume represents the outcome of a long life devoted to the service of souls, and cannot but be of service to those who are striving to lead a spiritual life.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

A Woman of Fortune. By Christian Reid. *Ethelred Preston; or, the Adventures of a Newcomer.* By Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J. *The Straw-Cutter's Daughter, and Seven Stories.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. *Catholic Home Annual, 1897.*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York and London:

Gaston de Lalour. An unfinished romance. By Walter Pater. Prepared for the press by Charles L. Shadwell. *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt.* By Henry Van Dyke, D.D. *European Architecture: A Historical Study.* By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., F.A.I.A.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Christianity and Social Problems. By Lyman Abbott. *The Children's Crusade.* By George Zabriskie Gray.

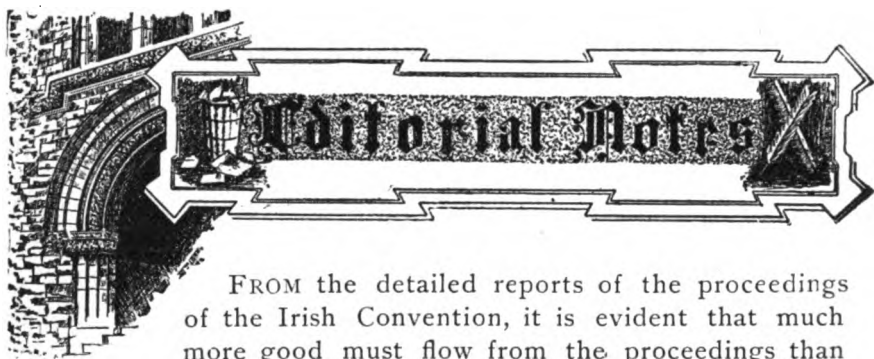
HAPPY HOME PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia:

A Few Events in the Life of Our Divine Lord. Briefly Told for Children. By a Member of the League of the Sacred Heart.

BURNS & OATES, London:

First Communion. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J.

VOL. LXIV.—18



FROM the detailed reports of the proceedings of the Irish Convention, it is evident that much more good must flow from the proceedings than might have been expected if one were to be led by the mere telegraphic summaries. The gathering was undoubtedly the most remarkable one ever witnessed, and its deliberations were conducted with all the dignity of a national parliament. The resolutions adopted embody, most unquestionably, the legitimate will of the Irish nation. It will not avail to neutralize these momentous facts to say that the leaders of two groups of irreconcilables held aloof. They had been invited in all sincerity to appear and take part in the national council, but neither Mr. John Redmond nor Mr. T. M. Healy could furnish any plausible reason for their attitude of sulk. To put forward the pretence that the convention was got together in the interest of Mr. John Dillon was a transparent artifice. The idea of the convention did not originate with Mr. Dillon, but with the Archbishop of Toronto, and it was attended by Irishmen from all parts of the world irrespective of any personal leanings. Moreover, at the very outset Mr. Dillon publicly put himself at the disposal of the country by offering to retire from the chairmanship of the Irish party, and serve in the ranks under any leader whom the party and the people might approve. But this renunciation of his position would not satisfy either Mr. Healy or Mr. Redmond.

It cannot be forgotten that when these gentlemen thus obtrude their personality between the country and its piteous cry for unity in the political ranks, neither of them ever spent one hour in prison for the sake of Ireland, but that, on the contrary, each of them owes everything he enjoys in his profession or the political world to the opportunities which the Irish political struggle gave him. On the other hand, the chief objects of their present animosity in the majority section of the Irish party are men who have again and again suffered imprisonment, even to the deadly detriment of their physical constitutions, for the Irish cause.

These considerations are bound to make themselves felt in due time. As the full significance of that gathering of Irishmen from the ends of the earth, for the sole purpose of restoring unity in Ireland, comes home to the minds of those who have been led astray by artful speeches, their common sense, as well as their patriotism, must assert itself at last. They must see that it is only by means of a united party, acting on the one sound principle of the rule of the majority after fair discussion, any substantial benefit can accrue from parliamentary action toward a restoration of Ireland's right of self-government.

The Irish people and the Irish party could do no better just now than "take a lesson from the enemy." Powerful as the present Unionist government is, it almost tottered to its fall over the Education Bill owing to division in its ranks. It is only a couple of weeks since Sir John Gorst, who is making an amazing fight for the principle of religious education, confessed the powerlessness of the government in the face of division among its followers. Only by the restoration of unanimity, he declared, could the rights of the voluntary schools be asserted against the bitter foes of religious education in the House of Commons. Ireland cannot take this lesson too seriously to heart, for, vast as are the interests involved in the struggle for freedom of education in England, the interests which are placed in deadly peril by the insanely selfish bickerings of her would-be leaders are infinitely greater to her.

A blessing from the Holy Father, sped specially for the occasion from Rome, preluded the proceedings of the convention; and as if to accentuate this proof of his interest and affection in the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, Pope Leo, in receiving Bishop Fitzgerald in audience on the 25th of September, spoke on the subject in terms that cannot too earnestly be laid to heart by the clergy at home who, by some strange infatuation, support the minority section of the Irish party and so give some color to the motives of the disturbers. The Pope spoke warmly, nor did he seek to conceal the anxiety with which he regarded the prospects of a continuance of dissension in the Irish ranks. Referring to the Parliamentary leaders, he said: "Let them work together; let them be united; and if so, they can get and do anything they want. But if broken up by selfishness or faction, they will lay their cause and their

country in ruins." How impressive a warning and how irrefutable its truth! If it be not heeded by those to whom it is addressed, the world will put its own construction on the motive for their contumacy. They will go down to posterity with a reputation even more sinister than that of obstinate recalcitrants.

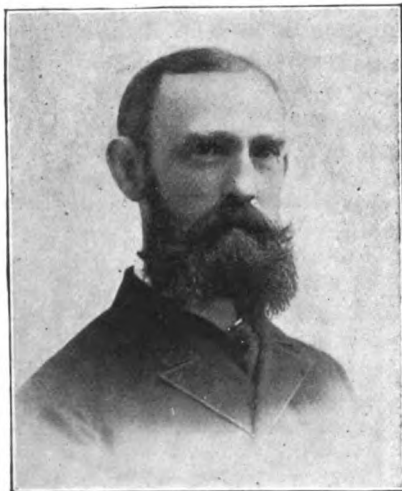
At last the public conscience appears to be stirring in England over the Armenian atrocities. The slaughter of over a thousand of these unhappy people in the very streets of Constantinople has caused the slumbering fires of the Eastern question once more to flame into a white heat, and we appear to be on the verge of another convulsive phase in the Ottoman Empire. The first symptoms of the agitation in the English Liberal ranks are the resignation of Lord Rosebery from the leadership and the reappearance of Mr. Gladstone in public. The ex-premier addressed a vast audience at Liverpool early in October, and showed, notwithstanding his great age, all his old fire and energy in his denunciation of the rule of the Sultan. There is a wide-spread wish in the Liberal ranks that he should again take up the baton of leader, but as yet no decided action has been taken to ascertain his own disposition on the matter. For the moment there is uncertainty in the Liberal ranks, but this cannot long be the case in such a crisis as seems now confronting the party.

A few days after this event an event occurred which must have caused the aged statesman a fearful shock. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, who had been on a visit with him at Hawarden, fell in a fit in a pew at Hawarden Church, at Sunday morning service, and died in a few minutes after. The archbishop and Mr. Gladstone had been warm friends for many years, and it was on the ex-premier's recommendation that the deceased prelate was called to the primatial see in English Protestantism, on the death of Dr. Tait. The news of his frightfully sudden demise affected Mr. Gladstone very deeply, and elicited from him the strange remark, "He died like a soldier."

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN was born at Philadelphia. His father was Maurice Egan, one of the best-known and respected citizens of Southwark, who came to Philadelphia from the County Tipperary in 1830. His mother was Margaret MacMullen Egan, born at Philadelphia in 1819, a niece of John MacMullen, one of the founders of the banking interests in the State of Texas.

Maurice Francis Egan had the advantage of living in an atmosphere of good books from his earliest childhood, and he owes the best of his education to a sympathetic mother, whose excellent taste guided him from the time he learned to read. He was sent to Mgr. Cantwell's school—and began to study Latin very early with Mr. Henry Martin, afterwards celebrated as one of the most erudite of naval officers. Being somewhat of an invalid, he lived among books, and when he entered as one of the earliest pupils at La Salle College he was well



MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

equipped, from the literary point of view, to profit by the occasional lectures of Brother Azarias. Philadelphia has always offered excellent educational opportunities, and Mr. Egan was fortunately able to take advantage of such tutors and lectures as were useful to him. Ill health forced him to cease from study for a time, and he supplemented his course at La Salle by a course of philosophy at Georgetown College; he began the study of law with Mr. John J. Rogers, of Philadelphia; but, as a tempting offer was made to him for all the MSS. he could sell by Mr. Henry Peterson, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, he relinquished law for literature. After the success of two of the most popular novels ever printed in America, he turned his attention to Catholic journalism. He spent some

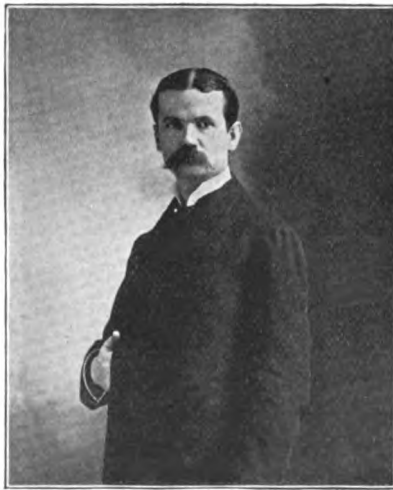
years in journalistic work in an editorial capacity. Later on he became Professor of English Literature at the University of Notre Dame, Ind.; and in October, 1896, after a sojourn at Oxford, he became Professor of English and Comparative Literature in the Catholic University of America.

Mr. Egan has contributed much to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and he counts among the men who have most benefited him Father Hecker, whose counsel and encouragement were constant. Mr. Egan is a member of the Author's Club, the Shakspeare Society, and half a dozen learned European bodies. His sonnets are about to be translated into French and published uniform with those of De Hérédin. Of all the testimonies that Mr. Egan has received, he seems to value Matthew Arnold's most. This was Mr. Arnold's exclamation on reading Mr. Egan's sonnet on "Theocritus": "If you were a Frenchman, you would be elected to the Academy after that!"

A list of Mr. Egan's books, over twenty in number, may be found in the *Authors' Club Book* for 1896.

Mr. Egan was married in 1883 to Miss Katharine Mullin, of Philadelphia. He has three children.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, PH.D., is at present Professor of English Literature at the University of Notre Dame. He was born in 1858, and was Pittston, Pa., in graduated from Fordham twenty years later. Since that time he has pursued his higher studies with commendable zeal, identifying himself more or less closely with Georgetown University at Washington, and for five years with universities in Italy, Germany, and Austria. Georgetown has honored him with the degree of Master of Arts, Doctor of Philosophy, and Doctor of Medicine, while Notre Dame has given him



PROF. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Immediately before he was called to succeed Maurice Francis Egan at Notre Dame he was Bacteriologist to the District of Columbia.

His principal literary work has been in the way of magazine articles, contributing not a little to medical publications,

and in a literary way to the prominent religious publications. His talents are of a varied nature, and have been cultivated in different lines with a commendable measure of success. In the literary world he has a brilliant future.

MRS. JESSIE WILLIS BRODHEAD comes of a literary family. She is the daughter of Richard Storrs Willis and niece of Nathaniel P. Willis as well as of Mrs. James Parton, who is known in the literary world as Fanny Fern. She was born in New York City, but spent her childhood days under the fostering shade of her woodland home on what was then Belle Isle, now the City

The fascination of the solitary blooming mead—they were with of the Indian impressed her nation, and, like gifted child, the poetic tempera—spontaneous childhood's en—developed ear—lectual training. was obtained quiet seclusion—first within walls of the at Orleans, and in the environs of Brussels. Into this quiet religious atmosphere she carried her literary traditions and talents, and, surrounded by evidences of a staid and refined civilization, she often found occasion to allude in poetic verse to her early surroundings.



JESSIE WILLIS BRODHEAD,
Detroit, Mich.

of Brussels. Into this quiet religious atmosphere she carried her literary traditions and talents, and, surrounded by evidences of a staid and refined civilization, she often found occasion to allude in poetic verse to her early surroundings.

She was married to Mr. Brodhead when very young, and is charmingly youthful in manner and appearance in spite of the fact, to which she alludes with much pride, that she has half a dozen boys and girls.

Her published verses, written as the occasion called them forth, indicate a deep poetic feeling welling forth from a naturally refined heart, and purified and elevated by a deep religious training. Her prose writings are in strong, good English tending to the epigrammatic, and pervaded throughout by a very high moral tone.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AMONG the forces now working for the extension and development of Catholic Reading Circles none is more powerful than the Champlain Summer Assembly. The board of directors of the Reading Circle Union is as follows: Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, chairman, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. James Clark, New York; Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. Walter P. Gough, Philadelphia, Pa.; Warren E. Mosher, A.M., Youngstown, O. This is the course of studies for 1896-7: 1. Studies in American History, by Marc F. Vallette, LL.D.; 2. American Literature, by Thomas O'Hagan, A.M., Ph.D.; 3. Social Problems, by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy; 4. Studies in Civics; 5. Social Institutions of the United States. All Reading Circles should have a copy of the descriptive circular giving the detailed information regarding the above course, which has sufficient variety to suit the varied needs of the members. By sending ten cents in postage to Mr. Warren E. Mosher the circulars may be obtained.

The adjourned meeting of the trustees held at the Windsor Hotel, New York City, completed the regular business prescribed on September 22, and at the same time the following officers were elected: President, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Worcester; first vice-president, Rev. M. J. Lavelle, New York; second vice-president, General E. C. O'Brien, New York; treasurer, Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., Syracuse; general secretary, Warren E. Mosher, A.M., Youngstown, O. Executive Committee: chairman, Honorable John B. Riley, Plattsburgh; Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., ex-officio; Rev. M. J. Lavelle, ex-officio; Major John Byrne; Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.; Rev. J. F. Loughlin; James Clark, Esq., secretary. Board of Studies: Rev. M. J. Lavelle, chairman; Professor John H. Haaren, Rev. Brother Justin, Rev. John F. Mullany, Rev. F. P. Siegfried. Board of Audit: Joseph W. Carroll, Esq., Major John Byrne, General E. C. O'Brien.

John P. Brophy, Esq., of New York, resigned, and Honorable J. J. Curran, Judge of the Supreme Court of Montreal, was elected to succeed him.

General O'Brien is hopeful of his plan for a hotel on the Bluff, and assurances were given of cottages to be built by the Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston, the Fénelon of Brooklyn, and New York friends of the Summer-School.

The location of the Summer-School will be known henceforward as Cliff Haven, N. Y., with a post-office of that name. The priests of the diocese of Ogdensburg made their annual retreat on the Summer-School grounds, during the fourth week of September.

The total receipts from the session of 1896, including lecture fees, rentals, etc., amounted to \$4,731.62, the expenses were \$3,916.02, thus leaving a small surplus to be applied to the improvement of the grounds. Nothing is more important at the present time than to secure an increase of life-memberships for the Summer Assembly. Good wishes given for the movement are vastly out of proportion to the money donated. It is hoped that by the aid of local committees a more practical state of affairs may be brought about, and more substantial results secured.

* * *

All the disadvantages of feeble youthfulness have been removed from the Catholic Young Men's National Union by the completion of its twenty-first year of a very useful existence. Over three hundred delegates attended the convention recently held at the Madison Square Concert Hall, New York City. The venerable

Monsignor Doane was welcomed by the young men when he arose to speak of the veteran delegates who assembled in answer to his call at Newark, N. J., in the year 1875. From that date the list of officers shows the names of clergy and laity whose work has proved successful not only in parish societies, but also in the broader field of social and intellectual advancement which is so necessary to the welfare of the whole church.

The prize essay, by Mr. George B. Lamb, of Philadelphia, contained much sage advice, which some of the senior members of the Catholic laity would do well to consider. He made a strong plea for more effective work among the young men in these words :

At a time when so much attention is devoted to the education of Catholic youth of tender years it is well to note that this work is continued, in the years which follow the school-days, through the agency of parish literary societies and reading circles. If the utmost care is taken to imbue the minds of the young with right ideas and correct principles, equal care should be taken to have a field where these ideas and these principles may enjoy full play, to further develop and strengthen them. And this is the mission of these organizations. They surround their members with the best influences, and strive to instruct, amuse, and afford them congenial company. They protect them at a time when protection is most needed—the period of forming youthful associations, which may make or mar their after lives. They are necessary, then, and are highly approved by all who have the welfare of our youth at heart. How best to advance their work and enlarge their scope of usefulness, is the subject which should concern every one of us.

It is evident that if association in a local literary society, properly conducted, benefits the individual member—and this will not be gainsaid—membership of the society in the union must prove beneficial to both. Now, if one society does exercise a power for good over a small community, many such, organized as one, must wield a wider influence over a greater territory.

The principal idea which must be kept in mind, and carefully disseminated among the members, is that of union—union of purpose, union of interests. We live in an age of centralization—of power, of wealth, of labor ; of concentrated systems, in which the individual is seemingly less a factor than formerly. Upon him who attempts to ignore it this fact is painfully impressed.

We may accept it, therefore, as a sound proposition that a union of our societies—which is but another name for concentrated effort—is necessary, if we would accomplish work of any magnitude or exercise influence over numbers of our young men. We accept the proposition unreservedly. Are we agreed in the application of it ? A notable failing of our people—perhaps not more so than that of others, but still a failing—is our unwillingness to respond to the requirements of discipline. When we become conscious of our faults we can apply ourselves to their correction. Now, we cannot all be leaders. If we have talents they will be recognized. True worth is not so common as to pass unnoticed. Let us rather share our gifts with our less fortunate brothers, the sharing of which will excite no jealousy, cause no distrust, but in return bring us additional gifts and blessings.

The editor of *Donahoe's Magazine*, Mr. M. J. Dwyer, of Boston, was a prominent figure at the Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union. In strong language he depicted the lukewarm, often frigid, bearing of great numbers of the laity and a part of the clergy towards the Catholic press. Although accomplishing a magnificent work for American citizenship, for the

church and for God, it cannot expect maintenance by government subsidy, diocesan collections, nor yet by manna from heaven. The most potent cause of all the failings of our papers is in their lack of financial resources to develop themselves to perfection. Our prominent Catholic editors know good literature and would be glad to procure it for their publications did the treasuries of their respective concerns permit. Search the files of our Catholic periodicals for years past and you will find this statement abundantly attested. From the days of Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, the first American Catholic publisher of this country, to our own time, the delinquent subscriber and the non-subscriber have been the greatest obstacles and most serious drawbacks to the realization of an ideal Catholic journalism and Catholic periodical literature.

It is a noble mission for Catholic young men to be zealous supporters of their own champions. With the superior advantages placed at their disposal they should see clearly the importance of a well-established, influential and respected press, to defend us, to represent us properly, to define our standing authoritatively and convincingly, whenever in the complex conditions of American life questions shall arise in which our spiritual or material interests as a class are involved. Our obligation is to support it, to talk it up, to interest men of means to appreciate its increasing possibilities. We should use our influence individually and collectively to make our Catholic press grow with our growth, spreading in prestige and power among American journals, in the ratio of our numerical development in the country.

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The career of Lord Russell of Killowen, who holds the high office of Lord Chief-Justice of England, should be a theme of profitable study for Catholic young men. He affords a splendid example of success. Few men in his position would have ventured to make such a speech for his faith and his fatherland as he delivered at the Catholic Club, New York City. His notable address before the American Bar Association at Saratoga, N. Y., contained the following passage, which indicates the vast extent of territory available for the literature of the English language. Lord Russell said:

Though we represent political communities which differ widely in many respects, in the structure of their constitutions and otherwise, we yet have many things in common. We speak the same language; we administer laws based on the same juridical conceptions; we are co-heirs in the rich traditions of political freedom long established, and we enjoy in common a literature the noblest and the purest the world has known—an accumulated store of centuries, to which you on your part have made generous contribution. Beyond this, the unseen "crimson thread" of kinship, stretching from the mother islands to your great continent, unites us, and reminds us always that we belong to the same, though a mixed, racial family. Indeed, the spectacle which we to-day present is unique. We represent the great English-speaking communities—communities occupying a large space of the surface of the earth—made up of races wherein the blood of Celt and Saxon, of Dane and Norman, of Pict and Scot are mingled and fused into an aggregate power held together by the nexus of a common speech—combining at once territorial dominion, political influence, and intellectual force greater than history records in the case of any other people. This consideration is prominent among those which suggest the theme on which I desire to address you—namely, International law.

The English-speaking peoples, masters not alone of extended territory but also of a mighty commerce, the energy and enterprise of whose sons have made

them the great travellers and colonizers of the world, have interests to safeguard in every quarter of it, and, therefore, in an especial manner it is important to them that the rules which govern the relations of states *inter se* should be well understood and should rest on the solid bases of convenience, of justice, and of reason. One other consideration has prompted the selection of my subject. I knew it was one which could not fail, however imperfectly treated, to interest you. You regard with just pride the part which the judges and writers of the United States have played in the development of international law. Story, Kent, Marshall, Wheaton, Dana, Woolsey, Halleck, and Wharton, among others, compare not unfavorably with the workers of any age in this province of jurisprudence.

* * *

Bishop Spalding delivered an excellent discourse some time ago to the students of Notre Dame University. We commend the following selections from it to all young men seeking to improve their minds by judicious reading:

There is mystery about every boy not observed in men. From a man's past we can judge what this future work will be; but who knows what may be made of any boy? St. Thomas and Newton—two of the brightest and greatest minds—when boys, were looked on as dull and unpromising. No boy need despair of doing great things. Boys are in the early stages of development. The aim of education is to develop self-activity; and much of this development must come through language. Language is the biography, the history of the people. In it we trace their origin back to the mother race by the original root words.

Language is found in its perfection in literature, and literature is speech reduced to writing. Since language is the living body of thought, it follows that if we wish to educate ourselves we must make ourselves acquainted with language and literature. Emerson said that in every college worthy of the name there ought to be a professorship of books.

A college is not a place to do useful work. Parents are sometimes very foolish, although we must not say so or forget the respect due to them. Most of them expect their sons to return from college fully equipped, and prepared to enter immediately into the activity and strife of business life. The best place to train boys for practical work is in the shop and in the counting-house.

If we are not striving to educate our young men for practical work, what we do strive for is to make them acquainted with literature; with the best that has been said or written in every country, in every age. It is in books that the best can be found. In them is the life of our race, and there the master-spirits are embalmed. Milton says, As well kill a man as kill a good book. It is as hard to know a great book as to know a great man. It takes a hero to know a hero; servile minds cannot know or appreciate the heroic. In order to know a man you must know the things that man knows. This is true also of books. To know them requires not only labor and thought, but genius and art. If we are to enter into the spirit of an author much is required. If we tell a boy to take up a ball from the ground and he does not bend or stretch for it, the ball will remain there. So with books; it is difficult to force a boy to do the stretching and bending necessary to reach the essence of a great book.

The common run of our thoughts is so trivial—on mere narratives about common events. Whatever merely tells and narrates catches the ordinary mind. What do we hear every day in the streets, in the train, in our parlors but superficial gossip, mere trivial accounts of the accidents of life. When you try to get men to drop this, you ask what can be accomplished only after years. We can do things well only when we have acquired a habit of doing them. We must acquire facility and perseverance as a habit.

We need amusement; we seek to be happy, and we seek what pleases us. So long as we have not learned the source of happiness given by books we are dependent on superficial, trivial things for entertainment. Books can make us independent of individuals. They bring us into contact with the greatest and the best. A few books make a library. Are there not plenty of books of humor, of travel, of adventure, of popular science? If we once begin to love these books, are we not relieved from tediousness and from ourselves? How seldom do we hear any genuine humor from those around us. Books are companions never weary, never dull. I remember when, as a boy fifteen years old, I found and read

Plutarch's Lives, and how they brought to me such a new world as dawned on Columbus—they brought me into contact with Alexander, Demosthenes, etc. Such a book will awaken in you great thoughts. By this kind of reading we are drawn to continue, to go on higher. We learn to know ourselves by knowing what is not ourselves. If a man knew the whole universe he would be in harmony with God. We learn to love ourselves by knowing what is not ourselves. The great thing is to get out of ourselves, to get away from ourselves. This is what we yearn for when we travel, when we seek for variety, amusement, entertainment. And all this we can get in books. It is not necessary for you to begin with the wild, criminal books. It is extremely doubtful if you will ever learn to appreciate truly good literature from beginning on trash. Begin with *Robinson Crusoe*, *Don Quixote*, and the lives of heroes.

We read books not only to amuse us but to instruct us. Only fools are hurt by knowledge. Books of history are more interesting than any fiction: the history of our war for independence and the civil war. Take books on popular science. It is of the greatest possible advantage to know some one science thoroughly, but it is impossible to know all thoroughly. Take one of the popular books on astronomy and read of the inconceivable grandeur of the universe. You will find it is not satisfactory to have only a small smattering; then go on, read higher books on the subject. This lighter reading and beginning of the love of books will lift your thoughts above trivial subjects. When you go into society you will have something noble to talk of. In whatever subject is broached you will be able to appreciate or to lead, as you will be expected to do as students and educated men. Clothes do not make the gentleman, nor even manner; you may have an uncouth manner, but nothing is so fascinating as a strong mind. Then cultivate your mind, and remember when reading that books are not only to amuse but to instruct. The aim of your professor is not so much to impart common knowledge as to arouse your mind to activity. This is the great object, to incite an enthusiasm for mental activity. Books, then, are most useful or best which arouse the imagination and break down the narrow wall of monotony, insulation, and ignorance.

It is easy to procure and read the opinions of others on great books: thousands of volumes have been written on Shakspeare; but it is better to learn one great book than to read thousands. Give me a man who has mastered one great book. Fear the man of one book. After you have made your own notes and opinions, it is well and necessary for you to compare them with what others have written. Observe well the style in a great book. Style is a part of the very nature of a great man, and we may say that no man who has not a style of his own is fit to be read. We find in books inspiration for self-activity. In proportion as a man rises out of himself, and out of the present, he becomes more manly. We must rise above the childish ideas and trivialities of life in order that God's image may be brought out in us.

* * *

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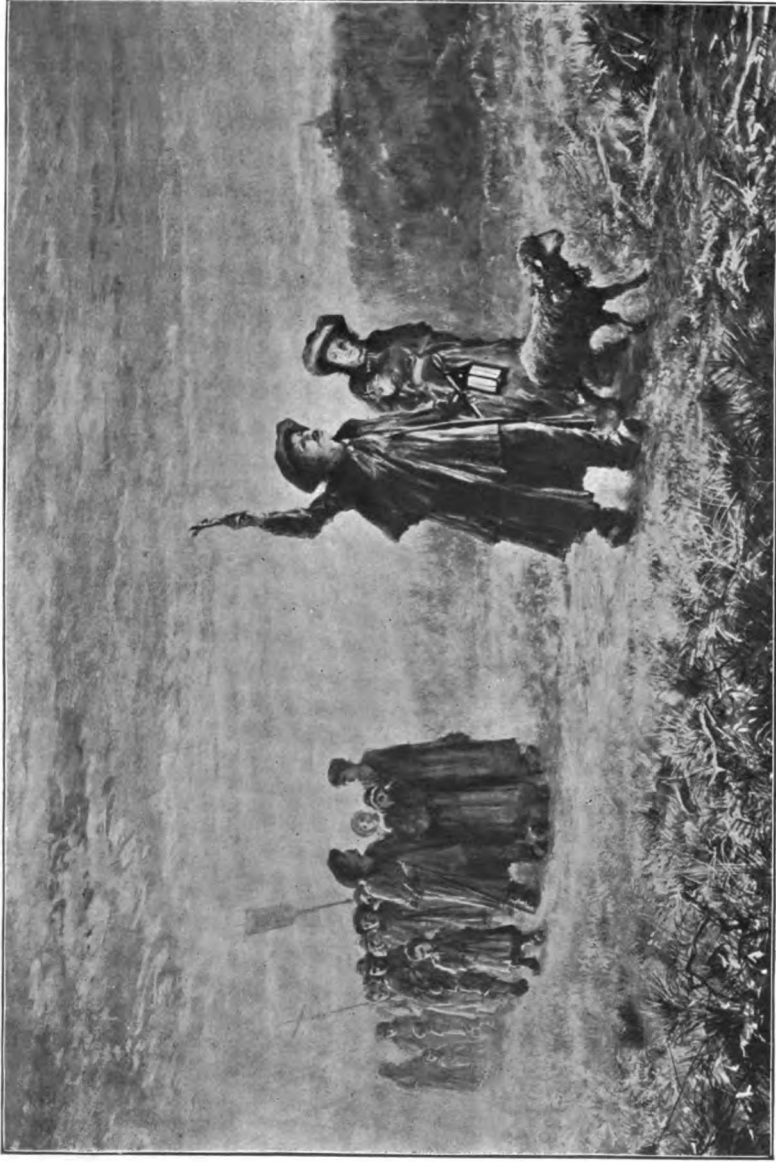
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FRENCH SHEPHERDS GOING TO CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS.

*While Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes ; the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.*

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CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIV.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 381.

IN THE CHIME TOWER.

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.



HIGH in the tower of the Church of the Trumpets hung the Bells, motionless, silent, and neglected. Sometimes a distant concussion jarred the great building to its foundations, when the Bells would creak and groan on their great oaken beams. Or a strong wind blowing through the stone lattice all about them made eerie whispering sounds as if the Bells were talking. It was long years since the death of their last ringer and now the chime was almost forgotten. There was the Great Bell, bearing a proud inscription graven upon it; the Tone Bells, whose sweet voices grew hoarse with long confinement; and high above the rest five restless Minor Bells, who seldom ceased their whispering.

"It is now five years," murmured the Treble Tone to its mate the Bass Bell.

"And likely to be five more," piped the noisiest Minor.

"Are we never to ring again," sighed the Major Tone, "when all other Bells are ringing?"

"But two days now till they hold high carnival, it being Christmas," wailed the Smallest Bell.

Then the Great Bell, having gravely listened to their complaining, answered: "Wait and see."

The Tone Bells sighed for very contentment, knowing the superior age and wisdom of their leader. But the five little Minors, being still young and curious, began to whisper together, wondering what the words might mean.

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"We will have to wait, no doubt," cried the Flute Minor; "but let's do our very best to see."

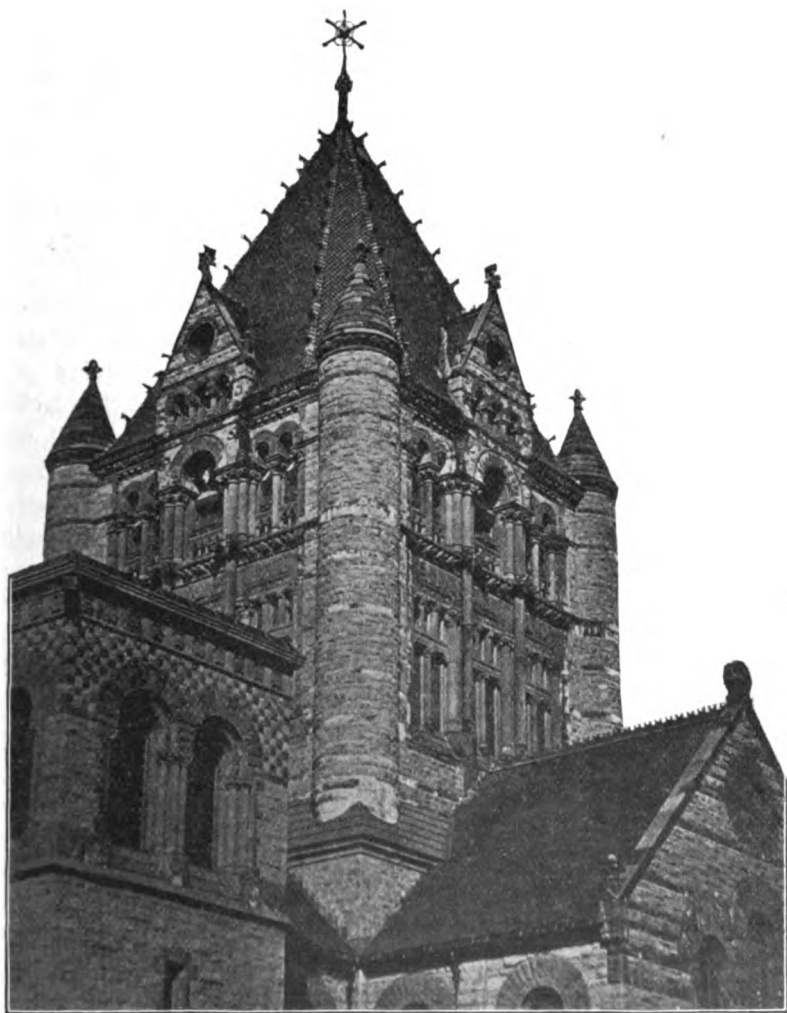
So they all crept close to the carved stone lattice, peering excitedly into the street below.

The boys who lived in Salutation Alley called him Billy, finding his soft Italian name too strange for common use; and Billy willingly accepted the change as part of the new surroundings.

When old Giovanni, his friend and countryman, who lived across the hallway, tried to remonstrate, he was answered by a careless, merry laugh. They were friends these two, sworn friends and faithful, who spent much time together in silent sympathy. As Billy was young and light-hearted, Giovanni was old and lonely; so each could help the other in a hundred simple ways.

If there was one thing that Billy loved more than another, it was to sit in the sun and get warm. He loved the sun and he loved to loaf, the more perhaps as he had but little of either. All day he shivered and shook in the nipping cold of the dismal, narrow streets, hunting the pittance he was sent to earn; but that once done he sped silently away to the splendid square where stood the Church of the Trumpets. Just across, on the opposite corner, was the bishop's house, with its surrounding strip of green sward; a very oasis in a brown-stone desert. Now the grass was frozen crisp, but the sun still shone warmly on the granite coping that made so good a seat. There was much for bright eyes to see on the splendid avenue: beautiful women and fairy-like children walking or driving past. He told his mother about it when he went home at night, but neither of them ever told his sullen father.

Sometimes Billy stood on the granite coping with head thrown well back, so that his cap just clung to his sleek, dark head, examining the procession of trumpeted angels midway upon the tower. One there was who for ever brandished his golden bugle as if it were a sword; and that angel was Billy's favorite. Had the tower not been so high he might have heard the Bells whispering together; but as it was he could barely discern their bronze curves half hidden by the lattice. The restless Minor Bells, eagerly looking down, saw the small, sturdy figure, but they paid it little heed. Were they not waiting for the Ringer whose coming the Great Bell had foretold.



"PEOPLE PASSING IN THE GREAT SQUARE LOOKED UPWARD."

So Billy, having counted the angels for the hundredth time, sat down in a favorite corner nursing his knee. A nice warm sunbeam struck full on his back, toasting him through and through. The noise of carriages, passers-by, and voices carried

distinctly on the clear, cold air that was fast making him sleepy, until sounds of footsteps on the stone stair just behind caused him to turn. The Bishop's door had opened and shut again with a sharp clang, and now two gentlemen were slowly descending the house-steps. One, from his snow-white hair and kind old face, Billy felt must be the Bishop, and this one was speaking.

"I am sorry, very sorry not to have found a ringer. They have been too long neglected, but it is not every man to whom I would trust the bells. Besides, on Christmas"—then both passed out of hearing, leaving Billy deep in thought.

Bells—then those were bells way up there. That was better than angels. How many were there? he wondered. And the Bishop had said they were not to be rung on Christmas. That was a pity. Could they ring songs like the beautiful bells he had heard so often at home before he came to the States? Then a sudden idea came to Billy, and he sat quite still busily pondering. Why could not Giovanni ring the bells? He had been a ringer in Naples—poor old Giovanni, who lived alone and friendless in his garret room, sewing on sack-ing. Giovanni was very good to him, had stitched a fine strap for his bundle of papers. Why not ask about it? Trying could do no harm.

Billy stood up, tingling all over with cold and excitement, his heart beating very fast, for he saw the Bishop returning alone from the church. So the boy waited, counting the old man's footsteps and the sharp click, click of his cane on the pavement. When both ceased for a moment at the foot of the stone steps Billy sprang forward.

"Please, sir," he began, his face flushed and moist hair steaming in the frosty air, his old fur cap in one hand.

"Well, my little man, did you wish to see me?" questioned the Bishop, pausing, a smile on his gentle face.

"Yes, please," said Billy, recovering his breath with a gasp. "It's about the bells. I listened when you was talking. I know a man that can ring them. Truly I do!"

"Is he your father?" asked the Bishop, still smiling.

"No, sir; it's Giovanni"; and a merry look grew on the thin, dark face at thought of his burly parent ringing the bells. "Giovanni can do it," he added with the earnestness born of conviction; "he used to do it at home."

"And where is home?" queried the listener gravely, one hand laid on the small speaker's shoulder.

"Naples is home," returned Billy stoutly; "this is only the States."

"Yet in the States are homes of many strangers," expostulated the Bishop; then, next moment, "send your friend to me this evening, for the time is short. Will you remember?" He spoke in Italian, very gently, and Billy, bowing his head, answered, "Si, signor."

Fast as his feet could carry him the willing messenger sped away, back to the North End, to Salutation Alley and his home. Up two flights of steep, dark stairs he ran, breathless, eager. Through a half-open door he could see his mother busy with some household task; but it was not to her he went. A few steps across the hall and he burst into a little room where a man sat patiently sewing by one window.

"Giovanni!" he cried, sinking down exhausted on a pile of finished bags—"Giovanni! I told the Bishop, and he said you must come."

Giovanni looked up from his work with languid interest, a dulled, grieving look in his sad eyes. Then Billy explained as best he might in his excitement.

"You must come quick, Giovanni," he cried, dragging the coarse sacking from the other's nerveless hands. "Come," he repeated; and Giovanni rose in dazed amazement.

"The bells!" he murmured, apparently speaking his thought aloud; "I have not—to ring the bells for many years."

"There! it is six o'clock," cried Billy, pausing to listen as the deep boom of a striking clock rose on the noisy air. "Get ready," he admonished; and Giovanni, still lost in meditation, proceeded to obey.

"Perhaps I have no more the power, Billy," he said wistfully, the muscles of his wan face twitching nervously; "the time has been more long than you have lived till I was ringer."

Now he was struggling feebly with the sleeves of his worn black coat.

"It has not been after she went from me," he continued, sinking upon a chair as if weary from his slight exertion—"not since that day, *caro mio*; it was the fault of I to be harsh, more cruel"; and he slowly shook his head.

Billy sat silent on the pile of sacking, his black eyes sparkling with interest and curiosity. Never before had Giovanni said even this little of his past life in far-away Naples. But with innate courtesy past all teaching he asked no question, waiting for his companion to speak.

"Let us to go," cried Giovanni in sudden agitation; and Billy, nothing loath, followed him gladly down the dark stairs. In half an hour's rapid, silent walking they reached the Church of the Trumpets, and stood by the Bishop's house.

"You'd better go in by yourself," said Billy shortly. "I'll wait right here."

And once more he sat on the coping, his bright eyes following Giovanni's spare, bowed figure until it was lost in the entrance.

Then succeeded a long, trying interval for the lonely little watcher. The lamp-lit avenue no longer held power to charm him, and the trumpeted angels were all forgotten.

"They must be talking about the wages," thought Billy despairingly, when, looking up, he saw that Giovanni stood beside him.

"To me was given the keys," murmured Giovanni, as if speaking to himself; "let us go to the bells." On his pale face was a peaceful, musing look as if he thought of far-away pleasant things, and Billy, somewhat awed, followed silently.

From his window the old Bishop watched the shadowy figures pass into the church together, bearing a lantern.

"The chime is quite safe in that man's hands," he said; "at last we have found a ringer worthy of the bells."

"Was it about the money kept you so long?" questioned Billy as they climbed into the tower.

Giovanni looked perplexed. "We together spoke not of money," he answered simply, and hurried on. Up and up they went, the tower growing narrower with each turning, until they reached the tiny room just beneath the chime, where stood the key-board.

Slowly, very slowly Giovanni threw back the lid, seating himself on a high stool the while. His quivering face bent low over the hand laid with practised skill upon the keys. Then from above came a low, rustling sound, growing and strengthening with each moment.

The Minor Bells rang out loud and glad, soft and insistent the Tone Bells took up the refrain, and the Great Bell in slow, stately measure added a long, strong peal.

But Billy, stunned by the reverberation, crept down the winding stair, and into the church porch, where he curled up to listen.

People passing in the square looked upward, smiling for pleasure to hear the bells again.

Almost an hour passed before Giovanni descended from the tower to find his small guide, with a little comrade whom he had picked up, waiting. "The key is to be mine," he said in explanation, and together they went homeward.

"I will ring once again, to-morrow at the dark," he added after a long silence as they parted on the gloomy landing-place outside their separate homes; and Billy accepted the speech as an invitation.

All through the night and all next day the Bells hung expectant, awaiting the return of their new Ringer.

"How did you know, Great Bell?" asked the Treble Tone; but the Great Bell made no answer.

"It is good to chime again," murmured the Bass Bell; and the Treble Minor carolled "Happy Christmas!"

It was late before Giovanni could leave his piles of sacking for the tower, the morrow being Christmas and a holiday.

Billy was in an agony of impatience ere they started. But Giovanni proceeded slowly, lost in dreamy reverie. He was living over again some long-past happening, hardly aware of present things.

"I was more cruel—it might to break her heart—yet she was not of complaint. It was for the sake of the dear mother she would to go away," he murmured sorrowfully. Then, seeing Billy's bright eyes fixed upon his face, quietly explained. "It is the child of whom I think. She was but a girl—only most loving. Once she went away for to earn the money we had it not. That I might to find her! That I might to find her! She was now the most dear of all the world to me." As he spoke they reached the church porch, where a lighted lantern had been set for them.

"Here's the lantern," said Billy gently. "I'll stay down here; the noise is too loud."

"Ah, *caro mio*! you know not the bells," answered Giovanni fondly; "their bravest note is to the lover most music." And, smiling, he took the light, climbing slowly upward.

Once again from his sheltered nook in the porch Billy listened to the chimes, sweet and soft, then strong and clear above him.

Now Giovanni paused, then touched the keys, and once again sounded a strange, wild fantasy in sobbing minors. Last night it had rung out a few clear notes; but now he dwelt upon the theme with lingering repetition. In the darkness shadowy figures stood for a moment listening, then hurried on,



"HE FOUND HIS SMALL GUIDE WITH A LITTLE COMRADE WHOM HE HAD PICKED UP."

speaking together of the marvellous music of the bells. At an uncurtained window opposite he could see the Bishop, listening also, with white head bent forward resting on his hand.

Two men tramped stolidly by, and their footsteps crunching the snow grew muffled and lost in the distance. A slight, girlish figure appeared suddenly from the cavernous gloom of a side street, and paced slowly back and forth upon the pavement with nervous, uncertain movements.

Billy watched her curiously until he caught the sound of a half-smothered sob, as if the girl were weeping. Then he hurried toward her, filled with sympathy. The muffled figure turned away with startled swiftness, but Billy called to her.

"Don't be scared; it's only me," he cried; and the childish voice reassured her so that she paused, uncertain. "My name's Billy. Are you lost?" he asked, standing beside her.

"I—I—was hearing to the bells," she stammered; "may you know who it is—the ringer?"

Then to Billy came a thought so wonderful that for a moment he could not speak.

This strange girl's voice, her broken words—were not more her's than Giovanni's; and Giovanni only an hour ago had repeated over and over: "That I might to find her!—that I might to find her!"

"Yes, it is Giovanni," cried Billy incoherently; "and he's hunting for you. He told me so. Here's the way to go up"; and darting into the porch he held the door open. The faint glimmering light of the lantern far above dimly showed the winding staircase. A musical murmuring filled the great tower as of a rustling wind. A puzzled, wondering look grew on the girl's pale face while she stood listening. Then, with a glad cry, she sprang forward.

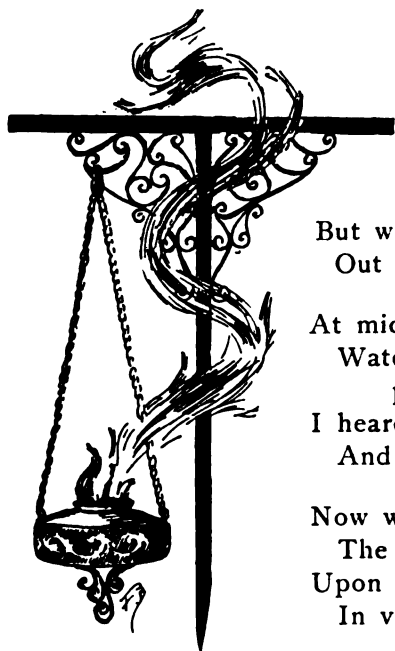
Billy closed the door very gently when the stairs turning hid her slight figure.

Then he blew thoughtfully on his frost-bitten fingers, moving slowly back to his old seat on the granite coping.

Above the bells rang out clear and far-reaching; another moment and they had ceased with an uncertain, muffled sound. For a long time there was silence—unbroken, ominous. The Bishop in his lonely library noted and wondered what it all might mean.

Rising, he was about to send and question, when once again, loud and glad, sounded the interrupted chime.

And Billy stood on the pavement saluting the Bells.



CHRISTMAS IN THE PINES.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

HE sky was clear all yesterday,
 From dawn until the sunset's
 flame;
 But when the red had grown to gray,
 Out of the west the snow-clouds came.

At midnight by the dying fire,
 Watching the spruce-boughs glow and
 pale,
 I heard outside a tumult dire,
 And the fierce roaring of the gale.

Now with the morning comes a lull;
 The sun shines boldly in the east
 Upon a world made beautiful
 In vesture for the Christmas feast.

Into the pathless waste I go,
 With muffled step, among the pines
 That, robed in sunlight and soft snow,
 Stand like a thousand radiant shrines.

Save for a lad's song, far and faint,
 There is no sound in all the wood;
 The murmuring pines are still; their plaint
 At last was heard and understood.

Here floats no chime of Christmas bell,
 There is no voice to give me cheer;
 But through the pinewood all is well,
 For God and love and peace are here!



THE GREAT ASSASSIN AND THE CHRISTIANS OF ARMENIA.

BY GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



TAKE for a part of the title of this article the epithet of Great Assassin which Mr. Gladstone has bestowed upon the Sultan, and for the other part of the title, instead of Armenians, the term Christians of Armenia, as significant of the views I propose respectfully to submit. I may say with deference, at the beginning, that I regard the Turkish Empire as the plague-spot of civilization. I myself have no doubt as to what course I should wish the Christian nations to pursue concerning it. The metaphor plague-spot rather distinctly suggests the usage I should be disposed to advocate if there were no difficulties in the way—if, for instance, there was a particle of justice, honesty, humanity in the Christian powers of Europe. I am free to confess it is hard to write with patience.

In this, which is the month of our Lord's Nativity, the month which brings round the ever-recurring memory of the message of peace and good-will sent down from heaven to a world torn with hate and lust and dying of corruption, I think it is very fitting that some voice—even the echo of a voice—should be lifted up to beg of the American people to give their whole moral support to our fellow-Christians in the hands of the Turk, and what they can of material support. From that message of the Nativity, as we all know, issued forth everything that is purest, holiest, and most enduring in family life and in modern society. Against all this Mohammedanism has waged a furious war from the moment it left the desert until to-day it outrages human nature itself in the persons of those unhappy Armenians by every form of violence and lust.

In this country it is not necessary to be swayed by the opinions of European Powers. The American people are still a Christian people and can feel for Christians, a civilized people not yet depraved by civilization, a free people who can justly estimate the condition of those who are born under a tyranny that concentrates in itself whatever is most odious and most crafty in all the cruel and politic despotisms of the East,

whether old or young. The Americans are a people so trained in the uses of political liberty that the public conscience is not kept in the bosom of an emperor, a king, or a prime minister; so that whatever judgment they pronounce, whatever action they take concerning those horrors of which our fellow-Christians are the victims, cannot be without enormous influence in Europe.

THE TRADITIONS OF SOLYMAN.

The opinion of America, when stated with determination, is not without effect in Constantinople. The American minister, in the representations made by him respecting the rights of American citizens of Turkish or Armenian origin, obtained practically the concessions he demanded. It was under menace of course, but the advisers of Hamid II. are not the ministers of Solyman the Magnificent. If any vizier dared to tell such a sultan as the latter that what he had first refused must be granted to the cursed Giaour or else a ship of war would steam up the Dardanelles to enforce it, the tortures inflicted upon him would at one and the same moment express the sovereign's regard for distasteful counsel and his concern for all that his enemies could do. There is one principle of the policy and legislation of this great sovereign preserved in theory with devotion, and pursued in practice where it can be done safely: that which forbids change in the customs of the people. It has been said by an author not wholly unfavorable to the Turk that this principle has placed a barrier between them and future improvement. The massacres which have filled Armenia with mourning, and the malignity which has made her valleys and hill-sides as desolate as if a storm of wind and fire had passed over them, prove how conservative the Turks are in observance of this one rule among the maxims and regulations gathered together into the book Solyman commanded to be compiled. Another custom may be pointed out without disadvantage: that which devotes the male relatives of the sultan to the prison or the bowstring. Both of these are proofs of, as well as provisions for securing, the barbarous character of their polity, no matter what advances may be made elsewhere over Europe.

A TOAD IN A GARDEN.

And it is very germane to the matter in hand to say a word or two as to the manner in which this polity which pre-

serves the Turks as a camp of fanatics in whatever country they seized and kept has worked for its improvement and for the social amelioration of the conquered people. The fairest regions of the world have been taken by their horsemen and trampled over. Turkish possession is a Turcoman ride up and down Syria and Asia Minor, withered by it as by a simoom; Turcoman gallops, banditti gallops, Tartar forays over the parts of the European continent still left to them, and Turcoman atrocities in Crete.* What can be said of Asia Minor? Every reader of classic story and of church history knows of those marts of commerce into which the trade of pre-Christian centuries was poured from the East and Africa, and which continued to flourish in the Christian centuries that followed. The ruins of magnificent cities attest the wealth and power of the successive polities under which they were built. Asia Minor was the part of the great commonwealth that a Roman proconsul desired should be allotted to him that he might extort the sums needed to pay the debts contracted in the pursuit of his ambition. All the costliest and all the most necessary gifts of nature were there lavished in abundance. The plains yielded every kind of grain with limitless profusion; the broad pastures and the woods were the richest of any to be found over the same extent of country in the east and south; the rivers were so full of gold that we may in some way guess how the fable of Midas rose; the finest marbles were to be found in the mountains—in a word, Asia Minor seemed the favorite child of nature. Such was it of old and it is to-day the same in nature's bounty; but the Turk has made it a land of ruins. Travellers compare the pastures and woods in all directions to the parks in England; but those rich and beautiful landscapes are disfigured by the hordes of straggling Turcomans, their tents and their flocks of goats. A few little mills here and there are turned by little rivers, and these, having been allowed to flood the adjacent country, have changed into swamps districts that in other times were the market-gardens and dairy-farms of cities. The population has been disappearing steadily. Some places are bare of inhabitants, although the richness of

* It has been argued that no right of which international law is supposed to take cognizance can be acquired by such a possession. The camp of an invading army is a possession that confers no title; it is a mere occupation, like the pitching of gipsy tents at the entrance to a village. This is not the place to state what might be advanced in support of the position, but I may refer to the very suggestive fact that Scutari, the great cemetery of Constantinople, is on the Asiatic side of the strait, a precaution handed down from the day the Turks took it, to prevent the dishonor of their dead when the Europeans shall recover the city.

the land struck the travellers who have given these impressions as if they were gazing on scenes of fairy-land, and one plainly says, talking of his route through part of it, that it so far exceeded the beauty of nature as to seem the work of magic.

I remember to have read many years ago accounts of Crete and Cyprus which show how these islands were blasted from the moment they fell into the hands of the Turks. The latter island, when Mr. Disraeli accomplished his feat of political legerdemain, was popularly believed in England to be the acquisition of what lawyers call a *damnosa hereditas*. Its climate was compared to that of the Gold Coast, that fatal government which Lord Palmerston used to confer upon his too-important countrymen when he had no longer use for them. Before the Turks got possession of it the climate was a perpetual spring. Under the Venetians* it exported corn largely; it was importing it up to the time the English protectorate was established. The population from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth—that is, during the period under the Turks—fell from one million to thirty thousand. The same awful story of desolation is told concerning the remaining countries under their dominion; and, on the other hand, it is acknowledged that great improvements in every direction, moral and material, have been effected where that rule has been actually or virtually removed.

THE DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

How far the taking of this Western continent from the Indians may be justified is not a question that any one would dream of discussing seriously. Nor even should entering upon the possession of the territory of savages in Africa, under conditions approved of by a sense of humanity and in accordance with a spirit of equity, offer much room for difference of opinion among practical-minded men. But if civilization has rights, and the correlative of these, duties, in the case of the red Indian or the African, *a fortiori* these rights and duties are of a clearer and loftier character where a rule like that of Turkey afflicts peoples inheriting the highest historical claims upon the sympathies of civilized nations. I remember that at the time of the Franco-Italian war it was said that France was the only nation that would go to war for an idea. I am glad that this intense spirit seems to be so naturally credited to the only great Celtic power in the world; and strangely

* When the Turks took Cyprus they flayed alive the Venetian governor.

enough, but quite rightly, does Mr. Gladstone in the Liverpool speech point out the course pursued by France with regard to this very Eastern question, in 1840, as that which the British Empire should follow in 1896. The application of this is, that whether or not a great nation like the United States is to go to war for an idea is one thing; but it is another thing whether her people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, should not be asked to raise their voices and their hands to heaven in indignant protest against the continuance of the existence of the power whose infamies and cruelties in every land it entered, and during a period of nine centuries, no pen can describe. It is good for a people to be strongly moved to pity for suffering and anger at cruelty. An enthusiasm in the sacred cause of humanity, no matter how short a time it lasts, lifts them above petty ambitions, frauds, meannesses, civic jobbery, political trickery, and makes them great and noble for the time it lasts. Such an emotion sweeping through the whole social and political life of a country purifies it. These are the incidents of the moral world that preserve nations from the death of stagnation and rottenness.

OUR COMMON HUMANITY THE INSPIRATION OF THE CRUSADES.

Such an expression of feeling and opinion on the part of America as I am speaking of would beat like white light on the paleontological methods of European diplomacy. Why the usages of civilized nations, whose intercourse is based upon a common honor, common views, modes of thought and manners, and whose differences are only those of stand-point, should be practised at Constantinople, no one can understand except he assumes that the mutual jealousies among the Powers effect now what their dread of the great sultans did in former times. But the Sultan no longer threatens Europe. His power has crumbled from beneath him; and so he remains in his weakness a Tartar still, as brutal and as foul as if he had just descended upon Europe. No one will seriously assert that the representative of the President should approach the squaw of some chief as he would her Majesty the Queen of England; that a French ambassador, even if M. Faure's contempt for etiquette were not in question, should advance in silk stockings, hat under his arm, rapier at an angle of 45°, and a bow at every three steps, into the presence of some black and powerfully smelling potentate in Central Africa; yet the squaw or the negro has more title to respect than Hamid II. I am

aware that his predecessor was brought into the European family of nations, so far as her Britannic Majesty could do it, by sending him the Garter. On this* I shall observe that conferring a great order of Christian knighthood upon this enemy of the Christian name, conferring this symbol of chivalrous purity on the licentious Turk, is one of those freaks of British Protestantism which show how ill that form of opinion accords with the traditions and historic reminiscences of England.* But, at all events, I do not see what claim Hamid II. has to be treated as a civilized sovereign when he issues an order to his ferocious Kurds against the Christians of Armenia in these terms: "Whoever spares man, woman, or child is disloyal." That the Kurds acquitted themselves of their commission to his perfect satisfaction is known all over Europe and America—so acquitted themselves that while reading one feels as if under the spell of a nightmare from whose horror he tries to escape by breaking the chain of sleep. In vain, for the mind flies to the fire and sword which, in this very century, reduced the population of Scio from 120,000 to less than 900 souls; to the Nestorian Christians who had survived the massacre of their race some fifty years ago hiding in holes and pits, their pastures forfeited, their cattle driven away, their villages burned—flies to the course of all the centuries back to the eleventh, during which every species of cruelty and outrage was inflicted on millions of Christians. No rule of courtesy, no emotion of pity, no law of human kind, no faith which links man to man in intercourse, no treaty which binds nation to nation has influence upon the Turk unless his sinister craft finds an advantage in simulating a regard for it. He stands apart from all peoples who have ever been even for a generation in contact with civilization. The Ishmaelite of humanity, his robberies and massacres from Togrul Beg, more than eight centuries ago, to Hamid II. to-day have cost Christendom countless lives and endless treasure, and his hatred of art and literature has been the means of losing to civilization capabilities which pass beyond conception.

It is the merest folly and weakness to speak of this Armenian business as a matter to be considered and weighed. When ambassadors do so they act as ambassadors, and not as men. Their responsibilities and the absence of power of initiative explain their reserve; but the Christian peoples from the British

* I believe that Palmerston was responsible for this. Like most Irish Protestants, he was very Low Church, and to him the religious inheritance meant nothing.

Isles to Greece, from St. Petersburg to Lisbon, and above all the Christian people of the United States, are not muzzled like their representatives, or rather, like their servants. It is nothing short of monstrous that a European sovereign should send a portrait of his family to the Great Assassin at the very time when Christian blood was flowing like water; the honor of Christian women outraged far and wide over a large extent of country; when Christian women were seeking in suicide the preservation of their honor; when Christian children of both sexes were carried off to a fate worse than death, and when pregnant women were being ripped open in order that the unborn infants might be impaled on the bayonets of the soldiery. The ambassador of such a sovereign could hardly be the representative of the people, and the potentate who accredited him would not be likely to regard himself as their servant; to their credit be it said, the German people, as we understand, are in their own name and on their own motion, as men and as Christians, joining in the protest against that desecration of religion which compels the ruined wives and daughters of Armenia to embrace Moslemism, and against that degradation of human nature which tolerates a power whose history has been one long-continued outrage on humanity. It is rising like the storm, this cry of the peoples for justice. Rulers and great men have been always a stumbling-block. The artisan and the peasant, fired by pity and horror, left the loom and the plough, time after time, in the Middle Ages to call upon king and count to lead them to the Holy Land. As truly as the wise heart of the people—the sound, uncorrupted heart of the people—said that help to the Christians in the holy places, protection to them, was the will of God, so truly, though unconsciously, did they strike upon the policy which saved Europe and the world from the rule which has rendered the most fertile part of the globe a wilderness and touched with sterility and impotence the intellect of man.

THE FATAL JEALOUSY OF THE POWERS.

Nothing that one can conceive is more appalling than the contrast between the deadness of the Christian Powers and the might of the influences calling them to action. Mercy, pity, wrath, rising to superhuman fury, such as launched the powers of nature on vindictive missions in the Greek tragedies, ought to tear the heart of mankind in pieces with rage and scorn, when in these days of ours, in this light and sweetness of hu-

manitarianism, this atmosphere of attar of roses called culture, we hear and know of cruelties that turn the brain giddy and make the heart faint; of abominations that ask for a Peter the Hermit to rouse the nations to do something to deprecate the justice of God for their complicity in supporting, sustaining, tolerating this hellish agency in the heart of Christendom.

Long ago—more than a century ago—this would have been ended if Russia had been allowed to proceed on the mission which geographical position pointed out as hers, and which circumstances have confirmed beyond all question—circumstances stronger than diplomacy, than jealousy, than intrigue, than that “friendly alliance” of upstart vanity and selfish ambition which brought together France and England in an alliance against the Christian faith and our common humanity to support the determined enemies of both.* It is not of much importance now to enter into that compact so paltry and so hideous, reminding one of those abnormal follies when unlimited power plays with men’s lives, as it does still in places, or when it used to destroy great cities for a caprice, as these very Turks now do and their Tartar kinsmen so often have done; but to this iniquity as distinctly as to any other factor must be referred the massacres in Armenia and those of Armenians in Constantinople.

It has been already suggested that this is not a question for diplomacy, because the Great Assassin is outside the pale of civilization. Mr. Gladstone has sounded an alternative note of great significance in recommending in certain contingencies the withdrawal of her Majesty’s ambassador. This I hold is a solemn debt due by England to public morality and the Christian name for the Crimean War.

The folly of keeping representatives at Constantinople on the part of the Powers is very great. They incur odium, they can obtain no advantage by interchange of view, because in the art of lying none can surpass the scoundrels bred by the Turks for service in administration or in the army. The evasions and reservations of European diplomatists are after all very much of the quality of the counters of social intercourse; they are

* The Crimean War was an English measure, not a French one; but Napoleon III., in order to secure the support of a respectable nation to his dynasty, betrayed the hereditary policy of France. The Irishman, Palmerston, with national liberality, did not care a straw whether Napoleon was a parvenu or not, provided he could be made useful. He practically bullied into his views the Prince Consort, who had been thinking he was somebody. Palmerston, who would not put up with the airs of this German pauper, compelled him to give some services for the money spent upon him by behaving civilly to the Emperor and Empress of the French.

not intended to deceive so much as to prevent the straining of relations. Now, with a barbarian as with a savage, a blunt, downright lie, told with the fearlessness and in the very accents of truth, is the natural and the most easy way out of a difficulty.

EASTERN INSENSIBILITY TO TRUTH.

A European gentleman, even though he may come within the definition of a person sent to lie to a foreign sovereign on behalf of his own, is still chained by some principles of honor from which he cannot altogether extricate himself. In this circumstance the Sublime Porte has an advantage in the quality and character of its servants. The persons who are to advise the sovereign, the ambassadors to be sent abroad, and all those who are to be entrusted with functions of government, would, in the normal condition of things in Turkey, have been captives and young children purchased by the sultans and educated for the purpose. This has been the system from the time of the Gaznevide dynasty, a period longer than from the Norman Conquest, and it can easily be seen that persons so trained—slaves in fact, but always looking forward to the time when they would be so far masters and independent as to have slaves of their own, provinces to rule, armies to lead, and a commanding influence over three continents to exercise,—it can be easily perceived that such persons would have no idea, in the European sense, of truth and honor. To believe persons of this description, as the Powers have been doing for the last year and a half, concerning the Armenians as well as concerning the atrocities in Crete, and the still earlier but very recent outrages in the Balkan provinces, would be intelligible if they had not had long experience of Turkish craft. It really causes one to lose patience when he hears talk about the manliness and truthfulness of the Turk, and as a contrast that an Armenian would be a match for ten Greeks, and one Greek would outcheat two Jews. Such stupidities are the staple of English jingo conversation and the premises of its Eastern policy.

This fatuity has a hold upon the classes to an extent that one can hardly realize. It is the half-dazed answer of people without pulse, lotos-eaters to whom service in the army means that their brothers and cousins shall be quartered in Ireland, visit Malta, spend awhile in India, and have a brush with the "niggers" in South Africa; but to whom the news means nothing that hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, because they believed in our Lord, are tortured and slain

as Eastern barbarians alone could torment and kill those whom they hate. Speaking to these people, good in their way, kind as they are, of these events is like talking through a whispering tube; there is no interest, no feeling given back; or rather—if we could conceive it—it is as one speaking to bloodless men in some shadow-land or land of forms, codes, observances, where the energy and fire, the hope and fear and hate, the strength, the passion, and the love which make up the sum of life, are quenched.

That Turks may be truthful among themselves I do not deny, nor do I care; but their untrustworthiness to, and in respect of their relations with Christians places them outside the pale of intercourse. The lying and cheating attributed to the Armenians are beside the question. What faith does the Mussulman hold himself bound to observe toward Christians? Suppose the former were what their oppressors say, is not falsehood unhappily the shield of the oppressed, as cunning is the defence of the weaker animals in forest and hill? Shame on the cowardice which takes the Turk's slander of his victim as the standard by which his manifold and appalling crimes are to be tried; for it is cowardice of the meanest kind, this social truckling down to the courts of afternoon tea, to the Areopagus where the dukes and dowagers throw rose-water upon massacre and lust!

Infidel, hog, dog are the names the Turk has for his "Frangi" patrons; this "gentlemanly Turk," as they called him in England when he was blackening the blue sky of Bulgaria with the smoke of towns and villages, and enacting nameless horrors everywhere; enacting them in street, in road, in field, in wood, in house, in church, until the hapless people must have felt, in the extremity of their fear and shame, as though the solid earth were sliding from their feet—felt that mad craving for revenge when the "coward's blood is turned to flame." Have people at tea-tables no hearts?

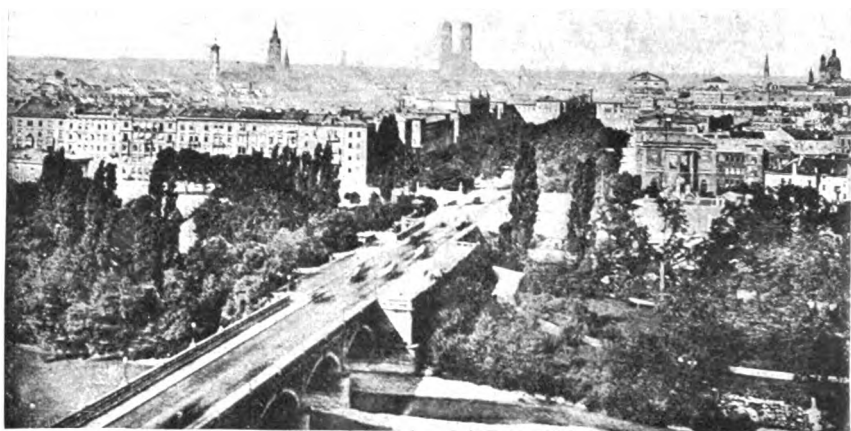
THE BUTCHERY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

This article has already exceeded my allotted space. I intended to mention at some length the account of what an Irish gentleman, Mr. William Johnson, of Newry, an officer on the steamship *Rameses*, witnessed in Constantinople. But he expresses something of his feelings when he says: "I have not heard how they took the news in England; . . . but we were expecting to see the English fleet coming up every morning to blow

the place to pieces. I would have lent a willing hand, for I never saw such cruelty. I can only compare the murderers I saw to a lot of men running after a rat and kicking and stoning it to death. . . . Every Armenian the Turks saw they killed." Turkish custom-house officers and other officials were engaged in this pastime. Another correspondent describes the elaborate arrangements for a butchery that "lasted three hours"; and this in the city in which the European ambassadors were residing in the discharge of duties based on the assumption that Turkey is a civilized state! It would be an endless task to recount what took place in Constantinople; but it can be inferred that when, in the presence of the representatives of the Powers, and recollecting that European commerce brings so many witnesses to the scene, together with the ordinary European residents, that those Armenians were massacred wholesale, were hunted down like rats, pursued by boats, shot and drowned in the harbor, and that all this was accompanied by great tumult and noise, the denials of the Porte as to what took place in distant Armenia can be taken at their proper value.

It may be assumed that no one doubts about those horrors now. Even the French ambassador has intimated—so far as one can judge—that in the opinion of his government and that of the Powers the action of the Turkish authorities could hardly be deemed to be technically correct; and so, with the assurances of M. Chaubon's most distinguished consideration for the Sublime Porte, I end with the hope that Mr. Gladstone's speech in Liverpool marks the last stage of the Eastern question in the region of discussion; that so far as England is concerned it starts the policy of justice and humanity in place of a criminal and cowardly expediency; and so far as the United States is concerned, the words of the "old man eloquent" will be a living fire to set in flame all that is generous and manly in the American people.





GENERAL VIEW OF MUNICH FROM THE ISAR.

THE SCHÄFFLERTANZ AND METZGERSPRUNG IN MUNICH.

BY ALGUIEN.



HE usually quiet, silent streets of Munich were enlivened in a late carnival by the merry band of *Schäffler* (coopers), who for nearly four centuries every seven years turn out, dressed in quaint costumes and with fresh green garlands in their hands, to perform their picturesque and interesting dance.

According to popular tradition, the origin of this curious *Schäfflertanz* is as follows: In the year 1517 Munich was ravaged by a fearful plague, which carried off hundreds every day. Desolation and despair reigned throughout the city. So great was the consternation and horror, and to such an extent had fear taken possession of the wretched inhabitants' minds, that they shut themselves up in their houses and would not venture into the streets. Even when the plague began to abate they still kept their windows and doors shut, preferring to die there of hunger and thirst than to go out into the air, which they considered still impregnated with the deadly breath

of the "black phantom." This last state of misery was worse than the first.

At last a man, a master-cooper, called together all the members of his trade to deliberate as to how they could help their unfortunate fellow-citizens. The butchers of Munich also came forward and offered their co-operation in the matter. After much discussion it was arranged between them that they should try to turn the minds of the unhappy survivors of the plague from their miseries, and entice them into the streets by means of public shows and amusements.

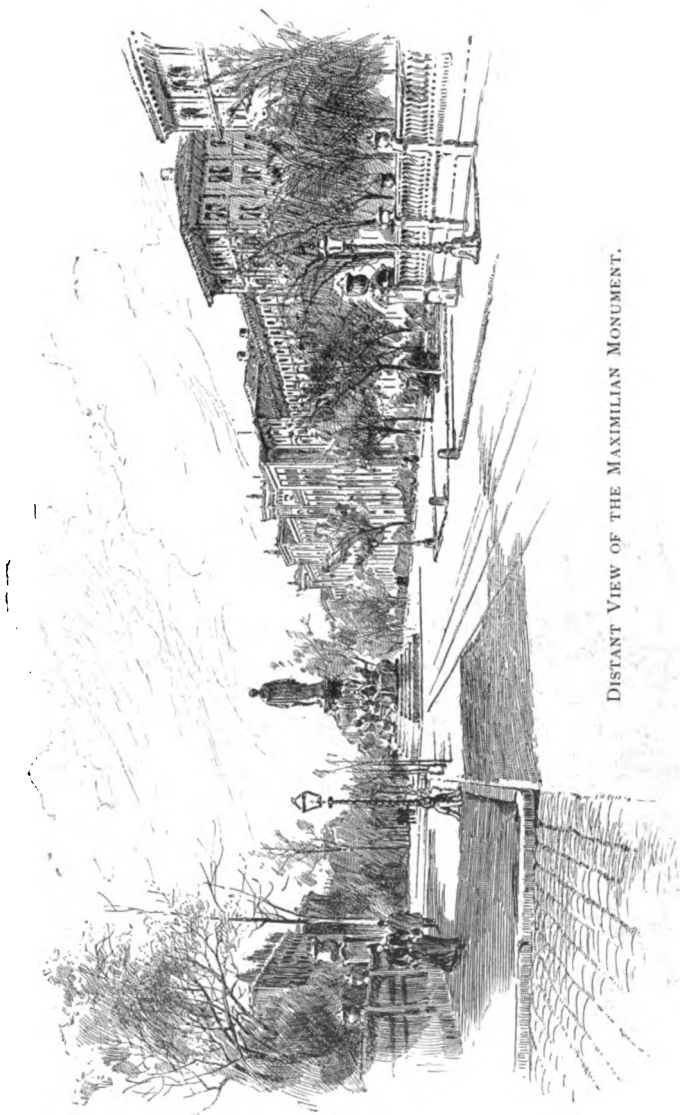
One day, in the midst of the universal silence and terror of this city of the dead, were heard the sounds of merry music and the tramp of many feet echoing through the so long deserted streets. Startled by these unusual sounds, the people rushed to the windows which had been so long shut and, to their astonishment, saw, marching gaily along, a troop of men dressed in bright red jackets, waving fresh green garlands in their hands in time with the music, while they called to the



PROMENADENPLATZ, MUNICH.

people to open their windows and doors and come out. These were the *Schäffler*, and behind them came the *Metzger* (butchers), dressed also in bright costumes and mounted on their dray-horses.

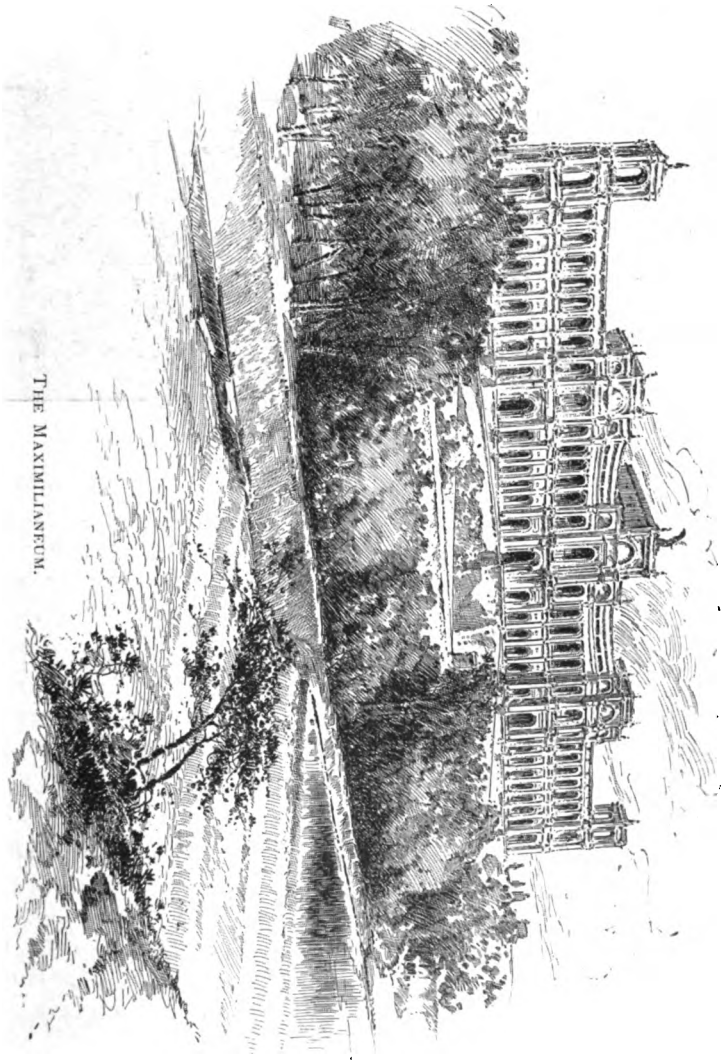
Curiosity and excitement overcame fear. The plague was forgotten, and, as if bewitched, the people rushed out into the streets, and in a kind of paroxysm of mad joy followed the procession. On arriving at the market-place, then called



DISTANT VIEW OF THE MAXIMILIAN MONUMENT.

Schrannenplatz, now Marienplatz, the coopers danced in a circle with their green arches, while the butchers' apprentices leaped into the fountain to prove to the people that the water was pure and harmless, and not to be feared as poisoned.

After this the plague completely disappeared from the city, and the inhabitants, free now from their overpowering fear, thanks to the device of the enterprising coopers and butchers, resumed their every-day life and occupations.



Every seven years since that time the coopers of Munich perform their *Schäfflertanz* in commemoration of the event; and every three years the butchers' apprentices leap into the fountain of Marienplatz on *Fasching Montag* (the Monday before Lent).

Both these curious sights—now almost the last remaining of the many quaint and picturesque customs of old Munich, for which it was once so famous—took place recently.



FRAUENKIRCHE, LOOKING TOWARD THE ISAR RIVER.

The *Schäffler* began their dancing on the 6th of January (twelfth day) and continued it till Shrove Tuesday. They performed before the royal palace for the prince regent, and

before all the other princes' palaces. They also danced opposite the *Rathhaus*, the houses of the ministers and principal magnates of Munich. But they must keep in Munich; outside the limits of the city they are not allowed to perform. They receive £5 from each royal personage before whose palace they dance, and from ministers, etc., never less than £3. It was from the



THE SIEGESTHOR.—SIDE VIEW.

windows of H. R. H. Prince Ludwig Ferdinand's palace, in Wittelsbacherplatz, when they danced before that prince and his family, that I saw it.

The *Schäffler*, about twenty young men, came marching up the platz, dressed in close-fitting scarlet jackets trimmed with silver lace, black velvet knee-breeches, white stockings, and buckled shoes; they had little, short leather aprons, one corner tucked back, tied round the waist with a broad crimson silk sash, the gold-fringed ends of which hung down at one side. On their heads they wore green velvet turned-up caps, adorned

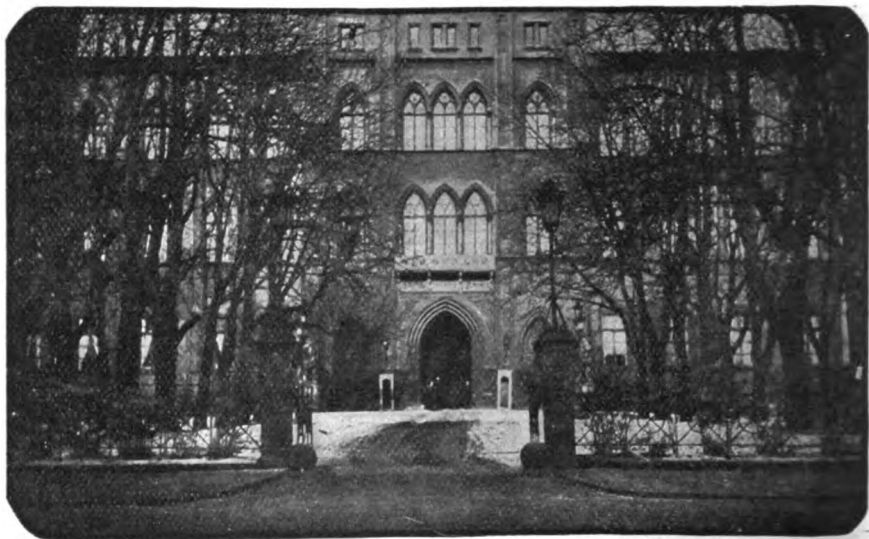
with a tuft of blue and white feathers, and carried large half-arches of fresh box-trees in their hands. The musicians followed with fife and drum, and another scarlet-coated individual, who bore a black and yellow banner (the colors of Munich), with the coopers' arms—a beer-barrel, with hammer and nails—painted on it. At the head of the procession walked a harlequin (*Hauswurst*), clearing the way with a long pole, striped with blue and white, with a ball and cross at the top.



MAXIMILIAN MONUMENT.

The musicians stood at one side, while the dancers arranged themselves in a circle in the centre of the platz, opposite the palace. The performance began by their all dancing round in a ring, each holding one end of his own and his neighbor's arch in his right hand, while his left was placed jauntily at his side. The harlequin stood with his pole in the centre of the ring, and the *Schäffler* wound in and out, out and in, in intricate mazes; but little by little, out of the seemingly hopeless confusion, they formed with their green arches a huge royal

crown, of which the centre was the harlequin's cross and ball. The next figure was an arbor, then a monster beer-barrel, round which the performers danced, while they tapped it with



PRINCE LUDWIG'S RESIDENCE.

little hammers, keeping time with the music. Then followed a variety of figures—a wheel, a star, a cross, an enormous bouquet borne on the twenty dancers' shoulders, and many other fanci-

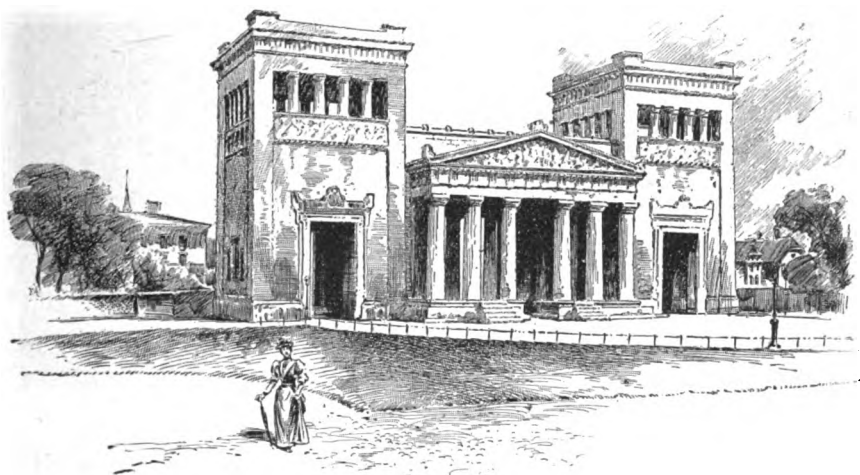


THE GLYPTOTHEK.

ful and picturesque devices—all ingeniously formed out of the verdant arches. The effect of the lively music and the bright contrasts of the scarlet jackets and green garlands, as they

moved hither and thither in the graceful changes of the dance, was strikingly pretty and original.

The figures finished, the harlequin brought forward a gay-looking little barrel, painted blue and white, and two hoops, also blue and white, with three holes in each, in which were placed three small glasses of wine. One of the *Schäffler* jumped lightly upon the barrel and began to swing about the hoops from one hand to the other, over his head and under his knees, in time with the music, without spilling a drop of the wine. He then took out one of the glasses, and having handed the hoops to the harlequin, who emptied the others by throwing the contents on the ground, he drank "*Lebe hoch!*" to Prince Ludwig Ferdinand. The swinging of hoops and drinking were



THE PROPYLÆA.

continued until the health of the eight members of the royal family present had been drunk. After each toast the empty glass was tossed over the drinker's shoulder and caught behind by the harlequin in his cap. Then the dancers marched gaily away as they had come. The *Schäfflertanz* will be seen no more in this century. When its seven years come round again it will be 1900.

The Butcher's Leap (*Metzgersprung*) took place on the Monday before Lent.

They begin their proceedings by attending High Mass in St. Peter's Church, close to Marienplatz, where the fountain is situated. In this church—one of the oldest in Munich—is a

curious old allegorical picture of the plague in 1517. The ground is strewn with dead and dying, fallen beneath the arrows of God's wrath, which the avenging angels are casting down upon them. God the Father, seated on clouds, is sheathing the sword of punishment at the prayers of Jesus and Mary, who kneel at either side of him; round the picture are the words, "O holy St. Sebastian! by thy intercession obtain from



HOFBRÄUHAUS.

God, for us poor sinners, that we may be delivered from this awful plague of pestilence. Amen. A. D. 1517."

After High Mass is over, the butchers proceed in solemn procession to the various royal palaces, which they enter and go through a very curious ceremony of offering a goblet of wine (a loving cup) to the princes and their families—a tendering of allegiance, as it were, in return for certain privileges of great importance to the butchers' trade, which are renewed every three years at the time of the Leap.

The butchers' procession, when they went to offer homage to their princes, on the carnival Monday, was in the following order: First came the musicians on foot, then twelve or thirteen chubby-faced little boys, the butchers' sons, of from four to six years old, mounted on their fathers' great dray-horses and dressed in little scarlet riding-coats, trimmed with gold braid, top-boots with spurs, green velvet broad-brimmed hats,

turned up at one side with a bunch of flowers, and tied under the chin with green strings. They wore tiny lace-edged aprons and gold-fringed crimson sashes, tied round their waists and hanging down at one side, and carried in their hands little riding-whips with garlands of flowers twisted round them. Their fathers (the master-butchers), who walked at the horses' heads, holding the bridles, wore dress-coats and white gloves, and carried enormous bouquets for presentation to their royal highnesses. Behind them rode ten butchers' apprentices (the leapers of the day), also dressed in scarlet jackets and green hats, followed by a number of other master-butchers on foot, wearing dress-coats. Last of all walked two men in scarlet jackets and flower-adorned hats, who bore aloft on their shoulders two huge silver flagons, hung over with large silver medals, coins, and chains. These flagons are of great antiquity and are most curious and valuable; they belong to the butchers' guild.

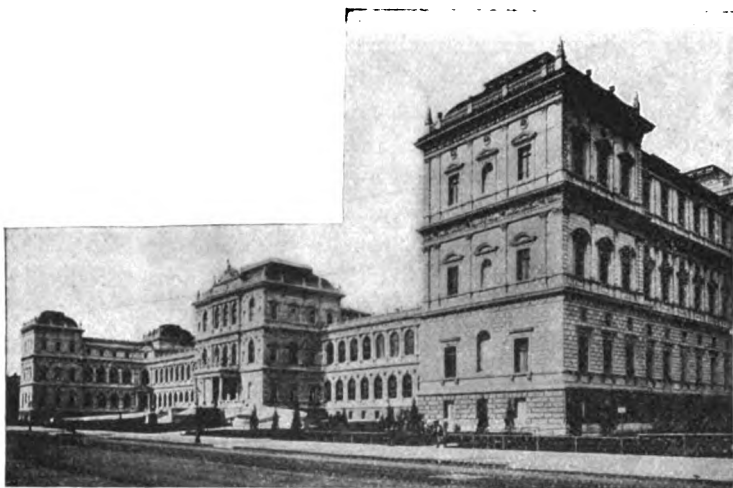
Arrived at Wittelsbacherplatz, the fathers lifted their children from the saddles, and all went into the palace, where Prince and Princess Ludwig Ferdinand, with their three children, and Prince and Princess Alphonse, were waiting to receive them.



THE SIEGESTHOR.

One of the principal master-butchers, having made a long speech, presented the loving cup (a very beautiful open-gold goblet which had been filled with wine from one of the large flagons) in turn to each of the princes and princesses present, who just touched it with their lips. Then the bouquets were presented, and their royal highnesses, having spoken a kind

word to all and duly admired the little boys, who stood ranged round the room, seemingly very proud of their unusual finery,



ROYAL ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

the butchers, young and old, took their departure, and the procession went on to another palace in the same order.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the famous Leap took



ODEONPLATZ.

place. When the procession arrived in Marienplatz, which was crammed with people, the little boy butchers were carried through the crowd on their fathers' shoulders, so that they too

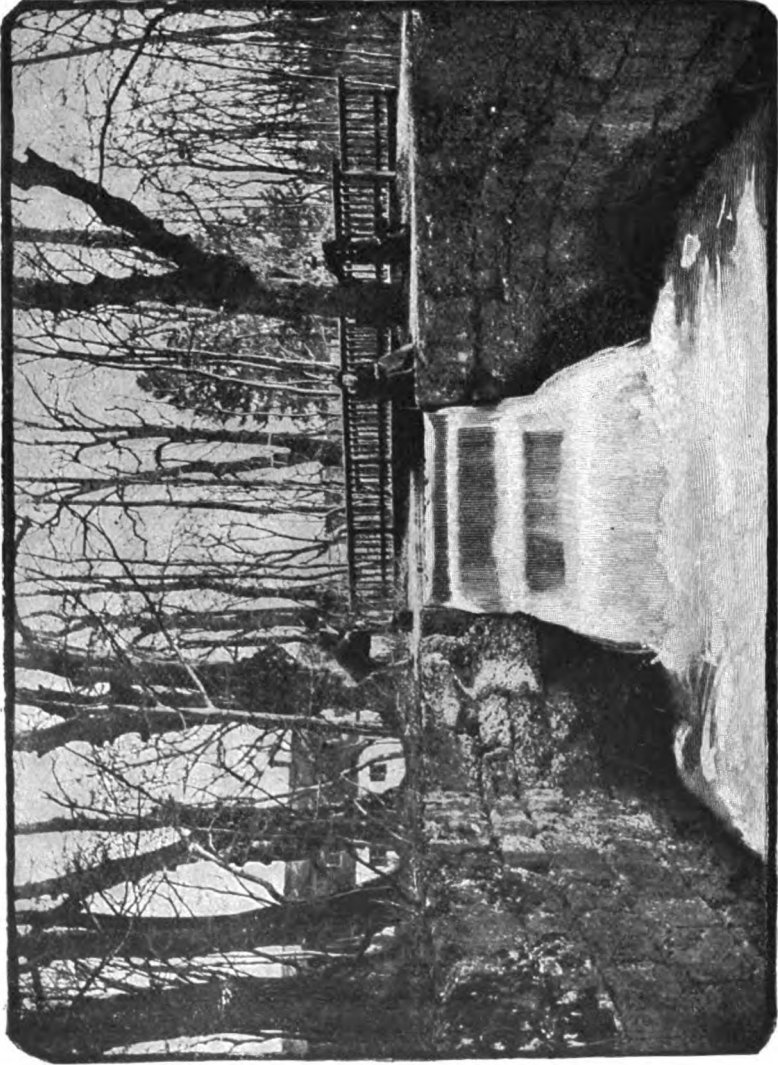
might see the fun ; and the ten apprentices, no longer in scarlet and gold, but covered from head to foot in sheep-skin garments, all hung over with different-colored calves' tails, came pushing their way through the densely packed mass of spectators until they reached the fountain, round the stone edge of which they ranged themselves ready for the plunge. A master-butcher stood beside them and put them through a series of questions—as to what they wanted ; if they knew what an



HOFKIRCHE.—INTERIOR.

honor it was to belong to the ancient, most loyal and honorable Guild of Butchers ; if they were ready and willing to prove their courage and show themselves worthy of the privilege they asked, etc. ; to all of which they answered in proper formula. Then a basket containing wine and a number of small glasses was brought, and the master-butcher, having filled a glass for each of the shaggy apprentices and one for himself, told them to drink to the health of H. R. H. the Prince Regent. A loud "*Lebe hoch !*" rang out ; the eleven glasses were emptied at

the same moment, and the glasses thrown into the fountain. More than fifty times this toasting was repeated (fortunately the glasses were very small, and the wine, it is to be hoped, not of the strongest quality), until the health of every member



AT NYPHENBURG, NEAR MUNICH.

of the royal family of Bavaria, young and old, was drunk (there are forty-seven royal princes and princesses in Munich alone), besides that of the ministers, mayors, and principal authorities of Munich.

The master-butcher, giving the nearest apprentice a sound-

ing blow on the shoulder, told him and his companions to do their duty; which they did by jumping, all ten, into the fountain, at the same time, with a tremendous splash, and there floundering and splashing about. Several baskets of apples and nuts were emptied out into the small space round the fountain, which had been kept clear by the police and soldiers from the invasion of the crowd.

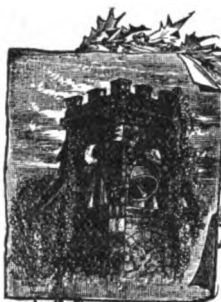
Then began the tug-of-war. The youngsters in the crowd commenced pushing and squeezing themselves through, scrambling and fighting for the apples and nuts, while the ten monsters in the fountain, catching up the little blue-and-white buckets, which were there ready to hand, dashed the water with a will over the shrieking urchins, who one moment fled before the deluge, to return the next impelled by their overwhelming desire for the apples and nuts, only to rush screaming away again as another drenching shower greeted their hardihood.

After this had continued about ten or fifteen minutes, and the space round the fountain was converted into a lake on which floated the *débris* of the apples and nuts, the newly-made butchers came out of their bath dripping like so many water-dogs; a white cloth was tied round their neck, over which were hung a quantity of silver medals as reward for their prowess, and the *Metzgersprung* was over.



A BALLAD OF TYRONE.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



"Tell it over!"—Thus, in twilight,
the old gamekeeper, of gentle
blood,

To the grandchild, teasing, teasing, pink
as the bed-time daisy-bud,

Tells it over: "By the stream once, when I
played alone upon Lady Day,
Where mid-morning found me quiet, with my
drowsy cheek to the pleasant clay,

"Sudden opened, round and under, the believed-in
cave on the green hillside!

Thick the darkness, but I saw them: the Earl Hugh's men
that never have died.

"Nine full hundred, nine and ninety (he makes the thousandth
when he comes back);
All a-row there lying armored, by horses tawny and pearl and
black:

"All the horses satin-shouldered, with the sheen of the golden
stirrups grand;
All the troopers drunk with battle, with the bridle in every
mighty hand.

"And the sunburn on their faces was fresh as childhood, and
fierce as death;
Think: the sunburn got in marches against the demon Elizabeth!

"Next my knee, then, rose a hero; rose up a little, not loosening
rein;
Gazing steady, softly said he, and sharply said to me, over
again:

“*‘Is the time come? Is the time come?’* How it stabbed me through! But the Lord is good;
For the sleep bore down his eyelid.—I ran till I reached our roof in the wood.

“Herald of our chief he thought me, expected ever of his own kin,
Many salvos yet to waken in these fields without, in that cave within.

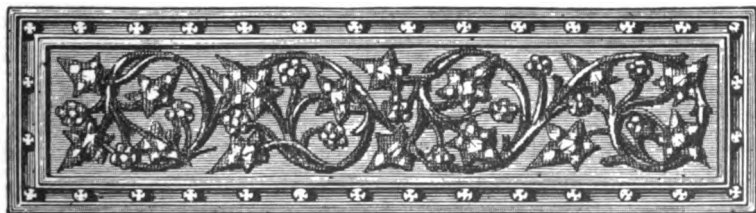
“They have hid there, they have waited, since the Hope went under, in blood and tears.
Oh, to help them crash around him true Innishowen’s unrusted spears!

“Oh, to help them cheer and follow O’Niall, O’Niall from his foreign grave!
Oh, to throne thee, saddest, fairest, as once thou wert on the warless wave!

“*Is the time come?* (Long the sorrow, little isle, my love, for your sake, your sake.)

Is the time come? Is the time come? Ah, hush! No more, or my heart will break.”

Pretty Kathie, closer pressing, into that face in silence peers;
There they fall, the sunset showers: the far-off, idle, eternal tears.



THE RELATION OF CRIME TO EDUCATION.



WE always find much food for useful cogitation in the annual reports of the Commissioner of Education. In the last one to hand, which is that for 1893-94 (two volumes), we find something more than the normal amount of interesting matter.

As we glance through the contents of these bulky volumes of more than two thousand pages we are profoundly impressed by two cardinal truths. In the first place, we are compelled to marvel at the laborious patience and skill exhibited in the marshalling of facts and figures regarding the conditions of education, not only in all the States of the American Union but likewise in the leading countries of Europe, the skilful analyses, the grouping of subjects, the tabulating of figures, and the thoughtful deductions. And then, when we look into the matter analytically for ourselves, we cannot help thinking how largely history is written and legislation enacted on such reports as these, and how largely these reports are nothing more, the very best of them, than generalization, and very liberal generalization indeed.

It is expected to be a matter for gratification of course, at the beginning, that the period covered by the report indicates a larger percentage of school-goers than in the preceding twelve months. In every ten thousand heads of the population eighty-six more were filled with primary and secondary knowledge than was the case in 1880. We believe in itself that it ought to be a legitimate subject of satisfaction that more children now go to school, proportionately, than used to be the case before, but we cannot find in the general state of the country's morality any proof of the power of the education they receive there to make them worthier citizens. Hence we think that when the Commissioner of Education speaks of the general results of school training as enabling the citizens to become, as it were, commercial saints, he uses a little too much *couleur de rose* on his canvas.

Of course we believe that it is the desire of all good people who wish to get along quietly that in imbibing a knowledge of ciphers and the mysteries of English grammar, the boys and

girls who fill the schools should somehow be grounded in the principles of Christian morality. They have taken care, no doubt, that no mention of the thing must be made; but they want to get the article without specifically naming it. It goes by various names—ethics, morals, culture, and other elastic titles—the unknown quantity in the equation of learning. But, no matter what it is called, the important question really is, does this thing fulfil the purpose for which the human mind was created and the Christian religion instituted?

With what facility those who are imbued with this idea of education may delude themselves, we may surmise from the language of the commissioner himself in his introduction to the report proper. We confess to some surprise at the unusual nature of his terminology, as in all previous reports there was no trace of a tendency to fanciful statement or extravagant metaphor.

Speaking of education in its relation to commercial exchange, the commissioner says: "Such process of exchange is like a sacramental consecration. Each person consumes or partakes of the product of the world of universal human society; each himself contributes to the supply of all others. . . . Hence each gets more than he gives to the world-market. It is a sort of living mirror of grace—by giving one's product to the world, one gets in return manifold. Hence this mediation of one's labor by the aid of the world-market may be called a sacrament.

"Here is seen the vast significance of the school education in enabling the citizen who shares in the productions of his fellow-men to know his fellows and understand their views of the world. It enables him to know their opinions and to share in their spiritual as well as their material productions."

It was a painful symptom of the political campaign just concluded that sacred imagery was sometimes applied to secular struggles, often to a degree that caused a grievous shock. When people are accustomed from the days of incipient intelligence to such confusion between things sacred and things profane, it is not to be wondered at if they show no nice sense of discrimination, or their highest ideals exhibit a strain of the sordidness of earth and material gain and loss. The musical instrument which is neglected and exposed to a chilling atmosphere can hardly be expected long to maintain its true concert pitch.

In what direction is popular education tending when we

find the things of God and the things of worldly commerce promiscuously jumbled up, even in the calm atmosphere of scholarly officialdom? Where shall we look for reverence-compelling authority when we find press and pulpit applying similes taken from the most awful mysteries of man's redemption to illustrate the passing phases of political conflict? It is this wide-spread spirit of irreverence, whether it proceed from thoughtlessness or a constitutional defect inherent in our system of training, which fills the thinking few with the most serious apprehension regarding the goal whither we are drifting.

One of the most customary resources of the generalizing statistician is the juxtaposition of the figures of education and crime. It is assumed as a certainty that illiteracy and criminality are affected by education as the fluid in the glass tubes of a hydraulic elevator by upward or downward movements of the apparatus.

Education, according to Von Liszt, is the best means of combating or ameliorating criminal tendencies. Much depends upon the character of the education relied on. It has not escaped public attention that some of the great crimes which have startled society in recent days in this country were perpetrated by young desperadoes of fairly good education. Petty crimes are numerous among the most illiterate stratum of the population; the daring criminals are to be looked for in the ranks of those whose worldly instincts and keen mental powers have been cultivated and perfected in a system wherein reverence for any higher power than that of legal brute force is sedulously eliminated. Worldly success, according to the prevalent ideal, is the be-all and the end-all of human existence. The religion of humanity furnishes our sacraments, and we borrow the phrases which pertain to the accessories of the worship of the Most High to clothe a system of commercial ethics with a seeming robe of sanctity! What wonder that the chickens so carefully hatched should in due time come home to roost? Of recent years there has been a gradual falling-off in the amount of ordinary crime in England, and this fact is accounted for by the diffusion of education. Rough-and-ready reasoning of this sort is utterly fallacious. Serious crime has not diminished in England. Murders, often of a shockingly brutal character, are of dreadful frequency there still, and crimes of other kinds, but little known in other countries, often make the judges' calendars documents to send a cold

shudder through the reader's system. The gradual falling-off in the body of smaller crime must rather be attributed to the relaxation of the severity of the laws, especially those against trades' combinations, and the surrender of the central power into the hands of local authorities, by means of which much more liberal provision is being everywhere made for the wants of the people at large than was possible under the old system of centralized rule.

The example of France is a much better criterion of the quality of fruit which mere secular training produces. There every faddist has had his hand in the formation of the school-master and the system of the school-house, for more than a hundred years. An increase in school attendance has not, as in England, a decrease in prison population to juxtapose it, but rather an increase. The character of the crimes committed there attest very frequently the refinement of scientific advance. Christianity has been pitilessly hunted from the schools only to give place to demoniac savagery in crime, and a cynical callousness in its perpetrators which places them often on a level with the Malays.

A scene which recently took place in a French court of justice pointed the moral of this deplorable situation in a way that ought to be writ in characters of fire. It was during the course of a trial for murder. The culprit, a young fellow named Gaudot, only seventeen years old, pleaded guilty, and his counsel, M. Saint-Appert, pleading in extenuation of his crime, used these remarkable words :

"Gentlemen, my task is very simple, since the accused pleads guilty. I cannot defend him, for I see mercy will have no part in the issue; so I will be brief. But if justice demands an account of his crime, you will allow me in my turn to demand an account of justice for the decision. What will it be? I know not; but whatever it may be there are those here more guilty than the accused himself. These I denounce, or rather these criminals, I accuse them. They are you, gentlemen, who listen to me—you who represent society; that society which is forced to punish the outrages its negligence and corruption knew not how to prevent. (Emotion among the audience.) I see on the wall before me and bow reverently to Christ on the Cross. This crucifix is here in your judgment hall, where you cite the criminal to the bar. Why is it not in the school, there where the child is called for instruction? Why do you punish under

the eye of God when you form heart and soul without him? And why must it be that Gaudot should for the first time meet the God of Golgotha here? Why were his eyes not allowed to rest upon him from his bench in the school-room? He would doubtless have been able to avoid the bench of infamy where we see him to-day. Who told him there was a God—a future justice? Who spoke to him of his soul, of the respect due to his neighbor, of the love of his fellow-men? When did we teach him the law of God: 'Thou shalt not kill'? We left that soul to its evil instincts; that child grew like a young beast in the desert, alone, in that society which is now ready to strike the tiger, when at the proper time it should have clipped his talons and calmed his ferocity. It is you, gentlemen, whom I accuse; you civilized and refined, who are not barbarians; you moralists, who lead the full orchestra of atheism and pornography, and are not surprised that you are answered by crime and loss. Condemn my client—it is your right; but I accuse you—it is my duty."

We here in the United States are not so theatrical in our style of illustration, but if we were like the French there is no lack of cases in our criminal courts to point a moral in equally impressive ways.

The overwhelming majority of the prisoners in our jails and penitentiaries have had the intellectual training of the public schools. Of 1,553 inmates of Sing Sing prison, for instance, in 1890, 1,403 had been taught in the state schools. Many of the other States of the Union showed also a vast disproportion between those educated in the public schools and those taught elsewhere. On the other hand, the small percentage of criminals who had been brought up at the Roman Catholic parochial schools was a fact so glaringly brought out in the various official reports that no attempt has been made to explain it away. And yet with these eloquent facts staring them in the face public officials go on year after year smugly dilating on the benefits of the common-school system, and saying never a word on its most painfully manifest drawbacks.

It is instructive to note that the turning of the tide in England in favor of religion in education is concurrent with the tokens of an awakening in Australasia over the same subject. In no part of the world did the foes of religious education make a deadlier onslaught on both religion and morals in the school than did banded atheism there. But the public

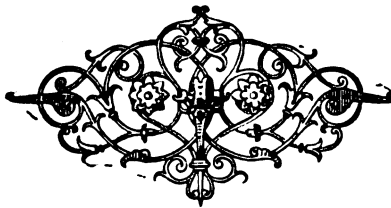
conscience is at last stirred to action by the alarming condition of present society and the outlook for the future. Educationists are beginning to reconsider their position, but they are naturally slow to recant their opinions or undo what they have done. They propose to proceed leisurely. The device of an "educational referendum" has been resorted to in South Australia, the agency being a ballot paper with blanks for the following questions:

"1. Are you in favor of the continuance of the present system of education in state schools?

"2. Are you in favor of the introduction of Scriptural instruction in the state schools during schools hours?

"3. Are you in favor of the payment of a capitation grant to denominational schools for secular results?"

Much interest attaches to the outcome of this novel device, for educational matters in South Australia have reached the stage of crisis. But while we await the result there we must carefully watch the phases of this same question at home. We cannot overlook the important bearing which the official Reports have upon this subject. Hence, while we accord our admiration unstintedly to these Reports, as a herculean literary service in their luminosity, order, and analytical processes, we cannot shut our eyes to their omissions. We believe they should present the negative side of the picture as well as the positive, and show the world what the people of this country lose by the maintenance of the public-school system as it is, as well as what it profits.



"PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES."

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.



HE warm sun of October shone through half-bare branches upon three young men walking affectionately arm-in-arm through the drifting dead leaves upon the sidewalk, while bits of golden and red splendor floated slowly downward in the hazy air.

All their life these three, Martin Kane, Mike Flynn, and Joseph Gericke, had walked in loving comradeship, and now the two former were accompanying their friend to the station to see him off upon the journey to the seminary which closed the doors of boyhood upon him and opened the first chapter of manhood's drama.

It had been understood from the beginning that Joe was to be a priest; long before he could understand the words he had heard himself alluded to as one. His father had died before he was born, and his mother had prayed that she might bear a son to the priesthood. The first part of her petition had been granted; she took it as an indication that the rest was to follow when the baby, growing old enough to look at pictures, showed a predilection for pious ones. Although the boy liked to frolic and use his strong muscles, he was a grave child, not given to much speaking, and early began to make solitary visits to the church, praying devoutly before the different shrines, or sitting quietly looking up at the arches, thinking solemn thoughts, if his face was an index, for they were rarely told.

Many children are by nature pious, more especially the thoughtful ones, and in every way the tendency was fostered in Joe by his devout mother. His books of adventure were the stories of the saints; his recreations to be taken on little journeys to see a new church or convent. He was "the little priest" to all the neighborhood, and Mrs. Kane and Mrs. Flynn compared him to Martin and Mike to the latter's disadvantage, whom they privately considered more desirable as like other boys, Joe being exceptional and "just chosen-like."

When Joe had made his First Communion his mother used

to say, with tears of joy, that nothing could keep the boy from serving Mass, neither bad weather nor fatigue, and Joe's vocation was as good as assured. To be sure he made the six Sundays of Saint Aloysius to ascertain it truly; but they were made without any doubt on the boy's part of his true calling, and he prayed to know the right as well-fed people pray to be given their daily bread—very different prayers from those with souls in travail or bodies famishing.

Joe's uncle was to educate him, and there was no trouble as to means when the time came for him to enter the seminary. His quiet life had flowed to this end as surely as rivers to the sea. Joe was chosen; Joe had not been called upon to choose. He had been set apart quietly from his birth, and had never in his short life had any temptations of his age, nor strong experiences that make a man.

And now, as the train pulled slowly out of the station, Joe, looking back and seeing his mother's tearful, smiling face, and Martin with his little sister Rose, and Mike Flynn, all four young people waving good-by with faces full of the sorrow of the first break in their quartette of life-long intimacy, he felt the inevitable pang which comes with a conscious step away from an old life, though the step be forward.

The first act of the young priest, Father Joseph Gericke, after his ordination, was to marry the playfellows of his youthful days, now introduced to him as Mr. Michael Flynn and Miss Rose Kane. They had delayed the ceremony that he might perform it.

Father Gericke left the seminary well versed in theology, and what our Scotch cousins call the humanities, but ignorant as a child of the great world—knowing humanity only through book-learned theories, and himself not at all. Six months after his ordination he was sent to take charge of a parish in a little town not far from the city. He was chosen partly because of his gravity of character beyond his years, and partly because the need of priests was very pressing. Father Gericke's church was called Our Lady of Peace, built by a Southern priest at the close of the war—hence its odd name. It was appropriate; the building was simple, tasteful, with an air of calmness as it looked out from its surrounding great trees. The rectory was spotless in white paint, and Father Gericke felt as he sat on his little piazza, gazing down the quiet street through the thick honeysuckle vines, that the only drawback to his happiness was that but half of his mother's desire was fulfilled; she had lived to

see his ordination, but had died two months after it, and she would never keep house for him, as they had dreamed in his boyhood she would do when he was a priest. But old, deaf Ann, who looked after him, was a faithful soul, and suffered no dust to settle on his books, nor allowed deficiency in his welfare.

The town was a typical suburban place, with its one business street, its few shops, two banks and post-office, and its dwelling streets, parallel and at right angles to the main one. It was a place that succeeded in being pretty in spite of the uniformity or startling eccentricities of the houses; the sort of place in which a young priest thinks he could be happy for ever, and in which at the end of ten years he is very apt to find life insupportable.

Catholicity was represented by the domestics, gardeners, and coachmen of the residents, and a few thrifty mechanics' families at the upper end of the town, near the three small factories. The wealth of the congregation lay in the hands of a retired brewer and two or three shoddy people from the city; and was sometimes increased by an occasional summer tenant, who stayed too short a time to affect the parish priest's life. Companionship of any true kind there was none, nor culture. To be sure, there was a lady who had found her way into the Catholic Church under the unfavorable circumstances of her surroundings; she was a Mrs. Meredith, and lived "up on the hill." Father Gericke saw broad intelligence and high breeding in her sad face, framed by her gray hair and widow's veil, which looked at him from the front pew when he preached, but he did not know her; he understood that she depended for her spiritual nourishment on the Jesuits in the city.

But he was too engrossed in his first charge to discover any drawbacks at first. He came with enthusiastic plans for founding a parish library and young men's lyceum. He felt sure that he should succeed in this as soon as he pointed out its advantages; but though the girls all told him that a library would be "lovely," the boys said they "guessed they could get along without a lyceum," yet neither took the first step toward fulfilling his plans.

The older people overlooked his youth, respecting his goodness and his office; but the young people were lawless, and neither character nor office seemed to impress them. He preached long, seminarian sermons with much zeal and gravity, discoursing on ancient history, early Christians and early

heretics, taking no small pleasure in sonorous sentences, all of which the older people heard patiently, feeling sure that it was good for them, if obscure, while the younger ones fidgeted. Mrs. Meredith listening in her front pew, her keen eyes calmly observant of life and those who lived it, as one who had passed beyond its power, thought tenderly of the lessons which her youthful pastor had to learn, and prayed a little prayer for the chiseling of his soul.

Father Gericke was entering the second year of his pastorate; a year and a half had passed since his ordination. He had won his place among his people; a strike and hunger among the factory hands had given him his opportunity to draw near them in suffering, and here and there was a soul whom he knew leaned on him for counsel. Already the seminary note was disappearing from his sermons; he began to preach as one awakening, to whom life was getting less theoretical and more real. Into his face also a subtle change was creeping; he looked older, stronger, but a line began to engrave itself between his eyes, and a look of unrest to steal into them.

Mrs. Meredith watched him from afar. "He is learning that he is an individual," she thought. "His soul is being born. All birth is through pain; I wonder what form the struggle will take in him."

Father Joseph wondered vaguely at himself. He thought that he had never lived till now. He had been a good child—only a child; his mind had matured, his character remained unchanged from his babyhood, it seemed to him. He hardly dared formulate in his thoughts the feeling that haunted him. How had he become a priest? From choice? From a direct call from Heaven? He had been moulded; his orderly goodness of nature mistaken for sanctity, he was a priest because others had willed it, and he had ignorantly acquiesced. Was it a mistake? The thought sent the cold sweat out on his brow. There was nothing else that he wanted, but he began dimly to see that was not enough. A true priest should choose and be chosen, not formed by loving but mistaken friends. At times he felt that he was a failure, and could never finish his task; an unrest filled him.

At this time he preached his sermon on "Waiting on the Lord," a sermon that made Mrs. Meredith sit erect in her pew in anxious surprise. Discouragement, almost despair, was upon Father Gericke as he sat in his study, eyeing half enviously

his cat, Ali Baba, so called because of a thieving propensity, who lay blinking in the sunshine in utter content.

Old Ann came up, announcing a lady to see him—a stranger, she said, whose name she was too deaf to catch. Father Gericke went down.

"Why, Rose!" he cried as he opened the door. "You here?"

"O Joe!—Father Gericke—what ought I to call you?—yes, I am here, and I'm so wretched," said Rose, bursting into tears.

"Why, Rose, my poor, dear little sister Rose," said the priest, shocked at the change he saw in her. "What has happened? I thought that you were so happy. Is it the baby?"

"The baby? No, he's all right; only if I could I'd wish that I'd never had a baby," the poor child gasped. "Father Joseph, help me; tell me what I am to do."

"Is it Mike?" asked Father Joseph, sitting down by her and gently stroking her arm. "Tell me, Rosey; don't cry so. I can't help you if you don't tell me."

"Oh! I'm going to tell you," the girl answered, making a brave effort. "I came all the way out here to tell you. You're my brother—more my brother than even Mart; and now you're a priest besides. Yes, it's Mike."

"Not unkind to you, Rosey?" said Father Gericke, his old distrust rushing over him.

"Yes, he's unkind to me; he's tired of me, and—and he likes some one else better."

Father Joseph uttered an ejaculation. Rose nodded speechlessly.

"He drinks, Father Joseph, and sometimes he's gone all night; and never does he come home until midnight. I don't know which is worse; for if he comes home, he comes drunk, and I know he's been *there*."

"Who is she, Rose dear?" asked Father Joseph, his face pale with pity and indignation.

"She's no one at all with any name or decency; but he's pleased for awhile—it won't last," added the girl scornfully. "See here, Father Joseph," she said suddenly and sharply; "I ask you as my brother, and a priest, how much a woman ought to stand? I'm heart-broken and degraded, and my baby has got to grow up to see such sin, and maybe inherit drunkenness; or if he don't, I might have more children, and Mike is growing worse, so most likely they would. How much, I say, ought a woman to stand?"

Father Joseph did not answer directly; he hardly knew the desperate woman before him for gentle little Rose.

"You must try to save him, Rose," he said. "You loved him when you married him?"

"Loved him! I loved the boy I'd grown up with, and I thought I loved the man," she said quickly. "What did I know? What do we any of us know when we choose? I just drifted on, and I loved Mike because I'd grown up to love him; I married him because I'd always heard folks say that Mike and I were made for each other. Why do you think we do the most important things in our life ignorantly, and when we are too young to choose, before we can know what we want? I tell you people make our lives for us, and it's just God's mercy if they turn out right."

Father Gericke shrank from her words; it was as if his own childhood, which Rose represented, took voice to utter his secret thought.

"Have you pleaded with Mike, Rose?" he asked.

"Pleaded with him!" she echoed. "Do you think he cares? I've begged him on my knees, by all our childhood days and his fear of God, to be true to baby and me. But he never goes to church now, and he doesn't care for childhood. When I tell him how helpless I am, and how I've trusted him, he laughs at me. Mike can be very cruel."

"I always knew it," said Father Joseph involuntarily. "And Mrs. Flynn, and the girls, Rose?" he asked. "What do they say to all this?"

Rose looked up. "Didn't you know the Flynn girls had been getting fashionable?" she asked simply. "They say they can't help me. They say it's all my fault, because I'm not accomplished and I don't dress well. Mrs. Flynn says it's bad enough to see her only boy's life spoiled without my carrying complaints to her. She says Mike wouldn't have gone wrong only I bore him, and she's heartily sorry for him. Then the girls come in—" and here, in spite of the tragedy, Rose's Celtic blood asserted itself in a twinkle of the eyes that could not help seeing the humorous side—"the girls come in, and they shake hands high up near their boas, and they say, 'How d' do, Rose?' And then they beg me not to talk of horrid things, and sigh 'Poor Mike!' And after that they talk of the Horse Show and where they are going for the summer, and ask me if I mean to go to the mountains or the sea-shore, when well they know Mike doesn't give me enough money to stay at home honestly."

"How cruel, and how foolish!" murmured Father Gericke; he had propped his head in his hands, and was listening sorrowfully.

"Can't Mart help you, Rose?"

"He tried, but Mike only got angry. He doesn't care for any one but you; maybe he'll listen to you. Must I bear it, Father Joseph?"

"Until you have tried all means you must, Rose," answered poor Father Joseph. "It tears my heart to send my dear little sister back to such a man, but you made a vow, and you must try to keep it. If he is going to continue in the life he is leading, then you must think of the children, and do your best for them. In the meantime I'll see Mike, and try what I can do with him. Would you be willing to come out here to live?"

"Willing? O Father Joseph, dear, if only he could be taken away from all that bad influence!" cried Rose.

"Well, we'll see," he said hopefully. "Now come with me. Let Ann give you water to bathe your eyes, and she'll make us a cup of tea, and we'll see if we can pull through."

She put her lips to his hand gratefully. "You are a good priest, and a good man, and a good brother," she said, her breath catching in a sob. "And if ever you can save a young thing from deciding her life before she knows what life is, do it for my sake. Don't let any kind mother form her child into anything, even a religious. God should choose us each for the work that he wants us to do. There is nothing so dreadful as to act from insufficient motive."

Father Joseph looked at her; a pain that was not for her clutched his heart, and with it came wonder at such wisdom from little Rose.

Father Gericke succeeded in working a kind of miracle, by what means it was not known, for no one was present at his interview with Mike. No one else in the world had the influence over the weak and wayward nature which his old playmate had acquired, largely owing to Father Gericke's native integrity and strength, a little to his priesthood, and not a little to the fact that Mike had always been conscious of his contempt; for Mike had the cur nature that fawns to the whip. By whatever means he brought it about, his miracle was well wrought. Mike consented to move into the country, and, in spite of his mother and sisters, Father Gericke succeeded by sheer force of will and right in establishing Mike and Rose in a little white house in his parish, to which, so far, Mike had returned at night with exemplary regularity.

It was even a harder task than saving the sinner, who had not enough force in going wrong to ever go strongly right, to reconcile poor little outraged Rose to the rôle of patient, loving wife.

The marriage made upon the motive of childish love, and the influence of circumstances, had not sufficient foundation to bear the severe strain to which it had been subjected. It is fatal when a woman loses respect and confidence; even great sin sometimes does not destroy that.

"It is all very well, Father Joseph, to hold up St. Monica to me," Rose said. "But she knew that her son was a great man, even though he was a wicked one. Mike will only sneak into sin, and he will never see that he has done much harm. If I work for ever I can only get him to happen into heaven; and if he was lost, he'd only stroll into hell as if he thought that he'd look around a bit."

"Never you mind that, Rose," responded Father Joseph, though he had hard work not to smile. "That's only another way of saying you married a weak character; but, weak or strong, he is your husband, and if you do not help him you are not only weaker than he, but more wicked, because you could be strong."

Altogether Father Gericke had his hands full, and yet in the work which took his best effort he was not happy. Certain words that Rose had uttered in her grief haunted him. "Nothing is so dreadful as to act from insufficient motive." "Do not let any kind mother form her child into anything, even a religious." "God should choose us each for the work which he wants us to do."

There it was: God had not chosen him; his mother had formed him; he was not called to the priesthood. The burden grew insupportable. Nothing else, no other life invited him; but a vague longing to get away, to escape from himself and his environment, consumed him. Out—that was the one thought, to get out into the big world, where he could see all around him. Perhaps then he would have chosen to be a priest after all; but had he become one from insufficient motive? He could not cease to be a priest; that was monstrous, but his consecration was like a chain, not a crown gladly worn. If he could but get away! The only course that he could think of was to enter a monastery, and there fight out the battle; when he was at peace he could return to his post. He did not realize until long afterward how thankful he had to be for the balanced nature with which he was born, the

natural goodness which he almost hated as the mistaken sign of his vocation. But he saw that others, morally less strongly poised than he, situated as he was would almost certainly fall into wrong, and even his partial knowledge of the danger increased his impatience at the mistaken piety of parents who over-cultivate a vocation, and inflict upon the world a ruined life, upon the church a possible scandal.

His confessor, the wise old bishop upon whom he had leaned, was in Rome; his German reticence held his tongue, and he struggled on alone. One Sunday he preached upon the subject in his thoughts; it was not an address of a young seminarian, but an impassioned warning to good mothers to leave God's grace alone, and let their children obey rather the inner calling than push them along in a path in which they are not led. "Nothing is of any use except in doing that for which it was made. You women think it is a noble thing to say: My son, the priest. Be content to say: My son, the good man; and leave all else to God."

Mrs. Meredith listened with her soul as well as her ears. She heard all that he did not say, and guessed that he was undergoing a struggle that had nearly reached the climax. She could not know that he had made up his mind to quit his post for a monastery in ten days; but she recognized his strength for good or ill, and longed, as one who had known what it was to battle, to hold out her hand to the young soldier.

The next day old Ann brought Father Gericke Mrs. Meredith's card; they had only a slight acquaintance, and he wondered, as he descended, what had brought her to him.

"I wanted to consult you on a little matter of charity," she said, smiling out of her peaceful face into his stormy one.

He found himself soothed at once by her softly modulated voice. Mrs. Meredith had not lived for nearly seventy years without learning her power over human souls. She was the rare woman, with a man's breadth of view combined with all a woman's love and charm. She had fought a brave fight and conquered; no one ever came within her reach who had not been influenced by her strength, her sweetness, and the subtle spell which, for lack of a better name, we call atmosphere.

After she had settled with Father Gericke the question that formed her pretext for coming, she spoke of yesterday's sermon. How it happened he never knew, but Father Gericke found himself going from a generalization of the subject into passionate personal allusions—confessions would be the better word.

Mrs. Meredith knew how it had happened; she judged rightly that the young soul was longing for sympathy; the crisis had come, and to her wonderful tact, comprehension, tenderness he was opening his wounds.

"And if God did not choose you for his priest, and if it was a mistake, can you not choose him now? Can you not make him let you serve him, and turn possible defeat into glorious victory?" she said, her sweet voice flowing around his strong German bass and interrupting his outburst. Father Gericke paused. "It was not your fault if a mistake was made," she continued, "nor are you sure that it was a mistake. You only drifted half-awake, and you always desired the right. God should choose, it is true; but I think he also likes to be chosen. Choose him; compel his help to serve him where you are; you cannot go elsewhere without violating a trust. Look at these people who need you, the number that lean upon you to whom your going away, even to a monastery, would be a certain shock. I did not think that you were a coward, Father Gericke."

He started indignantly. "A coward?" he repeated.

"Ay, a coward," she said, laying her hand on his cassock gently. "I am an old woman; my son would be ten years your senior had he lived; let me be honest with you. There is cowardice in flight; your post is here, you must fight here where your commander placed you. Think of your people. I say again, if you imagine God has not chosen you for the priesthood, choose him. Be you Jacob, and wrestle with him. God likes to have his blessing compelled. Lay hold now, and wrestle till you win. No one ever attained any but fictitious peace in shirking.

"May I tell you my story? I was married by my parents, much as you became a priest, to my cousin. I liked him; I thought that I loved him because every one said that I did, and I had been brought up with no other end in view but to love him. Marriage transforms a young girl into a woman. I realized soon that my life was a hideous mistake. My husband was heartless, but always respectful; he was too icily well-bred to do anything unbecoming his birth and breeding. I grew to loathe him, and he knew it; he punished me by being devoted to me, until I thought that I should go mad. There is nothing so horrible to a woman who deserves the name as such a union.

"And temptation came—it always does; frequently, as in my case, in the form of an angel. I saw the man whom I should have married, and awoke to a knowledge of what love was, and marriage might be.

"How can I ever be thankful enough for my moral sense? I had no supernatural help then. This was very different from being merely unsatisfied; I knew what I wanted, and I wanted it in every fibre of my being. More than that, it looked holy and lovely, and my marriage false to every law of God and man. But in the midst of my pain and bewilderment something that must have been a blind, inherited sense of right woke up in me. I lay one day prone upon my face in the forest; all the world seemed annihilated, and my stripped soul alone with the great soul of the universe. 'My God!' I said, 'I have never known you, and it could not be your will that such a lie as my life should be lived. But you let me become this man's wife, and so you must help me fulfil the law, and by your help perhaps I can make it your law.' I lay there struggling for hours, till I was exhausted and seemed to gain strength from the exhaustion. Peace fell upon me. I rose up sick in body, but strong in mind. I never saw the man I loved again. He was the best man that I ever knew and he never guessed that I loved him. He died within two years, and I was able to let him die unknowing. My children were born and they died. For years I bore my burden, until it grew lighter; and when I closed my husband's eyes I felt that I had fulfilled my duty, and won victory.

"Do I look like an unhappy woman now? No; nor am I. Peace is mine; better than happiness, for happiness does not endure, and peace is eternal. My task was harder than yours, and I am a weak woman. Can you not stand at your post, and carve your vocation out, if you think it has not been freely given?"

"I can try, madam," said Father Gericke simply.

Mrs. Meredith gathered her veil in one hand, and held out the other. It was the left, and was ungloved; a thin, delicate, old lady's hand, with prominent veins and slender fingers, on one of which she wore her wedding ring, badge of victory to her, that should have been pledge of love eternal. "You will forgive an old woman's freedom?" she said. "I rarely speak of my life."

"Dear madam, I am humbly grateful," said Father Joseph, kissing the gentle hand, which patted his as his mother's might have done.

Too wise to spoil her morning's work by another word, Mrs. Meredith hastened away.

All that night old Ann felt the jarring of Father Gericke's heavy tread to and fro across his chamber floor. "It is not

only a bad conscience that makes a bad sleeper then," thought the old woman, turning to resume her own disturbed slumbers.

The rain had set in toward sunset, and the wind whistled around the shutters and howled in the chimney. Father Gericke was unconscious of the storm; he had a war to wage with himself which shut out all sounds from without. A coward and unfaithful to a trust! Could one sink so low, and yet commit no sin? Mrs. Meredith had shown him his course in a new light; he was struggling to choose so strongly, and finally that he should be a priest indeed, and for always, with an anointing of invisible chrism. He took the key of the church, and went to finish his struggle alone in the darkness and solitude, while the wind and rain beat against the long windows, and the bells jarred in the tower.

Morning crept in, gray and cold, and saw him prone before the altar, where, like a young knight of old, he had kept his vigil before entering the combat. Rising up to meet the light, he showed a face white and tired but at peace, the stamp of strength and victory upon his brow.

The storm raged with ever-increasing fury, and Father Gericke shut himself into his study to work out his sermon for the coming Sunday. He felt moved to teach his new knowledge, for out of the depths of a profound struggle he had brought a comprehension that seemed to embrace all of life.

He had fallen asleep in his chair toward night, worn out by watching and pain, when he was aroused by a loud knocking upon his door. It was quite dark, and he groped his way, dazed with slumber, to answer the summons. The light in the hall blinded him, falling strongly upon a woman's figure, a shawl drawn over her head, her garments dripping.

"Rose?" he asked, in doubtful surprise.

"Father Joseph, Mike's gone wrong again," gasped Rose, clutching his cassock. "He's been drinking, and he's gone up the road to the Dew Drop Inn. Save him!" The Dew Drop Inn was a notorious place of resort, the curse of the mechanics' families at the end of the town. Father Gericke was instantly fully awake.

"I'll go after him; I'll bring him back; don't fear, Rose. Go home and get dry; I'll see to Mike," he said. The poor thing hurried away, murmuring incoherent blessings, and Father Gericke prepared to face the storm.

A rough coat and an old felt hat, that did away with the necessity for the umbrella which he could not have carried in any case, and high rubber boots complete his outfit; and put-

ting his head down into the wind, he fought his way up the street, half enjoying the contest, and the chance so soon offered to do real work. It was a mile up the road that he overtook Mike, whose previous hours had not been spent in such a way as to make him a rapid or steady walker.

"How are you, Mike?" said the priest, touching his arm.

"Who're you?" hiccoughed the tipsy young fellow; then recognizing him, added: "The devil!"

"No, not exactly," replied Father Gericke coolly. "I've come to take you away from him."

"I'll not be in'erfered with," asserted Mike, trying to stand on his dignity, and finding it difficult to stand at all. "Had too much your in'erference. Go home, go home, an' say prayers."

"Come along with me, Mike," said his old playfellow. "Come home to Rose and the baby."

"Wha', wha' you s'pose I care for er baby?" demanded Mike. "Wha' you s'pose I care f' Rose? Plenty pretty girls. Rose's fam'ly got no shoshul p'sition."

Father Gericke felt his fingers tingle with a desire to box the ears of the boy who had grown up with him and Rose, as he heard him repeating in his maudlin way the nonsense he had learned from his mother and sisters. "Yes, a nice social position they've brought you to, you poor wretch!" he said; "drunk in the highway. I say come home, Mike, and get sober." He took the young man's arm by an unfortunate impulse, for Mike would not stand anything like coercion.

"Lemme 'lone; I'm goin' to th' inn," he said, struggling. "Sh! Wha's that noise?"

They both listened. A roaring, like a river enraged, seemed drawing nearer.

He drew Father Gericke to the side of the road in his writhing, and as they struggled suddenly the ground gave way beneath their feet, and they were plunged into a stream that swept them away in a mighty current. "Mike's too drunk to swim, and I in my rubber boots!" was Father Gericke's first thought; then he grasped Mike by the hair, seized his collar and righted him somehow.

"What's this?" gasped Mike, sobered by his plunge and terror. "Am I so drunk as this? This is a queer road. Am I dead? You wouldn't be in hell too, Joe."

"The dam is burst," said Father Gericke, realizing the situation. "Don't talk; help me."

"Can't swim," murmured Mike.

Father Gericke's heart sank. Putting his left arm around Mike's shoulders, he tried to swim a little with his right; but the current swept them onward, and they could only wait for the end. Great pieces of wood struck them, trunks of up-rooted trees whirled by them; cows and sheep passed them lowing and bleating for help.

By a quick movement of his arm Father Gericke caught a tree; he felt Mike sinking, and his own boots, filled with water, drew him downward. "Here, Mike, catch hold!" he shouted; but Mike had fainted, struck probably by some passing log. Holding Mike by the collar, Father Gericke managed to slip along toward the upper end of the tree, and by a tremendous effort raise his comrade among the branches, which formed a network helping support him. They were borne down-stream with unabated speed, and every moment threatened them with destruction in several ways. Father Gericke tried to pray, but he could not control his thoughts. Fragments of the psalms came to him. "Out of the depths." "A thousand at your right hand, ten thousand at your left." "The sound of many waters." All this came and went as in a delirium; but under the confusion and pain, above the fear of death, one thought rose triumphantly. "Now I am a priest from a true vocation. The hireling fleeth; the shepherd lays down his life for the sheep."

Mike opened his eyes. "Not over yet, Joe dear?" he said feebly. Then he roused up. "Now I am a man, Father Joseph. I never was a man till now; and maybe 'tis only to die one, but if I do get out of this Rose shall have no more trouble. Hear my confession." And in the blackness of the raging waters, rushing swiftly toward death, poor weak Mike was shriven.

There was a long silence after that; then Mike spoke. "Do you think we've got to the sea—we've travelled a long way?" Even in death, and his real contrition, Mike was the old Mike still. "I've often thought I'd die by whisky, but I never thought I'd die by water, Father Joseph," he said.

Stiff, bruised, almost fainting, the two young men held on, Father Joseph supporting Mike with his left hand, for his arm seemed to be broken by the blow that had sent him into unconsciousness.

"Not much longer, not many minutes more," thought Father Gericke, feeling his strength nearly exhausted, when the tree that held them whirled around rapidly, then drifted slowly on and stopped. Reaching out his hand, Mike felt a bank and sobbed aloud. "Thank God!" he gasped, "it's blessed mud I

touched, and we're not at sea." But Father Gericke could not speak. "God did not choose me for his priest, but he has let me choose him. He has let me live to serve him. Now I am a priest indeed, and this is my anointing."

Unconsciousness seized him and he knew no more. When he recovered he was in a comfortable bed, hot bricks at his side, and a big German was smoking and watching him anxiously. As he opened his eyes the man arose and placed a glass of steaming liquid to his lips.

"Trink it," he said. "I am a farmer; you are safe, and ven you are like it you can go home once again. De tam purst off your vactories, you peen garried many miles py der sthream. I don't like der briests much mineselluf; I am a free t'inker, und I pelief briests are nonsense; but der Irishman he haf doldt me how you dhry to safe him ven he vas so trunk, und you holdt him all der vay in der vater oop, und I say you von prafe man, und dat iss peing ein goot man; und your vater und ihre mutter dey vas Cherman like mineselluf, und I put you in meine's bedt, und I say I am broudt to shake you py der handt." Which he did with much gravity.

Father Gericke and Mike had a triumphal entry into their own town on their return, and all denominations united to do honor to him who, to quote the local paper, "shed the refulgence of his sanctity and courage upon their beautiful town, the Florence of the western hemisphere."

Dying conversions are proverbially unenduring, unless made sure by the penitent's decease; but Mike had seen in the face of death that which had opened his eyes to his evil ways, and all the manhood that was in him came up with him to the surface from the depths of the waters. He actually kept his promise; Rose *had* no more trouble, and though little Joseph Flynn, born a year after the flood, was especially proud of his godfather, he had no reason to be ashamed of his father.

A white-haired priest serves the little church now; for years have flown, and Mrs. Meredith's calm face no longer meets his eyes from the front pew. Father Gericke will not take a richer parish; here where he began he wishes to end, and the whole community blesses the day that gave him to it.

A tall figure, slightly stooped, makes its way daily through the quiet streets, followed by benedictions on every side. Calm eyes, kindly smiling lips, a broad brow, with thick white hair crowning it—this is the face of Father Gericke, fitly the ministrant and messenger of Our Lady of Peace.



THE LOVE THAT OVERCOMETH.

"Not I, but Christ in me."

BY JOHN PAUL MACCORRIE.



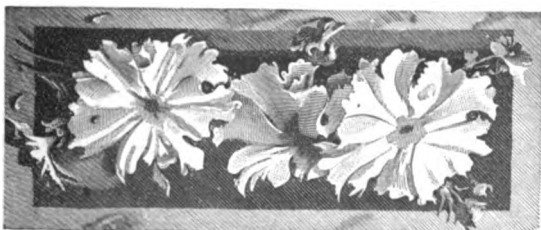
NE knocked at the door of the one beloved :
 "Who art thou?" came the voice from within.
 "It is I," quoth the lover, "awearied of strife,
 Soul-sick of the phantom and falsehood of life,
 Of its treachery, treason, and sin."

But the voice only sighed, "This house is too small
 For *thee* and for *me* to dwell in."

One knocked at the door of the one beloved :

"Who art thou?" came the voice from within.
 "*Thyself*," quoth the lover; and seeing his face,
 One knew he had suffered and bled for his race;
 And the desert-sand flecking the folds of his hair
 Told of scourgings and fastings and vigils and prayer
 Endured his beloved one to win.

And the voice came inviting, "My house can hold all
 Who are *one* with myself. Enter in!"



NEW ENGLAND AND THE FORMATION OF AMERICA.

BY REV. P. O'CALLAGHAN.



ROFESSOR JOHN FISKE, in his charming book entitled *The Beginnings of New England*, has devoted his first chapter to a dissertation upon nation-making, the history of which is, as he rightly says, the political history of the world. He maintains that there have been three prominent methods of forming nations. The first was the Oriental method, which is briefly described as "conquest without incorporation." According to this method savage tribes, after having perhaps united with such neighbors as had language and customs similar to their own, subdued other neighbors and made them either their slaves or their tributaries. The second method is the Roman, and it is described as "conquest with incorporation but without representation." According to this method people were conquered, but by degrees they were given the privileges and rights of Roman citizenship. Although the Roman Empire failed partly because of the social evils which ate into the body politic, the principal reason for its overthrow is to be found in the fact that the world was not ready for a representative government, and without representative government such an empire naturally began to sink into military despotism, and so reverted to the self-destructive Oriental method of nation-making. The English method is a method of representative government, whereby the liberty of the individual is preserved in the largest union of many interests. The English idea of nation-making has grown to be the dominant idea of the modern world. The significance of the Puritan exodus to America lies in its giving a triumphant impetus to this English idea by impregnating this new world with the spirit of that idea, so that "America became equipped as no other nation had ever been for the task of combining sovereignty with liberty, indestructible unity of the whole with indestructible life in the parts."

A FANCIFUL GENESIS.

Although Mr. Fiske goes on to say, very rightly, that the

legitimate purposes of the historian do not require him to intrude into the province of the theologian, and that as historians "we have nothing to do with the truth or falsity of any system of doctrine, whether Catholic or Protestant," there is an assumption running through this discourse of his that the cause of liberty has been in the hands of the enemies of the Catholic Church, if not throughout the Christian era, certainly ever since the so-called English method has been in the ascendancy. He traces the Paulicians, who in Greek were called Cathari, or Puritans, in their course from Armenia into Thrace in the eighth century. After they had played a considerable part in the history of the Eastern Empire, he follows them through the Balkan peninsula into Italy. From thence these "sturdy heretics," as he calls them, move into Southern France, where they become the Albigenses. Persecution nearly exterminates them there; but in England, where persecution makes only feeble and spasmodic efforts, the Puritan waxes strong and becomes the saviour of the cause of liberty in the world.

AN ABSURD CLAIM.

It is a strange fact in the psychological world that honest men can become so imbued with the spirit of error that their own statements of its contradictory will not open their mental vision to the character of the spirit which has laid hold upon their souls. I shall not here criticise the generalization of the history of the Puritan as given by Mr. Fiske. And I do not blame Mr. Fiske for taking as granted the truth of what the Protestant world has been claiming so stoutly and so persistently and for so long. I wish simply to point out the fact that he assumes what his own statements of fact show to be an absurdity. When the Scotchman, Andrew Melville, boldly told James Stuart that he, though a king, was a subject of Christ's Kirk, Mr. Fiske is lost in admiration, and though he admits that the words were "as arrogant as ever fell from priestly lips," he sees couched in them the assertion of the popular will against despotic privileges. He even commends, or at least justifies, the Puritans of the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies for insisting on religious uniformity; he calls attention to the turbulence which often characterized the Rhode Island colony, which allowed some measure of religious liberty. He describes most honestly all the intolerance of the Puritan—gives many examples of it; he says they would have given up their enterprise with horror if they had dreamt that they were

establishing that Christless rule where every pestilent error and damnable heresy, as they would put it, could find unrestrained utterance.

With all this and much more in view it is very hard to see what Puritanism, or Protestantism as such, has intentionally done to promote the cause of religious liberty, or any other kind of liberty, except by the natural consequences of its selfish endeavor to grasp as much power for itself as possible. How Protestant attempts at acquiring power to persecute others is a struggle for the cause of liberty, while Catholic attempts at keeping that power is religious tyranny, has not been made clear by Mr. Fiske or any one else.

THE PROVINCE OF RELIGION.

Both Catholics and Protestants, as individuals, have indeed battled for civil and religious liberty; but to my mind neither the Catholic religion nor Protestantism has intentionally promoted what we now understand by religious liberty, and only indirectly has either one or the other ever built up the cause of civil liberty. Religion, if it be honest, must esteem itself the truth, and all which contradicts it, it must regard as false. It should not be blamed too severely if its zeal to bless all men with the possession of truth has sometimes tempted it to overstep the bounds of its own precepts of persuasive gentleness. The chief business of religion has been, and ought to have been, the saving of men's souls; and with the changing forms of governments she has been interested only so far as they helped her or impeded her in her divine mission. Our civil liberties and religious liberty, as we now understand these terms, have grown, sometimes in spite of the opposition of religion, and sometimes under its encouragement. They have been plants which have grown like the verdure of a coral reef, whose seeds have not come from the coral, but which could not have grown if the polypi had not heaped up their skeletons to make a foundation for the soil and verdure.

The radical mistake of Mr. Fiske and all those who, like him, have been more or less under the spell of positivism, has been in looking upon religion simply as a factor in man's social and political progress. But the chief purpose of religion is not to strengthen the social fabric—to be either its warp or its woof. Religion aims to teach man, no matter what may be his social condition, the road to a better life, and warns him not to be of this world. Religion inevitably improves man's

moral character and betters his social condition, but these effects are only incidental to the great work of saving souls for a future and everlasting state of development.

RELATIONS OF RELIGION TO CIVIL DEVELOPMENT.

Without these facts clearly in mind, and under spell of such illusions as come from preconceived and false notions, even an honest and learned man like Mr. Fiske can look squarely at the facts and still be unconscious that they are sign-boards pointing the way to conclusions which may overthrow his first principles. The method of a nation's formation is not the ultimate criterion of a nation's progress. The nation is a composite individual, and its true progress must be estimated by the progress of men's minds and souls. The form of government of a people may be sometimes an indication of this growth, but at best it can only be an uncertain and inadequate standard by which to measure it; it can never be the ultimate criterion by which to judge of it.

THE "DARK AGES" MYTH.

The Roman Empire is far more interesting as a providentially formed channel through which Christian influences have been poured out into the whole world than as a type of civil government. The English method of nation-making is an apt enough generalization for the forces at work in the modern political world, but it is false to imply that religion has been nothing more than an element in the development of civilization. Nations and their governments are built on men and for men, and are interesting only as they help men to reach out for ever nobler and higher ideals. They are means, not ends; they are incidents in man's progress; their peculiar form can never be its ultimate criterion. I protest against Professor Fiske's assumption that Protestantism has been the champion of liberty—an assumption which deserves attention because it is a common error—and I also take exception to his implication, which is the view of so many others, that religion, if not an institution of the state, is chiefly useful as a helpmate for the state and society in general. Much as I appreciate the honesty which prompted him to pay the splendid tribute to the Catholic Church which may be fitly quoted here, I must criticise adversely those preconceived notions of his which are even there expressed. Speaking of the two forces which he regards as the salvation of Europe, and therefore of modern civil-

ization, when the Roman Empire was tottering from its internal weakness, after describing the invasion of the Germanic tribes as the first of these forces, Mr. Fiske says (chap. i. p. 18): "The second was the establishment of the Roman Church, an institution capable of holding European society together in spite of a political disintegration that was wide-spread and long continued. While wave after wave of Germanic colonization poured over Romanized Europe, breaking down old boundary lines and working sudden and astonishing changes on the map—setting up in every quarter baronies, dukedoms, and kingdoms fermenting with vigorous political life; while for twenty generations this salutary but wild and dangerous work was going on, there was never a moment when the imperial sway of Rome was quite set aside and forgotten; there was never a time when union of some sort was not maintained through the dominion which the church has established over the European mind. When we consider this great fact in its relation to what went before and what came after, it is hard to find words fit to express the debt of gratitude which modern civilization owes to the Roman Catholic Church. When we think of all the work, big with promise of the future, that went on in those centuries which modern writers in their ignorance used once to set apart and stigmatize as the Dark Ages; when we consider how the seeds of what is noblest in modern life were then painfully sown upon the soil which imperial Rome had prepared; when we think of the various works of a Gregory, a Benedict, a Boniface, an Alfred, a Charlemagne, we feel that there is a sense in which the most brilliant achievements of pagan antiquity are dwarfed in comparison with these. No part of history is more full of human interest than the troubled period in which the powerful streams of Teutonic life pouring into Roman Europe were curbed in their destructiveness and guided to noble ends by the Catholic Church. Out of the interaction between these two mighty agents has come the political system of the modern world. The moment when this interaction might have seemed on the point of reaching a complete and harmonious result was the glorious thirteenth century, the culminating moment of the Holy Roman Empire. Then, as in the times of Cæsar and Trajan, there might have seemed to be a union among civilized men in which the separate life of individuals and localities was not submerged. In that golden age alike of feudal system, of empire and of church, there were to be seen the greatest monarchs that Christendom has known in fullest sympathy with

their peoples—an Edward I., a St. Louis, a Frederick II. Then when, in the pontificates of Innocent III. and his successors, the Roman Church reached its apogee, the religious yearnings of men sought expression in the sublimest architecture the world has ever seen. Then Aquinas summed up in his profound speculations the substance of Catholic theology; and while the morning twilight of modern science might be discerned in the treatises of Roger Bacon, while wandering minstrelsy revealed the treasures of modern speech soon to be wrought under the hands of Dante and Chaucer into forms of exquisite beauty, the sacred fervor of the apostolic ages found itself renewed in the tender and mystic piety of St. Francis of Assisi. It was a wonderful time, but after all less remarkable as the culmination of the mediæval empire and mediæval church than as the dawning of the new era in which we live to-day, and in which the development of human society proceeds in accordance with more potent methods than those devised by the genius of Pagan or Christian Rome."

Is it not strange that an honest man may look at the facts of history so honestly and yet not see that they are, as I have said, sign-boards which point to conclusions quite different from the path into which his prejudice has led him?

A LAME AND IMPOTENT CONCLUSION.

When, might I ask, did the strong hand of the church, which led our fathers out of barbarism, lose its cunning? If she could work such wonders in the green wood—yes, and turn the dry into the marvels of the thirteenth century—what might she not have done in these days of ours if her progress, which has been from the beginning the progress of the highest Christian civilization, had not been impeded, put back at least a century, by the monster iniquity of the so-called Reformation? What are those methods which Mr. Fiske says are more "potent than those devised by pagan or Christian Rome" for the development of human society? Are they not the imitations of the old methods wielded now by less experienced hands? Is not Protestantism mangled Catholicity, and the methods of modern civilization an inheritance from the church which created that civilization? When did the Catholic Church cease to be the mainstay of Christian civilization? The history of the world has not been finished because "the English method of nation-making" has become triumphant. The forms of government change and nations rise and fall, but such events are

only incidents in human progress. The Catholic Church is not merely an item, even a magnificent item, in the story of that progress. The account of the methods in which nations have been formed may be the political history of peoples, but the history of the church is the account of that vital force which, while it is leading men to the knowledge of a better world, cannot help being the most efficacious power for perfecting the moral and political relations of men in this world. The history of the church has hardly begun, and Protestantism is not the acme and consummation of Christian civilization, but only one of those passing storms which impede for awhile the course of the bark of Peter. We who live beneath the dark clouds of that storm, and have known of no better days, except as told by the records of the past—we, Catholics and Protestants, must find it hard to picture to our imaginations the splendors of the day of Christian peace and unity. Still, Faith assures that that day must come; Christ has promised that his church will never be overwhelmed.

ENGLAND'S INFLUENCE ON CHRISTIANITY.

To the man of faith the British Empire will fulfil a providential purpose. It has a higher value than that which arises from the share it has had in promoting political and social well-being in mankind. Like the Roman Empire, it has become a world-empire to prepare the way for future triumphs of the church. So many forms of religion have been brought together within the limits of the British Empire that England has learned marvellous wisdom in her treatment of the religious views of all her subjects. The extension of her empire has promoted the cause of religious toleration, and, as a consequence, the spirit of honest inquiry. I cannot help but feel that the extension of English influence in the world has made Christianity more Christian. Not, of course, that the whole credit of the more tolerant spirit of our own times is due entirely to any one influence—I would say only, that nothing has promoted it so much as the dominance of English influence in our modern world. The British Empire has been in many ways the handmaid of religion and civilization, as it ought to have been; and that it will do splendid service in the future, if Providence does not find a more efficacious instrument for its work, seems to me a just and fair conclusion. The world owes a debt of gratitude to England, far more for having paved the way for the magnificent revival of religion which

will characterize our next century than for the services which she has undoubtedly rendered to the cause of our civil liberty.

THE PURITAN METAMORPHOSED.

The importance of the part played by New England in the world's history should be estimated by a standard other than the share it has taken in the forming of this free nation. As an element in that larger influence which I have called English, she can claim a portion of the credit for the effects of that influence upon these times. Here in America, as the predominant influence in our nation's life, New England has planted the seeds of much that is best in that life and much that is characteristic of it. Puritan New England has made our country to be a Yankee nation. But the New England of yesterday is fast giving place to the New England of the future. What was Puritan New England has been called, even now, Catholic New England. Surely the Lord Christ has intended to work greater matters by the little handful of Puritans than either they or the world have been aware of. Important as has been the part played by the New England of yesterday, we may reasonably expect that even greater things will be done by her in the future. These greater things will be done through the transformation of the Puritan. We shall, in the future, esteem the works of the Puritan more for these later fruits of New England, which he did not dream of producing—to have dreamed of them would have been to him a nightmare—than for his share in making this a free nation. The Puritan has made this a religious nation, which is destined to be a Catholic nation.

THE IRISH LEAVENING OF NEW ENGLAND.

It has been said that the settlement of New England was purely English. The statement seems to me to be substantially true. It is admitted by all that some 270 Scotchmen were sent to Boston by Cromwell in 1652, and that 150 Huguenot families took refuge in Massachusetts in 1685, and that 120 Presbyterian families, from the North of Ireland, settled principally in Londonderry, New Hampshire, in the year 1719, and that there may have been others of foreign blood of whose coming we have no record. But admitting all assertions of foreign admixture which have any probability to back them, the conclusion of Mr. Savage remains sound, that even at the end of the eighteenth century ninety-eight out of every one

hundred inhabitants in the New England States were of purely English stock. It is, nevertheless, most interesting to follow up to its origin that stream of foreign blood, at first so tiny in New England, but which has become so great and mighty an influence to transform the Puritan while it has itself been transformed by him. The largest and most important part of that influence has been wielded by men of Irish blood. Some year and a half ago, when I was giving some temperance lectures in the western part of Massachusetts, the pastor of the town where I had to stop for a couple of days drove me over a long mountain road to see an Irish farmer, with whom he had some business. When we were about to take leave the priest asked :

"How in the world did you ever come to settle in this out-of-the-way place?"

The Irishman answered: "Sure, I kind of dropped here."

After we had left the old farmer the priest told me how he had run across Irishmen in the most remote parts of the globe—he had travelled extensively—and he laughingly added: "I do believe that if they ever discover the North Pole, they will find Irishmen already settled there."

Among the town records of Yarmouth there is an old entry, dating back to the early days of the colony, which refers to a David O'Killia (probably O'Kelly) as "the Irishman"—a rare bird, no doubt, for those times. But "the Irishman" has become a multitude. Although the Irish did not become numerous enough to play any very important part in the history of New England until fifty years ago, Mr. Thomas Hamilton Murray has collected considerable evidence regarding the settlement of Irishmen in New England at a very early date. He published an article this last spring in *The Rosary Magazine* in which he gives us a great deal of this evidence. He finds Irishmen settling in New England less than twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. From the records of King Philip's war he has prepared a list of 114 names which are undoubtedly of Irish origin. These and other facts concerning the early settlement of Irish in New England are extremely interesting as illustrating the ubiquity of the Irishman, but they in no way militate against the assertion that not until towards the middle of the present century did the Irishman become a power in the land.

Although the tide of immigration had set in before that time, it swelled to such proportions during and after the Great

Famine in Ireland that anti-Irish prejudice and religious intolerance were aroused and gave birth to the monstrosity of Know-nothingism.

The spirit that persecuted the Quakers was alive in New England fifty years ago, as it is not yet entirely dead. It turned all its venom upon the "Paddy." Although political changes had made it impossible to bring back the days when the Quaker was flogged, had his ears cut off, or his tongue bored with a hot iron, the spirit which prompted all these enormities was fierce enough to break the windows of our churches, to burn a convent, and to tar and feather an innocent priest. English animosity towards the Irish, inherited by the Puritan, was combined with a passionate hatred for "Papists"; and "Irish," "Papist," "Paddy," "Catholic"—all were synonymous terms. The Irish used to live together in a certain quarter of town. Most New England towns have had at least one "Dublin," as the Irish quarter was generally called. As most of those early immigrants were poor, and the majority of them also represented the poorer classes of Ireland, the "Dublins" of New England were usually the shabbiest parts of town. Poverty, the untidiness which generally accompanies poverty, and especially intemperance, which is always more in evidence among the poor than among the rich—these things tended to confirm the Puritan in his superficial judgment which condemned Irishmen and Catholics alike as coarse and vulgar "Paddies."

Those were awful days when such base fanatics as the so-called "Angel Gabriel" became the leaders of the bigots, who were then bolder than now because the objects of their hate were comparatively few and weak. The story of those days was a sad one, as my mother used to tell it to me. But sometimes the ludicrous absurdities into which blind prejudice led its dupes lightened the dark picture. Soon after the marriage of a certain young Irish girl to a relative of mine, husband and wife removed from Massachusetts to a small town in Connecticut. They rented one side of a double house, the other end of which was occupied by an old-fashioned Yankee. Both families had the use of the same yard. When the new-comer would appear in the yard, the good Puritan would rush frantically into her kitchen and bolt the door after her. Sometimes she would peep cautiously out of the window, evidently expecting to discover something strange in the peculiar species of mankind known as Irish. One day in winter, in her desperate haste to escape all danger, she fell upon the ice and broke her

arm. She could not prevent the strong young Irishwoman from lifting her into her house. When she had been put upon the lounge and the doctor had been sent for, that dreadful Irishwoman sat beside her suspicious neighbor and tried to make her comfortable. During the next few weeks, while the arm was mending, this Irish neighbor was with her every day, caring for her and helping her about the house. One day, when the usual offices of kindness were being fulfilled, the good Puritan called her benefactor to her side and, looking into her young and handsome face, asked, while tears of gratitude flowed down her cheeks, "Are all the Irish like you?" The younger woman answered laughingly that she was one of the worst specimens of the race. Then the old woman confessed, with great sorrow for her past ignorance and the faults which grew out of it, what horrible things she had expected when she heard that an Irish family was to move in next door; she had looked for horns and something worse than savagery. Providence had justly punished her for her un-Christian suspicions, and she begged that she might be forgiven. After a year or so, when the young married couple were about to return to Massachusetts, the old woman wept most bitterly and asked her now beloved neighbor to take something to keep her ever in mind. And pointing to an old, straight-backed chair, which she prized dearly as a family heirloom, she told her parting friend to take it and keep it to the day of her death. That Irishwoman was my own mother, and for forty years and more she has kept that old chair and loved it, not only as a reminder of friendship with one now long since dead, but as a symbol of a triumph over ignorant hate and unreasoning bigotry.





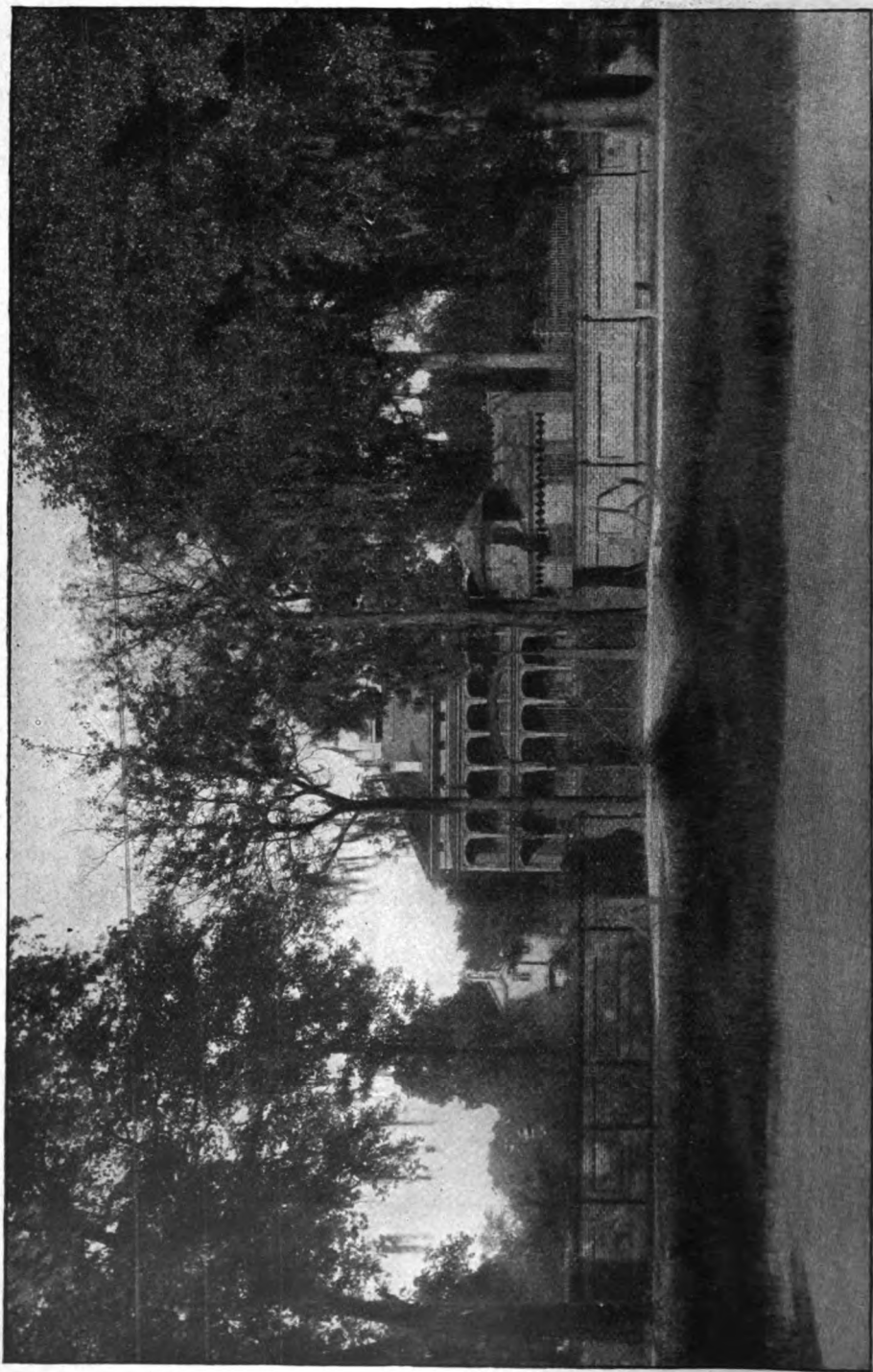
THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

BY F. M. MULLINS.



WHEN, at the dawn, nor fading mists of night,
Nor day's young beams maintain unsocial sway,
Look to the opening East: there one clear ray
Sheds from on high serene, refulgent light.
It is the Morning Star! Chaste, tender, white,
Unique in sov'reign state, till comes the day
She pours unquenched light, then melts away
Before the unmastered Sun, superbly bright.
More chaste, more bright, more tender, more serene,
And more unique in glory more sublime,
Art thou, our Mother and our gracious Queen,
The morning star of hope to ev'ry time.
O thou alone from taint inherent free,
Hail! gracious Queen, of matchless purity.





THERE IS A PICTUREQUE LODGE CLOSE BY THE GATE.

WHERE SOUTHERN LILIES ARE TRAINED.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

THE air of a February evening, sharp even in New Orleans, greeted us as we alighted at the convent gate on Saint Charles Avenue. We could not, despite the cold, help standing for a moment under the row of magnolias and live-oaks that mark the front line of the domain, so majestic is their array. There is a picturesque lodge close by the gate; but it was dark within, and as the driver struck the bell a rather anxious query rose in our minds as to how it could be heard in the convent, which we barely discerned in the dim distance. Very soon, however, we saw a procession of white-habited, black-veiled nuns in winter wraps, with their lighted candles, coming toward us through the shrubbery, and very soon, too, one-half of the iron gate swung on its hinges and we were admitted within the enclosure; then led, with a chorus of welcomes, along a wide walk leading to the stately academy, then to the side by narrower paths, and through the shrubbery of the garden to the convent itself—a building of imposing length but no great height, shaded by tall trees. We entered by a piazza into a cozy parlor; there was a blazing fire in the grate and a refection spread for the travellers.

Warmed and refreshed, we slipped through a narrow passage from the parlor to the chapel and knelt for a moment before the altar; then were led, through devious ways, to our room in the academy, where another bright fire awaited us, while on the table stood a large vase filled with flowering branches of the sweet olive from the garden below, and even some hardy roses from the open air. There could be no mistaking our latitude, nor was there any mistaking the cordiality of our hostesses. They were the Dominican Sisters of St. Mary's.

We were fully prepared to find at Saint Mary's, in New Orleans, the educational traditions of their renowned order faithfully carried out. At the Educational Exhibit of the World's Columbian Exposition this convent won from committees special praise, and from our own personal inspection the warmest commendation; for it was easy to see that the

class-books representing the results of studies, literary and scientific, were of a very high order of excellence. There had been no superficial training here; and the surprise was to know of



THE STATELY MAGNOLIAS WERE JUST PUTTING FORTH
THEIR MAGNIFICENT BLOSSOMS.

girls of this generation willing to submit to such rigid educational discipline, where no slackening of energy had been allowed on the part of teacher or pupil; certainly no signs of an "enervating climate." Every exercise was crisp, lively. Then the art department in their exhibit was another surprise.

There were no copies from great or small masters; no attempts at subjects beyond the reach of pupils; but severe elementary studies in black and white, especially from casts, which would have done credit to any institute in the land, and paintings of still life in oils. We could not help asking the sister under whose instruction these had been executed, where her own studies had been made, to learn that they had been carried on in her own convent under superior masters, who had had but one thought in mind—which was the artistic rendering of each subject attempted. As we have said, our astonishment



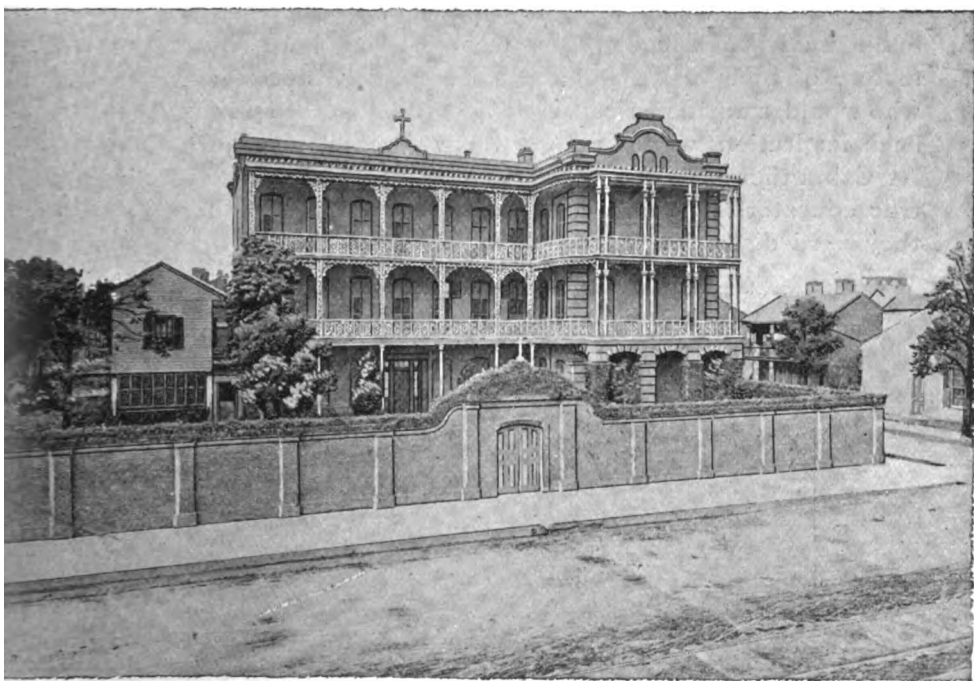
WE STEPPED THROUGH A NARROW PASSAGE FROM THE
PARLOR TO THE CHAPEL.

was great, and proved to be one of our consolations in making up our mental estimate of the condition of art among our convents. For this exhibit a diploma has been given for "scientific

class-work and also for excellent drawings in crayon," with the St. Gaudens medal.

But it is time to give the story of our Dominican monastery, since in our country, north or south, east or west, there is sure to be a history of beginnings back of the noble buildings, spreading forest trees, and blossoming gardens.

It was in 1860 that the Most Rev. Antoine Blanc, Archbishop of New Orleans, invited the Dominican nuns of Cabra, Dublin, Ireland, to send a colony to his city. The school-houses had been built and furnished, but he could offer only a



THE FIRST CONVENT WAS ON DRYADS STREET.

cottage as a temporary residence for the nuns, promising to build a commodious convent for them in a short time. With the sanction of the Holy See, and of their ecclesiastical superior, the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen (afterwards cardinal), five choir and two lay sisters left Cabra in October of that year to found a convent at New Orleans. But during the negotiations Archbishop Blanc died, and Bishop Odin, of Texas, was appointed to take his place. This might have seemed unfortunate had not Archbishop Odin several years before, while Bishop of Texas, invited the same Dominicans of Cabra to his diocese. Some untoward circumstance had prevented their acceptance of

this invitation, to his and their own regret. On his elevation to the Archdiocese of New Orleans, therefore, he was more than pleased to find a branch of the Cabra nuns among his educators.

A word *par parenthèse* about Cabra, which still flourishes as a memory of all that inspires to great labors for God in the hearts of its willing colonists. This famous convent has been the mother-house of Saint Mary's, Kingstown; of Sion Hill, Blackrock; of Saint Mary's, Cape Town, South Africa; of Saint Mary's, South Australia, all in turn mother-houses of several foundations. The nuns brought with them to the New World the refinement of European schools, combined with that intellectual and broad progressiveness which is or should be a feature of their order, and which is especially necessary to those who would train American girls according to the spirit of republican institutions while building them up in all womanly virtues. At Cabra there was a zeal to raise up instructors who would be true educators, in touch with the most improved methods, while they used discretion in the choice of what to adopt and what

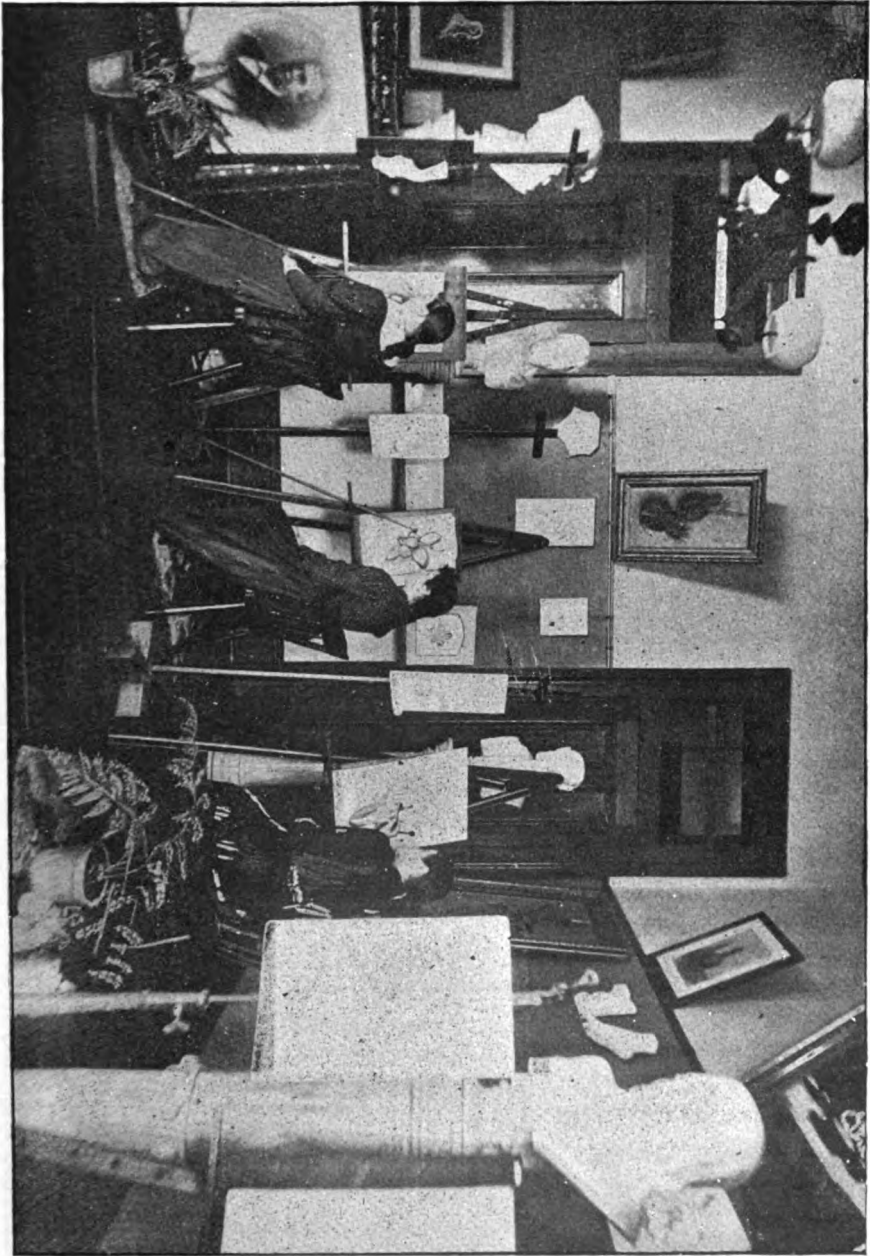


THE CONVENT—A BUILDING OF IMPOSING LENGTH.

to reject, according to a noble ideal of what woman should be in social life; familiar with Christian æsthetics, but who would practise, above all things, that piety, self-denial, and fortitude which can alone secure the happiness of the home.

The first convent in New Orleans was on Dryads Street, where they opened, on the feast of Saint Francis Xavier, December 3, 1860, a parochial school numbering two hundred girls. In February, 1862, Saint Mary's Select School was opened in

the small cottage which for two years served as both convent and academy. In 1864 the nuns purchased Madame Macé's



THE ART DEPARTMENT WAS ANOTHER SURPRISE.

Academy at Greenville, then six miles from the city of New Orleans, and which is now Saint Charles Avenue, a delightful neighborhood and still beautiful with its gardens and villa-like

residences. In 1865 the young lady boarders were transferred from the Dryads Street convent to Greenville, and although far from possessing the present stately buildings with their modern appointments for comfort, the academy flourished as it has continued to do, and while their achievements in the past may well be to them a source of congratulation, they are still pressing forward to that

perfection which the religious state, of itself, should inspire.



THE PRINTING IS DONE BY THE NUNS, IN THE "SALVE REGINA" PRINTING-OFFICE.

The curriculum of study includes, from the primary to the graduating department, a thorough course of English with its literature; philosophy, natural and mental; rhetoric and all that belongs to belles-lettres; the sciences,

mathematics; French and German, with especial attention to elocution as an art, for which one of the ladies has prepared and published an admirable manual under this title. Book-keeping has not been forgotten; while under the head of domestic economy the girls learn sewing, cooking, and baking. Music, instrumental and vocal, is taught in connection with harmony and theory. Drawing and painting are practised in a studio with all the appliances for good lights; and this is connected with an exhibition-room. A general class includes all the young pupils, so that no one escapes knowing something of the art rudiments, while those who possess taste, and desire to gratify it, are transplanted at any age to the studio. Casts from the antique are diligently studied, and the pupils pass onward to studies of still life, and even of the living head in oil colors.

As we can see, as far as precept and example can secure it, a rounded character is the object before the mind's eye of these trained educators. Every effort is made, by way of nature and object-lessons, to bring out the hidden resources of the young, to rouse the dormant faculties, to quicken habits of observation.

As one of the best means of accomplishing this, all the pupils, in every grade, are encouraged to write compositions by the

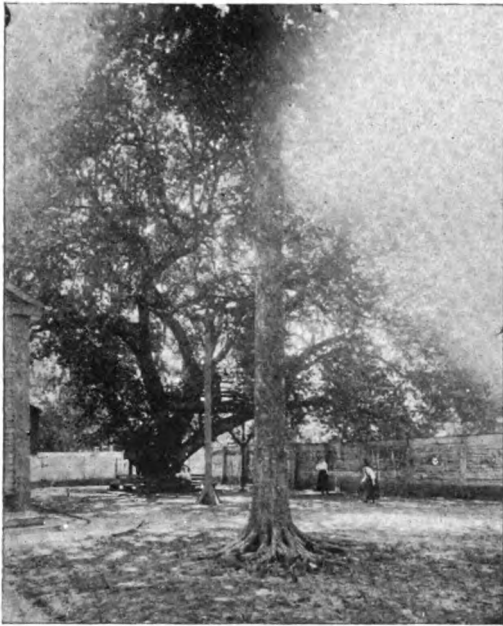
elaborating of some subject within the capacity of the youngest pupil; while this act of original thinking and production is still further promoted by the putting forth each month of a magazine, entitled *Salve Regina*, which is made up of original compositions by the young ladies, while the printing is done under the roof of St. Mary's itself by the nuns; and we also saw nearly every girl in the school trying her hand at type-setting, her eyes at proof-reading, and even working the small hand-press by way of recreation. That indefinable but exceedingly precious literary taste, a liking for books and everything connected with them, which characterizes the true scholar, received a lively impetus during the course of the Winter-School held in New Orleans. The academy was visited by several of the most distinguished lecturers at the school; these Dominican ladies, enclosed as they are, having a sharp relish for literary productions, while the advanced pupils, acting under this influence, attended in a body the sessions held at Tulane Hall. In connection with this we may be allowed to say that the first time the word "Winter-School" was formulated and enunciated it was from the mouth of one of the same



ST. JOSEPH'S SHRINE.

Dominican nuns while in conversation with that enthusiastic promoter of popular education, Rev. John F. Mullany, the first one to propose the plan of a winter-school in New Orleans, and to the success of which, with Rev. Francis V. Nu-

gent, C.M., he was so directly instrumental. From first to last Saint Mary's Dominican Convent set its influence on the side of the Winter-School ; as good a proof as could be given of



GIANT LIVE-OAK ON THE PLAY-GROUNDS.

what we have called the progressive spirit in educational methods.

We have never seen a school so nearly altogether Catholic in its patronage as Saint Mary's Dominican Convent on Saint Charles Avenue, New Orleans ; and there was something very charming in the perfectly unconscious movements of so many young hearts in pious exercises. A novena was entered into as a unit, and the greatest enthusiasm was excited by its successful results, while the composure with

which every religious duty was performed attested the thoroughness of their religious instruction.

As to discipline, we must confess that we forgot while there that discipline was considered necessary ; for it never obtruded itself upon our notice, familiarly as we moved among superiors, teachers, and pupils. The most delightful regularity prevailed without any display of authority, and we used to wonder sometimes who were the regulators of this admirable harmony.

Lovely needle-work, all sorts of handicrafts which girls enjoy, from dressing dolls to the most elaborate embroidery and the fashioning and hand-sewing of articles requiring feminine ingenuity, were every-day affairs. It resembled, in fact, a large harmonious family, without any of the iron machinery generally attributed to boarding-schools, and watchfulness was altogether under the appearance of companionship.

What a lovely intellectual, moral, and religious training ! we could not but exclaim, for these daughters of Louisiana, poetic, ardent, sensitive to everything that touches the imagination ; and whose representatives we see here from the ranks of the

old French settlers, coming from their beautiful homes nested in groves, surrounded by their broad sugar and rice plantations; from cultivated families in the city itself, where the pure Creole, in whose veins runs the noble French or Spanish blood simple or united, meets the high-grade American with a cordiality full of everything elevating and delightful in social intercourse; each bringing their traditions from generations of pious and refined ancestors, and while marked by the gentleness of choice culture, demanding nothing of the luxury which so often enervates the young in large cities. Well may the South rejoice in such an institution.

Nothing could have been more enchanting than the morning we left. Dew glistened on the grassy lawns, on the gardens, luxuriant in their bloom; the stately magnolias were just putting forth their magnificent blossoms, the wisteria in full flower hung its garlands from tree to tree; roses everywhere as beautiful as any that bloom in "the vale of Cashmere"; the mocking-bird's voice in melodious choirs all around us; congregations gathering for the frequented early Mass, with here and there a



DEW GLISTENED ON THE GARDENS, LUXURIANT IN THEIR BLOOM.

band of sisters; the glorious sunshine tempered by the morning breezes; everything fresh, joyous; and as the same gentle faces which had welcomed us to the convent gate on a chilly evening in February gave us an affectionately smiling adieu, we thanked God that we had been allowed to spend two beautiful months in the shelter of a convent home.

A VILLAGE CYNIC.

BY WALTER LECKY.



HINSLEY was a small town; like most small towns airing on all possible occasions its importance and its capabilities. It was founded in a hurry, as its historian relates; built in a hurry, and to this day, if I may so speak, has, at least in its appearance, something of the hurry about it. The accidental discovery of lead-mines noised abroad brought restless spirits from all points in search of work. The mines were successful; and a village sprang up, taking the name of the owner of the mine. This is as much of the early history of Hinsley as you might care to know, and it is sufficient for my story.

Hinsley had one large street, on which were the business houses and professional residences. There were a few other streets, narrow and as crooked as a snake basking in the sun. These were for the common people; they are always shoved to the rear, their few shops merely subsisting from day to day, living more in hope than by custom. One of these shops was named by the urchins, who have a wonderful faculty for saddling fitting epithets on men and things, "The Skip House," from the many tenants who had in a short space entered it with hopes and left it in despair. When its sign "To Let" was not hung out it was rather the exception than the rule. Tenants, according to the landlords' *dictum*, paraded in all ages, have never been considered the most watchful guardians of property. "Skip House," if taken as an example, I am bound to admit, would confirm the landlords' theory. It had originally, I believe, been the builder's intention to have it a Queen Anne cottage, but age and tenants had put an impress on it which debarred it from coming under any known style of architecture. It was a pathetic monument, reminding its owner of unpaid bills, of faces and sounds that had vanished for ever from his seeking gaze into the dark. These vanishings had made him dubious of human nature on a hundred points that the easy-going man would have no difficulty in judging.

As the landlord sat in his office a few days after an unusually promising tenant had escaped him by the pale glimpses of

the moon, revolving in his mind what an amount of cunning, deceit, and dishonesty can be packed in a human frame—a meditation to bring sourness and gruffness to the thinker—a frail old man, face furrowed and eye heavy, entered—rather toddled—into the office, remarking as he did so:

“You’re Muggins: ain’t you Muggins? Yes, I believe you’re Muggins. You just fit the description I had from a fellow I tramped a few miles with.”

“Another beggar!” mused the landlord. “Quite a cuss in his own way. He has ‘Mugginsed’ me all I’ll allow. This new race of beggars think no more of dropping the handle to a fellow’s name than they do of stealing anything loosely left around. Honesty to them is the worst of policy. Conscience! they would have to get that by hypodermic injections. Better give him something and let him go.”

His musings were cut short by the slender figure, now quietly seated.

“Muggins, you are sizing me up, taking my measure, old boy. Quite right. Your process is too slow. Don’t follow the vulgar old lie of buying a book because the covers are fancy. Don’t think, either, that every tattered hide clothes a high-spirited dog. I have seen curs possessing them.

“I see you’re smiling, Muggins. Have been bit, I dare say. Perhaps you tried fancy covers and tattered hides, and found them wanting in solids, thin air, vanishing. Eh, Muggins? You laugh. I read you like a book. I am a bit of philosopher—not by nature, but by art. You see, my dear Muggins, I have been around in the world early and late; met the crowd, which had little pity on a solitary tramp. It is philosophy to suffer and say nothing; that’s my mood, and I rightly call myself a philosopher. My friends may have different views, but I comfort myself with the knowledge that friendship is not infallible, and wisdom can be mistaken for foolishness. It has always been a pleasure to me to note strangers taking my measure and making a botch of their job. If it was the body, you could get it easily with a yard-stick or tape-line, but the mind is not measured after that fashion.”

The old man laughed a strange, chirping laugh, much like the chatter of sparrows when disputing.

Mr. Muggins dropped the pennies his fingers had grasped to the depths of his trouser pocket, and drawing his face serious looked out of the window.

“Muggins,” continued the old man, “I guess I’ve talked

enough on everything; now to something more interesting. You have a house to rent; I want it. Don't frown, my dear fellow. Nature was too scanty with the material she put in your face to allow you to frown, and not be hideous as the painter's devil. You know the contemplation of his master-piece drove him insane. Your head just this way; the sun is in your eyes. I will pay right down for your house a full year's rent. I ask no improvements; a fellow-tramp told me that to your mind your house was in tolerable condition. Those who don't pay rent would ask for it to be put in excellent condition."

As Mr. Muggins wrote the receipt an idea came to him that as landlord he had a right to cross-examine his tenant. He had no formulas to cope with this only specimen of honesty he had met with in years. He needs be cautious or else the old philosopher, seemingly at perfect ease in the arm-chair, might make him foolish in his own sight. Receipts cannot be written without names. Mr. Muggins's chance came.

"Of course you have a name, Mr. So-and-So," said Mr. Muggins, smilingly rubbing his moustache with his pen and looking on the occupant of the arm-chair.

"My name"—the old man shook his head—"it matters little. If it is necessary here it is: Hunter Morgan, Esq. A man should never lose the opportunity to air his dignity. Other fellows are always whittling at it; they are school-boys with jack-knives; we are, my dear, the benches. Your next question ought to run: 'Morgan, what is your occupation? or are you like the not a few, living by the occupations of others?' To which I might gruffly respond: 'Muggins, you have your money, and my business is my own; when it becomes yours it is common property and nobody's business'—a bad state of affairs. As I am a philosopher I must be polite, and as my business will be best served when best known, I take pleasure in converting you into a newspaper, putting a steady advertisement on the first page: that I have come to stay, that I am by profession a watch and clock tinker, handy at a dozen other trades, and, mind you—this must be put in italics—agreeable to customers. Agreeableness is a virtue that tradesmen do not generally cultivate, but that is a great mistake."

The old man arose, laughing again in his sparrow-like chatter, and bade adieu to the muddled Muggins.

Hunter Morgan and his large valise passed down the street to "The Skip House," watched by a dozen urchins; who were making up their minds to have fun with the old man, in a

hundred ways known only to young heads, once ne was comfortably settled; but the society and business element ignored him; he seemingly had nothing for them. A yellow cur, out of shelter, and as a consequence in misery, brushed his legs. He looked down, the cur gazed up; their eyes met in friendship. The vigorous tail-wagging of the outcast was a brute effort at thanks for promised board and shelter. The old man was grateful for affection, even if it had in it a little of selfishness. We rarely find gold that needs not washings.

Business brought me to Mr. Muggins. He was in a playful mood. As soon as it was finished, and contrary to his usual fashion, he handed me a chair with a cordial invitation "to visit awhile," and graced this invitation by proffering what he avowed was a genuine Havana. When we had passed the commonplaces of talk, the health of my family and his, the state of the weather, and our business fears, Mr. Muggins tilted back in his chair, threw his long legs across a box that perchance might have been purposely put there as an often-needed accommodation for the owner's long and acrobatic legs, and lit his cigar after a long fit of laughter.

"What has happened?" I queried. "Happened?" shouted Mr. Muggins; "something to startle a fellow of my experience. I have met an honest tenant! 'The Skip House' has been rented, the money paid, and for the first time in years I had the honor and pleasure of signing 'Horace Muggins' to a receipt. On such an occasion I can afford to treat. Really, I feel as if this one swallow has brought summer. If you have any clocks, watches, trinkets to fix, don't forget to give the job to my honest tenant. If you have not, it would be worth your while to break your watch's mainspring, twist a hand off your clock, or knock a stone out of your ring, just to have an excuse for seeing Hunter Morgan. He is one of those queer chaps that has been around a good bit, saw with open eyes, registered his seeing, thought over it, and now talks out what he has been long thinking. He may not give you much respect—he 'Mugginsed' me until I was a little fretful—but his quickness in paying drove it away, and made me kind of like him. I think you will, too, if for nothing else, as a curiosity, a knick-knack, or a bit of bric-a-brac, or whatever you call it. If the missus was here she would keep me in the groove. You know she is president of some society which takes an interest in these gimcracks. I said to her: 'Maggie, old girl, you have so much time, why in thunder, don't you go down

and wash the Reed children? They're so coated with stuff (I daren't call it dirt in her presence) that they are now Hindus and will soon be darkies, if you and your society don't commence to peel their polish off.'"

Mr. Muggins laughed heartily and puffed vigorously. Blowing away the gray smoke that pirouetted above his nose and was tickling his eyes, he continued:

"What do you think was her reply? You could not guess if you were trying for weeks and weeks: 'The Reeds were too human.' Yet she and a dozen others go Bible-reading and tract-giving—handy jobs, where you don't have to pull off your gloves—preaching charity, and giving it to bric-a-brac and pugs. I tell you it does me good to read Burns; he's the boy that knew the difference between sham and the genuine article. When my wife and the Lawtons—three touch-me-not-or-I'll-collapse-old-maids—urged me to go to church and hear Dr. Klinkenslop on the text from Paul to the Galatians, 'For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' I didn't say 'yes' and I didn't say 'no.' I was thinking of the Reeds turning darkies and Klinkenslop and all the rest looking on, because the Reeds were 'too human.' Eh? Had they been pugs there wouldn't have been a fly-speck on their hides. So you see how things run. I had my answer ready. Says I, 'The Bible is not for reading alone—it's for practice; and as to Klinkenslop, he makes me think of Burns:

"Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd;
E'en ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture."

I wish you had seen their faces. It was a spectacle worth seeing. The oldest of the Lawtons' spectacles slipped to the point of her nose, but she erected such a curl there that there was no fear of its going further. When Klinkenslop donates a bit of soap, my better-half a few towels, the Lawtons the rubbing, and the darkies are reduced to their original color, Horace Muggins may be coaxed to church."

"What about your tenant?" I put in.

"Well, that's so. I went off a kind of unexpected, and again I didn't. When you hear old Morgan you'll know by

his talk that it was meeting Klinkenslops, Lawtons, and their likes which ground him into the curiosity he appears to be. Bring old Morgan a job; he's always agreeable to his customers, that I warrant. Good-day."

Muggins had piqued my curiosity to see the old watchmaker—to beard him in his den. I bethought myself that I was on an errand, and my wife was anxiously awaiting her gossiping husband. I rather ran than walked; my door was lying open; evidently my wife had been reconnoitring. There was a frown on her face. I looked stupid, as I have long held that stupidity in the man soon disarms the woman.

"So you have put in an appearance! It was to be but a few minutes' absence; so, believing you, dear, I put the tea on the table. Sugar keeps; you have made out to bring it along; tea gets cool—perhaps you like it so. When we were first married you desired it boiling hot—but people change. Somebody told me you were in Muggins's all this time—that hateful man! How can you bear him? He publicly insulted those good, dear Lawtons, who, as Mr. Klinkenslop said to me the other day, are 'blessedly doing the Master's work.' And that was not enough: he even quoted poetry at them—perfectly awful! His wife, poor thing—God pity her! to have to live with such a bear—says, 'He made poetry right on the spot, just to throw a ball at Dr. Klinkenslop.' I wonder people go near him to be insulted. I'm sure I would rather face a mad dog than that gruff old thing, kicking and snarling at everybody. I hope he will meet his match. Just think of the Lawtons trying to convert that old reprobate. But what's the use in talking? You seem to enjoy his society. Don't open your mouth, William; anybody that can leave their dinner standing for an hour on the table, their wife waiting and running to the door every minute, must love their company more than their home. Somebody I know has done this." Here my wife burst into tears—a way she has of bringing out my affection.

I drew by her side and said: "Now, dear, you know I was not gone an hour. I couldn't be. Besides, I did not spend all the time with Mr. Muggins, who asked for you kindly."

"Muggins ask for me?" shrieked my wife, drying her tears. "The villain! don't mention in my house his name."

"I—I had to wait in the grocery store my turn; it was full. I couldn't ask the clerk to leave all the rest and serve me. Could I, dear?"

"No, William; but when you were served, had you a head upon you, you would have come home. When you next go out I will send along a little boy to lead you home; you truly need one."

"I tell you," I warmly replied, "I was not so long on the errand as you make out. I'm not a boy to be running the streets like a greyhound. Many a time I waited twice as long for you and said nothing. It seems that gratitude is not on your list. Anyway I don't believe I could be as long gone as you make out. Just let me see the time."

"Well, you have legs on you, Mr. Crawford, and the clock is, I have no doubt, keeping time in the parlor as usual—unless to express her disgust at your conduct she has stopped."

"Martha, don't be silly. Show me your watch."

"William, how can you be so mean? You know that I have not worn my watch in months; not since Aunt Fanny's chain was broken—you promised to have it repaired, but you are good in that line; your promises are never made to be kept, so they are easily made."

"I will have it," said I, softening my voice, "repaired at once; just fetch it here. I am so forgetful; forgive me. I suppose I might have come home sooner. I deserve a cold dinner." Drawing over my face a look of downright stupidity, I drew near the table.

My wife drew closer and, patting me on the shoulders, laughingly remarked "that she had kept my dinner warm; in fact, she would not let me eat a cold dinner if I had remained away twice as long." The ways of love are, like the Heathen Chinee, peculiar. I was impatient to have dinner over; my wife deeming this impatience a desire to have the chain fixed as an acknowledgment of my guilt and as a kind of reparation. When this idea had taken full possession of her mind, nothing could be more tender and gracious than my wife. My thoughts were on "The Skip House" and its queer occupant, but to give them a speech-setting was a dangerous experiment not to be risked.

Silence was golden, and as our boy came romping in from school, throwing his satchel on the table, telling an excited tale of how one of the little Reeds saved Miss Klinkenslop from being killed by catching her runaway pony, I joined him in the thrilling narrative, pointing a moral that poverty and bravery are often bed-fellows. I had a hankering that my wife would on some future occasion repeat my moral to the bespectacled Lawtons.

Dinner was soon over, done to our boy's rattling tale. Next to the delicious music of a young girl's rippling laughter comes the voice of a genuine boy narrating something which appeals to his sympathies. Note that this particular boy was our boy, and that his every move was watched by the mother's quick eye, and that every point he made love registered in his mother's face.

As Jack closed the garden gate with a jerk and clash, he shouted to his mamma, whose nose was flattened against the window-pane: "Ma, you ought to see the old cuss that's come to town, living in Muggins's 'Skip House.' He's a dandy, that's what he is. The Reeds say he's a whole circus. Can't I go and see him?"

Luckily I was standing in the door, so I shouted as loud as I could—banging the door at the same time—"Good-by, my son."

"What is Jack shouting?" demanded my wife. "Call him back. I did not catch what he said."

"He says, 'Love to pa and me,'" I answered.

"Loving boy, Jack," said my wife. "He will soon be twelve, and on his birthday we must make him a present. Jack's love must be encouraged. It would be quite an idea to have a 'purple tea' in honor of Jack."

With Jack as a subject my wife might have passed the day expounding, and without the slightest fatigue, had I not asked for the chain, exclaiming: "I will have that done to-day or I shall lose my life!"

"Bless your soul, William!" said my wife, "you are just lovely to-day. I will get the chain at once."

It was soon in my hands—a chain of human hair, fantastically plaited, running through three little cubic blocks of gold chastely carven. Each block bore the letters M. M. The guard of the chain, a bit of curiously twisted gold, bore the same initials. This chain had long been a keepsake in my wife's family.

When my wife joined her fortunes to mine her aunt bestowed the chain; and Jack, inquisitive as are most boys, wishing to know the outs and ins of everything, detached the hair from the pendant gold blocks. His busy fingers had given me the needed excuse. Saying "I'll have a good job done," I left the house and slowly sauntered to "The Skip House." On the way I saw our Jack and the Reeds busily engaged in stealing Muggins's apples—his very best at that. "Here," I thought, "good wife, is a case where ignorance is bliss indeed."

"The Skip House" looked a little healthier; it seemed a bit brighter, and that because a human being tenanted it. It is an odd thought of mine that houses are like human bodies. Where there is life, there is always something pleasant. I had a good look at the old jeweller, who was standing by the window watching the maple-leaves play hide-and-go-seek on the scratchy lawn before his door. He was immersed in thought, taking no interest in my presence. In early life he must have been of a tall and commanding presence, but age and adversity had squeezed his shoulders into an ungraceful stoop. His hair was long, white, and carelessly thrown back, joining with his beard of the same color to give him what has been aptly called a leonine appearance. So true was this that my first sight of him made me think of an old lion I had seen when my wife and I, taking in a cheap excursion to New York, "did" the Park. His face was sallow and weather-beaten, wrinkled and twisted. The eyes were dull, as if much of their life had been squeezed out by the wrinkles and twists. The old cap he wore on his head, and the old gown wrapped about his body, seemed fitting dress for such a man. My head was filled with his figure. I thought of the alchemists, of Mesmer, of Dr. Faust, and a thousand other things. Had the brown leaves become fair maidens, singing rapturous music, I would not have been astonished. The figure at the window, piquant and queer, was a magician who by filliping his fingers could put me astride a broom, and convert it into a prancing charger to bear me away through deep, dark forests, by weird lakes, over hill and dale. Yes, the old watch-tinker was a bit uncanny; but, buoyed by Muggins's saying that he was always agreeable to customers, I fumbled in my breast-pocket for the chain, and rapped strongly on the door. It was some time before my wizard was roused from his meditations. His voice came through the chinky corridor, cheery and refreshing, convincing me that Muggins's saying was but truth. The voice bade me "enter."

But that word was so spoken, the human voice has such ways with it, that I caught myself muttering "Old fellow, I guess you and I will hitch."

I entered his little room, bed-room and work-room all in one. His mattress lay on the floor—"easy," he said, "to get aboard, a genuine safety, accidents reduced to a minimum." This greeting was in answer to my eyes, which he had detected wondering at his curious lay-down on my entrance, before I could introduce myself, or get in the way of his eyes the

broken chain to win his graciousness by proving I was a customer.

"Sir," said I, "here is a little job. Muggins advised my coming. It is small, but every little helps."

"Sit down. Your name is—no matter, names are neither here nor there," said the philosopher; "it's the things that they are attached to that counts. Don't mind the chair; it's the only one here—hence king; a little rheumatic-gouty, no doubt; see how swollen one of its legs has become! That's from bad care; has been too good a fellow; kind of common, everybody's friend; had bad luck; now everybody's suspicious of it. Can't blame you, sir; when friends don't stick, don't expect the strangers. I saw your eyes roving around my palace, a kind of sadness in your face. 'Ah!' says you to yourself, 'poor old cuss! he is pretty hard up, when all the furniture in his room is an old chair, a lame table, a few pots and pans, and a wash-basin.' I emphasize this last piece because, as friend Muggins must have told you, I am a philosopher, and as such hold that cleanliness is next to godliness. Yet you are mistaken. I am rather a faddist—that society which has three-fourths of the Christian males in its ranks. We are just now aping the Japanese style, which I dare say even in Hinsley is well known. That calls for beds low near the floor, and for just the necessary things in the home. I confess that I am a great admirer of this Japanese fad, for I am comfortable, which is the only state conducive to health. If I was either rich or poor, society—that eternally busy body—would either hug me in her clubs and ball-rooms, or grind me to dust in her almshouses. As it is, being comfortable, I escape her extremes; I am master of myself, having divorced laziness and conquered my stomach, thereby gaining peace—the comfortable feeling I have been speaking about. In a little book I read daily—fat and marrow for a philosopher—I have marked with my blue pencil—marked with three X's—this sentence:

"'And everywhere thou must of necessity have patience, if thou desirest inward peace and wouldst merit an eternal crown.'

"Well, be easy; don't fear the chair; with all its misfortunes it will struggle and bear you up. Just as you came in I was meditating on life. Meditation is something that men eschew; why I could never tell. I think some fellow whom they called a sage said, when the world was young and thought more easy than in these days, that 'all meditation ended in death';

and I don't doubt but that's unpleasant to the herd, who would rather browse on weeds than look to the skies. I admire ships very much, but I like to know where they are bound for, where I leave them; and in meditations I have glimpses where I am bound for, outlines not very clear but assuring—assuring, sir. I was watching from my window a brown leaf spring from yonder twig, coaxed by a passing breeze. It flew higher than the tree, was full of pride; then off goes the breeze to flirt with comelier leaves, down comes our leaf whirling and whirling until it fell just outside my window into a dust-heap. Spring gave it birth, greenness and sunshine; summer fondled it in the cradle of youth; autumn kissed it with decay; winter brought death and dust. In this meditation I could see lands far away, but my demon said to me: 'Thou art like Moses; thou mayest view but cannot enter those lands until, like the leaf, thy body is death and dust. Those lands are ruled by the spirit, and there is a fiat against flesh.' Shall I weep, explorer as I am, because the barriers are crumbling, and the spirit, like a bird, watches intently the hole made in the cage, just only asking enough room to crush through? Not I. You are in a hurry, I see by the way you torture my old chair. So Muggins sends you here! Muggins as an advertiser is a success; he has all the tricks of the trade: the customer informs the firm that Muggins sent him here; the firm is bound to admit that an ad. in Muggins's pays. Don't let your eyes sweep my classic premises, conveying ideas to your mind on which you presume that that unintelligent thing, a country jury—eleven minds led out of hodge-podge by the oily glibness of the talking twelfth—would render a verdict condemning one Muggins of Hinsley as an abominable landlord, a villain crushing out the heart's-blood of the poor, an audacious Shylock.

"Their verdict would be unjust, for Muggins has given more than he has received. His interest has been stolen, his capital demolished. Muggins's soft side was bruised prematurely. His original bent was to do good to all men; but he happened only to meet a few, who kicked his kindness and demonstrated to their satisfaction and delight that Muggins was a fool, by their successful vanishings. As a reminder of his folly they left that old chair. If Muggins desired to meditate on folly, why he might sit; sitting is easier than standing. Were they not considerate for Muggins's comfort? Now, Muggins's fallacy arises from the fact that his life has been confined to about forty miles around Hinsley, narrowing it and crooking it.

This is his world ; in it he has been abused ; now he mistakes it for the real world, the Hinsleyites for humanity. Travel and study would make him wiser, better, and sweeter.

"Let me see the chain."

I handed it to him. No sooner had he touched it than a strange light worked into his eyes ; at first fitful and stormy as if depths were ploughed, then subdued and steady as if the depths had settled, and the waters of life were stilled. The wind whistled a few tunes for the dancing leaves, the sun went to sleep on a blazing light-wine-colored pillow ; a few old clocks, out of time, kept wrangling on the walls ; the old jeweller was dreamily, silently holding a bit of woven hair and gold in his long, yellow fingers.

Was it the darkness, or was it the broken rain-music acting on my sensitiveness that had made his voice, so rugged and haughty a few minutes ago, now sad and sweet ? What master-memories had touched the bow, and brought such low, delicate tones from this cracked and rusted old violin ?

"A precious gift this ; not hair, but human hearts, woven in that chain, and bound with gold—incorruptible gold. An old man needs early rest, the first hours of the night are soothing ; old age keeps vigil in the long, lone mornings. The chain needs delicate mending ; it was a work of love by him who wove 'the strands and bound them so precious.' Chasing like this took days and days, the longer the better. Love is a slow workman. My old eyes must have the strong sun for such work. Leave it with me ; I promise care, affection for such a votive memorial. I admire the beautiful ; beauty is here. I love everything that Love has done ; the traces of her finger are here. In a few days the work will be done to your entire satisfaction. Have no fear of that."

The old man opened the door leading to the street. "Good-night, sir, and a pleasant sleep. I will slip into my nest and have a nod." The door was heavily closed. I heard the rusty bolt rattle and the pats of retreating feet.

I hurried home, more in a canter than a walk, as the driving rain was cold and chilling. My own house looked doubly cheery and comfortable. Through the window-curtain I could see the outlines of two figures, one as if reading, another as if bending over the reader's shoulder. "That," thought I, "is my wife reading Louisa Alcott's *Little Women*, and restless Jack, wrapped up in the tale, wishing there were some other means of knowing the story quicker. My wife will be a bit

disappointed at my coming home without the chain, but it is not my fault." I took out my keys and opened the hall-door as quietly as I could; but my wife's ears were sharp for sound.

"Run and see if that's papa, Jack; he has been long enough away to have half-a-dozen chains mended. Oh, dear me! I hope he didn't meet that horrid Muggins."

Jack in a few jumps was by my side, eager to carry the chain to his mother, and eloquently expound how it was mended. Disappointed, he yelled to his mother that "I had left the chain at 'The Skip House.'"

My wife dropped her book and advanced to the centre of the sitting-room to meet me. There was fire in her eyes. As usual I looked stupid.

"Muggins owns you, William, body and soul; his company must be positively fascinating. Crawford, I say Crawford, you're the bird, Muggins is the snake; he'll eat you up some of these days. It's just horrible to be a man and have no will-power. Muggins has reduced to a pulp your back-bone. Don't open your mouth now; Jack saw you. The dear boy didn't inform; how cruel you can be; see the eyes you give Jack. Come here, my son; you might as well have no father. Think of Jack going within a mile of those low Mugginses. Jack has some of his mother's spirit in him.

"He said he was going to school and saw papa sneak into 'The Skip House.' My boy couldn't lie; 'sneak' was the word that came to him. Jack has no fine phrases. Just like his mother, bless the darling's heart."

"Going to school, eh?" said I. "Muggins's apple-trees make a fine observatory; don't they, Jack?"

Jack was not to be caught by this shot.

"Mamma," said the cunning youth, "what's papa talking about?"

"He has only one subject, dear, and that is Muggins," was the answer.

"Now wife," said I, dropping into an easy-chair and picking up a volume of Hazlitt, "your tongue is needlessly afflicting. I am sick and disgusted with Muggins. You have given me a life's distaste for Mugginsism, that I vow. Please change the subject. Your chain was broken; just to please you I went to get it mended. I heard that an old watchmaker was at 'The Skip House,' a man recommended by Dr. Klinkenslop and the Lawtons—in fact a kind of ward of theirs, I'm told; so

again to please you, knowing your attachment for Klinkenslops and Lawtons, I gave the old fellow the job. I could have had it done elsewhere and quicker; I wish I had; don't think I'll try and please you any more; no use in trying. Woman's a pretty fickle concern. Because Muggins owns 'The Skip House' you imagine he must have been hid in a corner, waiting for me—a kind of a put-up job. Think so? If your friends had sent him to some other house I would not have had to endure all this abuse; but I can stand it." I opened the book and pretended to read.

Tears came to my wife's eyes; the battle was mine.

"William," she said, "you did just right; the good doctor is always doing works of mercy, and the Lawtons are not human—angels, William. Oh! I am so glad you are interested in their work. Their society, my dear, will be your uplifting. This interest is positively an inspiration. I can see it in no other light. It is an answer to my prayers. Just think how pleased the doctor will be, and Jemima positively beside herself. 'Mrs. Crawford,' said that beautiful old soul, 'your husband will have the scales fall from his eyes. I pray unceasingly for that, and through my prayers grace will come as rain to drought, refreshing, warming up your indifferent husband. Be patient; his conversion is on the way.' I little thought the day of my joy was so near. I am glad you left the chain; we can wait. The work will be well done, done in gratitude. This is a deserving charity; not like those horrid brutes that go around the country—those dirty tramps. I must visit the old man and take a little reading matter along. Miss Jemima, I dare say, has given him a few of those lovely tracts. Jack, don't go asleep; that's the only thing I have against you, dear boy—you did call Miss Jemima's tracts 'rot.' Fie, Jack! what a word! You must have learned that from the Reeds. Miss Lawton's tracts are lovely, Jack. Mamma could live on them. What did he think of Aunt Fanny's present?"

I mastered my impatience and talked about the weather.

My wife was inquisitive, as I had long known, and the larger her inquisitiveness, the more docile to be cross-examined.

"You didn't tell me what he said about the chain," repeated my wife.

"He said it was a neat bit of work, a kind of old-fashioned; perhaps a keepsake. I had nothing to say, my ignorance on the subject being Egyptian. I presume yours could easily match mine."

"Well, all I know about it," said my wife, "is the story Aunt Fanny told me—to make it more precious in my sight, I thought at the time. You know Aunt Fanny was a bit romantic—a little touched, I always thought. Just think of her actually believing everything that Dickens wrote, and crying over his books like a whipped child; positively dreadful! You could not get her to read a religious book; no fear of that, no tears for her sins. Aunt Fanny said that the chain belonged to my mother's oldest sister; according to Aunt Fanny, who used book-words, 'a most adorable lady, hazel eyes, auburn hair, perfect form, a real heroine for a novel.'

"This silly miss, before she was eighteen, fell in love, according to auntie's romance, 'with perfection itself—a brilliant young doctor.' Like all the Chesleys, she was full of spirit. Love was short. Despite her parents, she ran off and married him, made a fool of herself, disgraced the whole family. They did the proper thing—considered her dead, and notified her to that effect—all but Aunt Fanny, who thought May a kind of goddess for indulging in her folly. Grandfather Chesley made Aunt Fanny suffer for this nonsense. For, her support of May cost her—well you know how she was left, on a yearly pension of a few hundreds. Of course it was Greek against Greek. May never darkened her father's door. Even when her coffin passed that way grandfather ran down the window-blind and continued reading Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest*. It seems that the chap May got was handy; so—but I must put Aunt Fanny's poetry to it to do justice. 'Hunter'—that was the scamp's name—'wove her auburn tresses into a chain, binding them with gold, and on that gold, type of immortal love, chasing the initials of his love, M. M.—May Morgan.' This is the story, neither more nor less, of poor Aunt Fanny, told to me one thousand times. I have it by heart. Dear Aunt Fanny! how annoying she could be. How she hated the Klinkenslops and the Lawtons! Just think! when she was on her last legs—ready, you might say, to perch elsewhere—she had to be propped up to read that farrago, *Treasure Island*. 'Wouldn't you like to see the Lawtons, aunt?'—and I stooped down and kissed her. Her eyes positively tore me. 'Lawtons!—three old vinegar bottles!' she chirped."

"But," said I, after a pause, "what become of May's husband?"

My wife pursed her mouth.

"About Hunter: well, that's a short story. Her death, it

seems, was too much for his romantic disposition. He whined, I was told, like a whipped cur for a year; became owl-like, dark-living; frittered away his time and lost his practice. Then he took—at least that was the rumor—to drugs and drink, and suddenly went out of sight. Now and then his name was used to point a moral. My mother—I remember how solemnly she used it to give us girls warning of the fate that awaits those who marry against their parents' wishes. You remember, William, how I told you, when your intentions became known to me, to conciliate my parents by church-going, exterior piety, and a studied talk that would indicate you were older than your age. The first night you took tea at our house papa just devoured you, through his spectacles. When you left he called us and said to mamma, 'Eliza, my dear, you may permit Imogene to receive the calls of Mr. Crawford; he is a goodly young man.'

"Ancient history, wife," said I. "With your training in those days I certainly became an accomplished diplomat. I won my case; but is that all you know of Uncle Hunter?"

"William, are you losing your senses? Hunter Morgan, that scamp, my uncle! How can you be so absurd? A drunken drug-case my relation? The villain who killed May and pauperized Aunt Fanny."

"Well, wife, we will waive all claims; continue the history, if you happen to have any more scraps."

"I don't know much more; he was not interesting. Aunt Fanny said the last she heard was that he had been cured at a hospital—Vincent de Paul, or some such name—of his drinking and drugging, and was rambling through the country, making a living by mending all kinds of trinkets. 'He was,' said foolish Aunt Fanny, 'a regular painting in himself, fine as silk, and as jolly as a squirrel during nutting time, when May took him,' but when last heard of he was wrinkled and bent, serious and soured, a pretty specimen for your son to claim relationship with. I suppose," continued my wife with the graceful way in which women forego logic, "every family has to have its black sheep. This strolling watch-tinker is all the blot that could be reckoned against the Chesley family. I am sure the scamp, whether he reformed or not, died in some alms-house. I hope he had manhood enough left to repent the sins of his youth. I hardly think so."

My wife shook her head in a sad way, and went to the kitchen—a usual custom—to order supper and scold the ser-

vant for blemishes and defects in her service as well as in the dishes. A woman's eye is microscopic.

"The old philosopher of 'The Skip House,'" thought I, as I lit a cigar, and, lover of comfort as I am, stretched myself on my lady's ornamental sofa, "is none other than our long-lost uncle, the romantic fellow who wooed the flower of the Chesley flock. What ups and downs in this little world! How strange his life! How inextricably mixed the skein! Every time we put out our foot it has something to do with our fellow-man. What thoughts must have danced through his old brain as the watch-chain dangled in his hands! No wonder he was upset! Not using any kind of artificial light has its advantages sometimes. How a candle or a lamp would have lit up his features and told plainer than speech his thoughts! I do not wonder at his odd ways and quaint speech. Sorrow acts like a cider-press: it squeezes the juice out of life. Had death not thrown him out of the ordinary rut, I presume he would have been a comfortable country doctor with a barn-full of horses, a good house and fine lawn. Of course he would have been a power in his village, head of some political party. Years would have brought a fat bank account, good marriages for his sons and daughters, a life of ease and quiet dignity. My wife would have been eloquent on his skill, his success, his winning ways. His life would have been sketched for Jack, and the youth told daily to behold the model and religiously round himself to it. Suffering hit him a heavy blow; he reeled, fell, only half arose; so the world, preaching charity while disowning it by practice, left him to shed life as best he could. In the race of life he had no business to stop and fuss with his shoe-strings; the crowd, for that mistake, hurried over him." I shut my eyes, the better that mental pictures might fill my mind. I was soon dozing; finally I slept.

I awoke in stupidity and surprise. There was a patter of feet on the stairs. My wife was wringing her hands and lustily crying. Jack was ill—very ill. Muggins's stolen apples were working, and our dear boy was groaning in a pitiable way that touched my heart.

I was soon by his bedside, there to remain riveted for weeks. What use to retell, and even in memory to live over, those dark days and hopeless-looking nights passed by the side of Jack's bed, his eyes swelling my heart and blinding my eyes? How that sickness built him into my soul. During those weeks, that were as years in the ravishment of his mother, all else

was forgotten—Klinkenslops, Lawtons, "The Skip House," Hunter Morgan—even poor Muggins, who made a daily call, and with each call left some little touch of his kindness.

At length health shot a gleam into Jack's big, glazy eyes, touched his pale lips with red, and incited his legs to open mutiny against the billows of blankets that bound him. He remembered the place his mother had left off reading, and was anxious to continue the tale. He was interested in other people—a good sign of health. I was free to leave his bed and attend to business. The word that I was on the street brought a crowd, as is the custom in Hinsley after a sick-trial, to congratulate, express sympathy, give the news.

I then heard that the old watch-maker was nearing the end of his tether, and a woman passing, dressed in blue with a linen bonnet stretching out like bird's wings—some kind of a sister—had taken pity on his wretchedness, and was watching and waiting on him as if he were all she had in this world.

"But what are the Klinkenslops and Lawtons doing?" I asked. "Surely this is a case for their goodness and bounty."

"Help that miserable old cuss!" said one of the crowd. "He's new to the town; let him go where he spent more time. Dr. Klinkenslop says he should be sent to the alms-house at once—that's what he said, and he was right; but Muggins and one of them bonneted women took the cuss under their wings—so let them hustle with him. I guess they're tired of their job."

I was ill at ease with this jabberer, so I excused myself and hastened to "The Skip House," communing with myself regarding the way that Christians, loudly proclaiming their love of Him who was all charity, get rid of the Master's command to practise it.

Through the windows of "The Skip House" I could see the form of the bonneted woman who had passed me on the street. My heart warmed to her. I entered the house. On his lowly cot lay the old philosopher, holding a little crucifix in his hand, smiling as sweetly as a child. Bending over him, like a tender mother, was Sister Evangelista, as I later learned her name to be. She was reading from a little book of the philosopher's. Before she knew of my presence I heard these words:

"Nothing is sweeter than love; nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing more generous, nothing more pleasant, nothing

fuller or better in heaven or earth; for love proceeds from God, and cannot rest but in God, above all things created."

"I come, sister," said I, as she faced me, "to offer my services. Your patient is my uncle by marriage; my boy has been sick; to-day has been my first day out; can I help—money, assistance, anything, sister?"

Shall I ever forget her sweet voice. How that voice must have comforted many a lonely heart!

"He has only at most a few hours to live," she replied. "Everything has been done for him; he is prepared, rather anxious to 'quit the flesh,' as he says. I learn that all his interests have long passed from this world, and where they are he would, if it was God's mercy, be. I believe he lost his wife early in life; afterwards 'he fell,' as he says, 'from grace,' but hopes that his sorrows and tears have in some way washed away these stains."

"Shall I take your place, sister; you must be wearied?"

"No; I am not a bit tired. Mr. Morgan gives no trouble to me. Here comes Mr. Muggins, the kindest man I have met in my visits to the sick. He has been here night and day, always cheery and good-natured; but, pardon me, our patient is taking a turn."

The sister knelt on the bare floor. Muggins entered and followed her example, tears running down his cheeks.

"Lord have mercy on him,

Christ have mercy on him,"

chanted the sister, wiping the dying man's forehead.

"Lord have mercy on him,

Christ have mercy on him,"

repeated Muggins in a broken voice.

The old man's eyes dwelt on me; his lips moved, but speech was dead. Then they rested on Muggins lovingly; then passed to that gentle sister. One sigh, like a baby awakening from sleep, a slight trembling, and the flesh-barrier was broken, the spirit of Hunter Morgan fled.

"May he rest in peace!" said the sister.

"I will seek an undertaker," said I.

"Don't mind," said Muggins; "I will see the thing out. Here is a package" (pulling his hand from his pocket) "the poor old, honest soul told me only last night to give to you; and by putting things together you could figure why."

I opened the package; there was the chain neatly repaired, and attached to it a little gold watch, with the initials "M. M."

"Could he be buried by his wife's side? She rests, I heard him say, in the Chesley plot," spoke the sister as she busied herself to depart.

"I promise you he will, sister. I am the guardian. These long-separated lovers shall rest side by side in death."

"Good-by, sister," said Muggins, his eyes swimming and his voice choked. "You have taught me there's more in life than I thought; it is easy to face death when the like of you keeps watch. If ever the sisters run out of coal, remember Horace Muggins has a coal-yard, and, with all his failings, gratitude and a heart."

I watched her fleeing figure pass out of my sight, not without tears. There are—and I do not doubt but it was the thought of Muggins—some who follow and do the work of the Master.

I left Muggins sitting on the old chair, with bowed head; the old philosopher in his last sleep clutching in his hands the bronze crucifix; and opened the street-door and passed out. A yellow cur, spent-looking and hungry, was awaiting an opportunity to enter, and, baffled in his endeavor, whined piteously.

A few leaves were dancing on the lawn; the figure in the window who had meditated long on the fall of their brothers, meditated there no longer. Glimpses and outlines and half-knowledge had given way to the full sun of truth; he had cast away darkness and put on the armor of light.

Many years have passed; Jack has attained his manhood, and I am no longer young. His models have not been Dr. Klinkenslop or the Lawton sisters, but rough, dear old Muggins and the gentle Sister Evangelista. He has been taught to hold, with his Uncle Morgan, that "there is something good in every man for the mining."






THE LIGHT-HOUSE ON AR-MEN.

HOLY BRITTANY.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

“HAT bodes that mist-pall so weird and wan?”
On the *Drummond Castle** the captain cried.
“Ho, watch! where's the Ushant head-light gone,
And the fire from Creach we but now espied?”
“There's naught to be seen but the fog's white sheet,”
Comes the voice from aloft like a funeral knell,
“And there on the bow goes the warning bell
From the brow of Molene where the low rocks meet.”

The doomed ship paused on her headlong way;
Her engines' throbbing grew still with fear;
Through the mist commingled with sheets of spray
Unearthly tumult breaks on the ear.
High o'er the roar of the ravening sea
Comes the dismal shriek of the long-lost dead;
From lone Ar-Men to the Green Rocks dread
The coffinless drowned yell in dismal glee:

“A welcome, ho! to the gay and fair
Who full of high hope to sleep have flown;
On the threshold of home sea-maids prepare
To lead them in dreams into realms unknown.
They'll tarry with us till the trumpet calls
From ocean and desert the bones of old,
And our ghosts shall roam till, the sun grown cold,
On the drama of passion the curtain falls.

“O'er the tireless crests of the limitless wave,
On the hurricane's pinions, to flee for aye;
With the eldritch music of ocean-cave
To mingle their sighs till the judgment day.

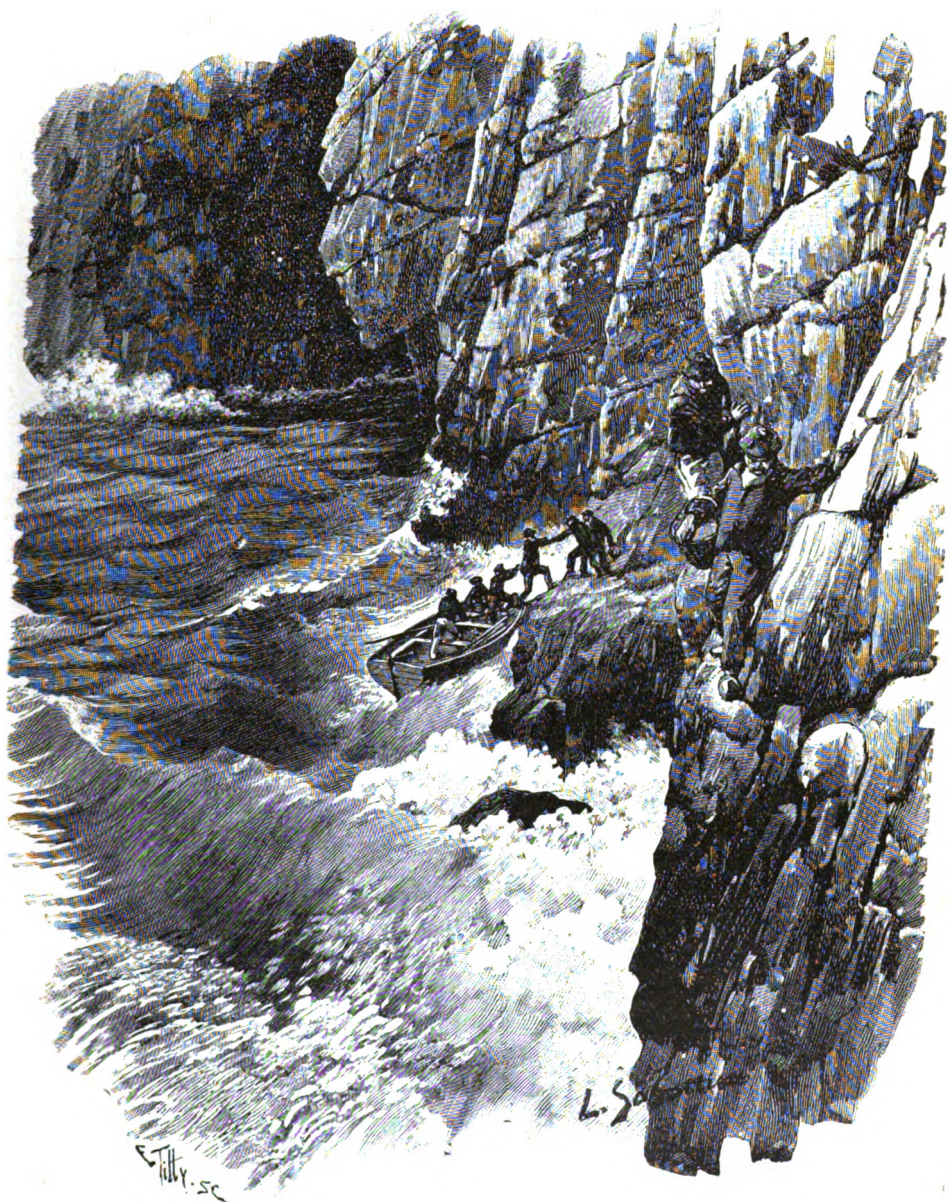
* The *Drummond Castle*, with two hundred and fifty souls, was lost through striking the low rocks off the island of Molene on the night of June 17, 1896, only three persons being saved. The bodies washed ashore were buried by the people of the island, the curé of Molene reading the burial service and delivering a touching address.



REVICTUALING THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

No green mound theirs, with its cross or stone,
Moistened by tears of the loved ones lorn;
When the spirit's loosed from its fleshly bourne
No requiem chant shall the priest intone.

"Our triremes, ages ago, from Tyre,
With hearts as buoyant, swept o'er this sea ;



THE BAY OF THE DEAD, BRITTANY.

Our homage was given to Baal of fire;
To Jupiter Tonans some bowed the knee.
On Cæsar's galleys our standards flew
Ere the cross in Britain had reared its sign;
From foemen's skulls we have quaffed our wine,
We of kin to the blood which men call blue.

"All drunk with carnage and spoil we sank—
Norseman, Italian, and Algerine—
While the burning fane on the river's bank,
By the rifled cloisters, lit all the scene.
Sank we in full sight of the ruined coast,
With a hymn to Odin or curse on God,
Whose scourge we had been where'er we trod.
Now, gentles, come join ye the Pagan host!"

One crash—one wail of despair—ah, woe!
The great boat reels as she beats the rock;
Then a mighty plunge to the depths below
Ere her sleeping hundreds had felt the shock.
The prayer unbreathed died on the lip,
The shriek of the maddened was instant hushed
In the whelming sea, as it inward rushed,
When down the abyss leaped the living ship.

But spirits of light guard all that coast
And charity boundless sways supreme;
The peasant becomes the most noble host
When the sacred dead to his lintel stream;
And reverent fingers arrange each tress
Of the maiden's hair from the flood redeemed;
Each cold-stiff hand, whether soft or seamed,
God's crucifix clasps in a close caress.

The lily, the pansy, and immortelle
Are sadly blent o'er each hasty bier,
And the children's chants and the passing bell
Float up to where God and his angels hear;
And his priest anointed uplifts his hand
And a blessing invokes on the unshrived dead,
And, the cross of the Saviour high overhead,
Now they sleep in God in a Christian land.

No thought of race, or condition, or creed,
In the true-souled Breton a place can find—
God's image is seen in each brother in need;
Humanity's chain the wide world doth bind.
Ineffable love! how thy touch dispels
The spectres of rancor and selfish care,
In a union of hope and a garland of prayer
Binding all hearts like sweet Angelus bells!

THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK IN CANADA.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.



BRECHIN is a hamlet of a score or two of families, amid a rich farming district, the people of the surrounding country being equally divided between Catholic and non-Catholic. We have a good church and pastoral residence, a first-rate Separate School, and Father Kenneth J. McRae, of Scotch Catholic stock, is an efficient pastor. The Methodists have a pretty little church, which is used also by members of other Protestant denominations, but there is no resident minister.

A Catholic mission preceded the non-Catholic one, and was well attended and earnestly made by the Catholic farmers. The time was favorable, the people not being crowded with work, the fall ploughing having been mostly done.

The hall for our non-Catholic mission was the upper room of a building used to store agricultural implements. It was nicely ceiled with pine and well lighted; but it was small, and was entered only through the dark store-room below, and it could accommodate scarcely two hundred. Our first attendance fell considerably short even of that number, and our hopes fell to the freezing point. However, we opened the evening exercises with cheerful faces, our audience of mixed Catholics and Protestants paying careful attention.

The musical "outfit" was somewhat singular. We had been offered the Brechin orchestra, "all Protestants," as said the pastor. But when it was learned that we must borrow the only available piano from one of the Catholic hotel-keepers, whose bar-room we had vigorously attacked during the Catholic mission, the pastor objected, and so did the missionary. Thus the orchestra lacked one of its instruments. Two violins were the sum total of the remainder for the first meeting, reinforced afterwards by a 'cello. The first violin asked me if it made any difference if the music was not religious. I answered, "Not a bit." But I was a trifle amused when they gave us regular hoe-downs; I dared not look at the young people present, who must have remembered the jigs with a penitential pang, for some sharp things had been said in the mission sermons against certain dancing parties. Anyway, our orchestra played well and added greatly to the attractiveness

of the meetings, for they were with us some of the evenings after we adjourned to the church. This we did, because word had come to us that we should do better by using the church, and Father McRae suggested that we take a vote of those present at the first meeting in the hall. The case was explained to the audience, the vote was put, and we were surprised that all but one voted for the church. In fact—and this is curious—we learned that the Protestants felt a little hurt because we chose the hall in preference to the church; “for,” said they, “you seem to think that we are too bigoted to go to the Catholic Church.” The adjournment was a good move. The church seats about three hundred, and we filled it every night, about half being non-Catholics. Saturday and Sunday nights we had rousing meetings, the church being packed.

Some Protestants drove from Beaverton, nine miles away, and others even from Kirkfield, sixteen miles. All paid strict attention both to the lectures and the questions and answers. They expressed themselves agreeably disappointed that they did not get a warmer, or rather a hotter reception. “We thought,” said they, “that he would pitch into us, but he only explained Catholicity.” A few of them may have hoped to carry away a challenge, or some other excuse to strike back. But they got Catholicity pure and simple, trimmed with olive branches. A few of the questions, however, indicated that this good food was bitter medicine to some of our hearers.

Most of the non-Catholics came steadily every night, including some of the leading men of the village and vicinity. Notable among the audience were those whom we are used to say ought to be Catholics, the fruit of mixed marriages, brought up rigid Presbyterians or staunch Methodists. The Catholic farmers were zealous and successful in securing our audience; and this was all the more necessary because there is no newspaper in the village.

A Protestant who lives in the village has for some time been wanting to join the church, but his wife and people-in-law have held him back. He insisted on attending the lectures, and they all declared that they would go with him to see that he came back safe, as it were. No doubt the end will be several converts in this family. Their notion was like that of the Irishman, who being annoyed of a wintry night by a dog’s howling with the cold, went out and stood over him with a stick till morning came.

There is a Scotch Presbyterian family in the village who edify the Catholic pastor by driving six miles to their church,

rain or shine, every Sunday. Some of this family attended the lectures and were deeply interested.

Among the questions was one affirming justification by faith alone, a novelty in our experience, and showing the primitive type of Protestantism in this part of Canada; also Margaret L. Sheppard was spoken of as "a respectable young lady"! Another question was pertinent and impertinent: "'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God' (St. John iii. 3). Are you born again?" The answer was a brief explanation of the Catholic doctrine of justification, or conversion to the friendship of God, including the use of the sacraments.

Literature was a prominent feature in this mission. During the Catholic part we announced the sale of *Plain Facts* for ten cents a copy, promising that for every one sold to a Catholic we would give another away to a non-Catholic. We sold one hundred and twenty-three, and gave away one hundred and thirty-seven, and so two hundred and sixty good books were left in this parish, half at least in the hands of Protestants. Farmers usually read slowly and thoughtfully, and our Saviour's religion will gain some converts from this expedient, and prejudice will be greatly lessened. As the books cost but five dollars a hundred, I should have been reimbursed by this arrangement (excepting freight charges) only for the big Canadian tariff duty, which is six cents a pound! But the recompense was ample in giving first-rate Catholic books to Presbyterians, whose usual blue tint is shaded with orange. One lady, however, would not take even a leaflet, and when it was pressed on her rejected it angrily. But this was the only case of the kind we heard of, all gladly accepting books and leaflets.

We invited our non-Catholic friends to attend Mass on the closing Sunday. A good many did so, and they not only heard the sermon but followed the Mass attentively, being provided by Father McRae with non-Catholic Mass-books.

The weather favored us greatly, being a good specimen of that finest of seasons, the Canadian autumn, clear as crystal, brisk and bracing. The moon shone out brightly every night, lighting the farmers on their journeys to and from the lectures. And so we ended Brechin, being well content with the results.

AT UXBRIDGE.

From first to last this mission was very well attended by our separated brethren, and the hall was often crowded beyond the comfort-line. We could manage to squeeze in three hundred—perhaps a score beyond that. The proportion was be-

tween twenty-five and fifty Catholics to two hundred and fifty Protestants. These were representative, including the best men and women in the town, lawyers, doctors, and politicians, store-keepers, and prominent people generally.

This town is just like many a handsome little city in New England, Ohio, and Michigan, with its public library, fine churches, a circle of educated people, and a cultured tone. All, or nearly all, seem ready to discuss religion, are church-goers, and especially active in temperance work.

The query-box was very interesting at Uxbridge, there being a hat-full of questions every night, ranging over the usual ground, with, however, some plain tokens of a pretty high grade of intelligence. The music, nearly all contributed by Protestants, was remarkably good, and would have graced meetings in any musical centre, being scientific and expressive.

There are but forty Catholic families here, mostly farmers, making one of three stations served by the zealous pastor, Father Andrew O'Malley. The Catholics were much pleased with the mission, and exerted themselves earnestly to secure an audience of non-Catholics—no very difficult matter, however. There were Catholic mission services in the church every morning, which were well attended by our own people, some farmers driving twenty miles with their families.

The sum total of attention given us by the ministers of the place was one of them sadly gazing into the crowded hall from the sidewalk, and two others intriguing to hinder Protestant musicians from playing and singing for us. The Methodist church had extra services every night, with heavy bell-ringing. All in vain; we got their people to listen to us, to take our literature, and to think well of the Catholic faith.

The weather was very pleasant, being the first breath of Indian summer, with radiant skies and delightful breezes.

A message came from a neighboring town asking for some lectures. It was sent by the leading Protestants, doctors and lawyers and merchants, there being but one Catholic in the fifteen hundred inhabitants. Doubtless in course of time every such place in the English-speaking Dominion will enjoy the privilege of non-Catholic missions. The field is fertile, equally so with the United States, and needs only the seed of the word of God to bring forth an abundant harvest.

The Catholics of Ontario are among the best in the world, meaning both clergy and people. The same may be said of our brethren in the other provinces of the Dominion. We may, therefore, expect a powerful missionary development among

them in the near future, for no apostolic opportunities will be allowed by the Catholic Church to pass unimproved in the new nation to whom God has given the northern regions of this continent. The non-Catholic Canadians are readily brought to hear and read the truth, and their Catholic fellow-countrymen are alive to this providential opening. Neither the Archbishop of Toronto nor his priests were greatly surprised at the large attendance we gained at our lectures there this fall, though mightily pleased. They know that the Protestants can be reached. Much good missionary work has already been done. Converts are found everywhere, generally of the more intelligent kind of people, often of the most unpromising religious antecedents. The Apostolate of the Press is being well advanced, branches of the Catholic Truth Society being in active operation in some of the larger cities. In Toronto, for instance, that society, besides its general usefulness, publishes a missionary weekly journal, *The Impartial Witness*, and distributes it free to five thousand people of all religions; a venture which, we trust, will soon be made permanent and self-supporting.

As to French Canada, we may be certain that its faithful pastors and hierarchy, serving a truly Catholic people, will stand their ground against error of every kind. And there is need of that militant spirit which characterizes them, for the enemy is excessively busy in attempting to make perverts among them.

In New England the Protestant missionary societies are hard at work among French Canadian Catholics. One cannot say that they have really succeeded, because the Canadians in New England, though mostly poor and often simple, are a bright people, high-spirited, and generally are well instructed. But a persistent propaganda makes some headway in a population often hard pushed for a living and of a semi-migratory habit. It is a grief to find an occasional Protestant French Canadian minister, who was captured as a boy, and brought up and educated by these societies. Taking the whole work they do, we find their little mission churches in many large factory towns in New England, often in the Province of Quebec itself, with a ministry numbering many scores of active French Canadian proselytizers, perverts or children of perverts, including some abominable apostate priests, with a total enrollment of several thousand Protestant French Canadian church-members, at least according to the official reports—no very reliable authority.

I have written this statement for the purpose of asking the hierarchy, priesthood, and people of French Canada how

many Catholic missionaries of their race are busy among Protestants making converts to the true faith?

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are yearly spent by Protestants to pervert French Canadian Catholics, in the United States and around the very shrines of Catholic orthodoxy in Quebec Province. How much money is spent by this injured Church of Christ in making reprisals? A rich Massachusetts Yankee has actually endowed the work of perversion in his State with a large sum of money, and thus has made it perpetual. Is there any equivalent fund for the expenses of a Catholic French Canadian Apostolate among Protestants?

Meantime the race of Quebec is finely endowed for the office of missionary. Their priesthood is well educated and zealous, their bishops are prelates of dignity and learning, their public men abound with orators, jurists, statesmen. The French Canadian is an easy winner in every race of intellect, as is seen in Wilfred Laurier, the prime minister of the Dominion and the laureate of political eloquence in both languages, acknowledged so in a land full of fine speakers. The least acquaintance with the race shows, indeed, a failing to make and save money as fast as other races, but in the divine art of persuasion, and in the professions of law and medicine, and music and art, and journalism, and as educators, they have a real superiority. And if you want the ideal missionary of our day, follow the course of the dreary rivers and lakes of the North-west, or the bleak shores of Labrador, and you will find among the savage tribes of those desolate regions French Canadian priests and nuns of such heroic type that you feel as Daniel the prophet felt in the presence of the angel.

Now, inasmuch as nearly all their educated men are as facile with English as with French, and the "born orator" is a common product of this ancient Gallic stock, we may look for noble souls becoming missionaries to their non-Catholic countrymen. We may well trust to their power against those scavengers of the tribes of Israel, the emissaries of Protestant missionary societies, unclean birds living on the offal of the camp of the people of God. The least acquaintance with Protestant French Canadian missionaries shows them to be sharks following Peter's bark, greedy for the carcasses of the dead, harboring fallen priests and swindling impostors, and other outcasts of society. We believe that no work in this era would please God better than that of French Canadian missionaries working among non-Catholics, and also that none would succeed better in making converts.

LABOR STATISTICS OF RUSSIAN FACTORIES.

BY HERMANN SCHOENFELD,
U. S. ex-Consul to Riga, Russia.

THE recent strikes and labor troubles all over the strong manufacturing centres of European Russia revealed a state of affairs which drives even the patient, long-enduring Russian laborer to the last resort of the grievously oppressed, violence and strikes. To understand the condition of the Russian laborer, which is wretched beyond imagination, we must study the evolution of industrial manufactures in the Russian Empire under the system of an almost prohibitory protective tariff during the past two decades, slackened only a little by the recent commercial treaty with Germany, and the unequal pace which labor kept with the progress and success of the manufacturers. The system of protection was carried on to such immoderate dimensions that the fierce tariff war of retaliation which Germany waged against Russian agricultural products—upon which Russian wealth, after all, mainly depends—made the break-down of the prohibitory tariff absolutely necessary. It is true, under the protective system factories and manufacturing establishments increased within twenty-five years (1865–1890) by 3,285, or 23 per cent.; the export of their products by 606,880,000 rubles, or 205 per cent.; the number of laborers by 324,132, or 88 per cent. This was certainly a success. Some manufactures became prosperous, and above all their products home-made; a class of merchant princes, scores of them foreigners, sprang up in Russia, in wealth equal to any of the wealthiest in England or America. But there are other points to the question. The normal conditions of exchange between the manufacturers and the tillers of the soil, who constitute such a vast majority in Russia, while the number of all the laborers in all the factories, mills, and mines (excepting, of course, all criminals employed as laborers) constitutes but $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the entire Russian population, are of such a nature that immoderate profits drawn by the former entail corresponding heavy losses upon the latter—*i. e.*, the broad mass of the Russian people. The earnings from the poorly-paid farm products are divided between the manufacturers of farm utensils and machines and the taxing treasury.

LOW CONDITION OF MANUFACTURES.

But the most unfortunate of all is the condition of the laboring classes in the factories and mills. Professor Karisheff, certainly an unbiased witness, has given us some valuable data to that effect in the well-known economic magazine *Russ Bogatstvo* (Russian Wealth). How primitive the state of manufacturing life in Russia still is, in comparison with the principal industrial nations, appears from the fact that against the 1¼ per cent. of the entire Russian population engaged in labor in factories and mills there are 52.7 per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom, 31.5 per cent. of Germany, 27.5 per cent. of Austria, 26.7 per cent. of Italy, 22.9 per cent. of France engaged in the same pursuit.

And the methods of manufacturing are still very poor owing to the fact that technical and industrial schools were built up only during the last thirty years (*cf.* "Report of the Commissioner of Education," 1890-91, vol. i. pp. 243 ff). No wonder, then, that since the armistice after the tariff war with Germany two years ago (for an armistice it only is) the import of German manufacturing goods has immensely increased. It is an unfortunate fact that, after many years of paternal protection of the iron and metal industries, a plough (10-inch) can be made in Germany for 2 rubles 72 copeks, while the cost of production in Russia is 5 rubles 60 copeks, although—as we will soon show—labor is exceedingly cheap in Russia.

And cheap labor is a curse, a terrible cause of physical and mental degradation in the Russian laborer. Since labor which requires more or less of muscular strength is being performed by machines in Russia as well as anywhere else, a laborer though physically weak is just as much worth as a strong working-man, if he only be skilled, agile, and active. This is the reason why women's and children's labor has increased in terrible proportion. Mr. Dementieff, in his very interesting book, *The Factory: What it gives and what it takes from the People*, furnishes a valuable account of Russian factory life and the conditions of Russian labor.

Many laborers leave the mills in summer to cultivate their fields at home; others, while working in the cities all the year round, leave their wives and children in their country homes, thus preserving their connecting ties with agricultural pursuits. But as soon as the laborer transfers his wife and children to the factory to make them earn their own scanty living, every connection with healthy country life is severed.

CAUSES OF PHYSICAL DEGENERACY.

By the common work and life of men and women in the factories a new generation arises which was heretofore unknown in Russia, but which, borne and born by mothers who to the day of deliverance toil on, bears the stamp of oppressive, exhausting overwork on its forehead. Those who feel an interest in this new generation which has passed from agriculture to factory work *ex professo*, and in the lives of these laborers exploited by unscrupulous factory owners, may be referred to Dementieff's above-mentioned book. It suffices here to give the following schedule of working hours, carefully collected from the Moscow factories :

<i>Hours of Work daily.</i>	<i>Number of Factories.</i>
(1) Less than 12	10 per cent.
(2) 12 to 12½	29 " "
(3) 13 and 13½	44 " "
(4) 14 and 14½	11.6 " "
(5) 15 to 18	5.4 " "

To show the difference we let the working-men's hours in Massachusetts follow :

<i>Hours of Work daily.</i>	<i>Number of Factories.</i>
8 to 8½	1.7 per cent.
9½ to 9 } 9 to 9½ }	{ 15.3 " "
10	80.9 " "
10¼ to 12	2.1 " "

While, therefore, the Russian laborer in the Moscow factories works 100 hours, regardless of the many fasting and holidays when Russian factories must stop, the American laborer works only 85.1, the English but 78.3 hours, distributed over a longer time, since he has not so many holidays, so that there are by far less working days and by far more working hours for the Russian laborer.

Another way of getting back as much as possible of the working-men's small wages is the system practised in many factories of feeding and housing them by and in the factory. The working-men frequently resist this onslaught on their personal freedom, but mostly without avail. It is just to state that only 6.1 per cent. of the Moscow factories indulge in this sharp practice..

FAMINE WAGES.

As for the distribution of wages, the pay of a woman amounts to three-quarters of that of a man, that of a boy or girl of twelve to seventeen years to one-half, that of a child

under twelve years to one-third of a grown man's wages. The advantage arising for the factories from women's and children's wages is such that no humanitarian attempts have been as yet able to solve that harassing problem in any civilized country. But as the wages of working-men in Russia are absolutely reduced to a minimum, and scarcely sufficient to keep soul and body together for more than thirteen hours' daily toil, it is a cruel and gross injustice to cut working-women's wages by a third, since the first necessities of life are alike in men and women regardless of sex. The monthly wages of an adult laborer, man or woman, in England are $2\frac{1}{4}$ times (124.05 per cent.), in America $4\frac{4}{5}$ (379.14 per cent.) times, greater than the wages of a like laborer in the Moscow factories. Since, however, the duration of working time in the three countries is different, Mr. Dementieff has reduced the comparison of wages per hour, and come to the conclusion that wages in England are by 284.5 per cent., in Massachusetts by 423 per cent., higher than those in the Moscow factories.

If we make a good allowance for the higher cost of living in America—which, however, is to be understood *cum grano salis*, only the luxuries of life being dearer here, not the necessities like meat, flour, bread—still no comparison can be drawn between the mode of living of an American and a Russian laborer.

A GOLD STANDARD AND A PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

As this source, which has passed through the rigid Russian censorship, cannot be but trustworthy, it is high time that the Russian government should pay strict attention to this all-important branch of its population. But to us it is a conclusive proof that a high protective tariff does not necessarily protect the native laboring classes. Nor does it help the overworked, starving Russian laborers who, the first time in Russian history, are driven by despair to concerted action of violence, that—as the great French economist, Leroy-Beaulieu, informs us—"the Imperial Bank of Russia has at the present moment the largest gold reserve in the whole world, namely, two milliards one hundred and thirty millions of francs (about \$420,000,000)." No high tariff and no gold standard will raise the Russian toilers from bondage and serfdom, though physical servitude be abolished, to a standard of humanity, but the purification of the government, an ethical culture of the higher strata of Russian society, and an all-pervading, genuine Christian spirit free from the petrified form of Byzantinism.

THE LAYING OF GHOSTS.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M.A.



THE watcher of things in general in this day and generation of ours has good reason to thank God and take courage.

That were indeed a mean and narrow view which would deny in the coming century a cordial appreciation of much not commonly accepted nor understood by this.

Men seem to be, above all things, intent on getting at the facts. May heaven help all those respectable old bugaboos, the brood of Prejudice and Fear, when "facts at all cost" becomes the cry!

Calmer of living men, the Catholic can wait for such a fire-test with sweet composure.

In fact, to one thus rooted and grounded in the truth, the crumbling of old creeds and scurrying away of ghosts from immemorial haunts of human fancy, becomes the source of not a little mirth.

Could anything surpass, in genial humor, the breaking up of that Walpurgis-night of anti-Catholic ghost stories heretofore known as "History"?

How they soar away astride their broomsticks, those hoary hags of "no-popery," those nightmare furies of "Babylon"!

Morning was late, but it came! The cock crowed at length. Farewell, ye sermons, ye pamphlets, ye horrors of the convent, plainly revealed by Mr. and Mrs. Ex-Something! For three long hundred years the English-reading world had known one "Rome." The pulpit thundered at her walls; the very novelist (frequently knowing better, as Walter Scott) heightened the horrors of his tale by whispered innuendoes! Gibbons and Froudes lied with great learning, while *Punch* and an innumerable army of Rev. Chadbands added the comic touch. Then morning broke. "It is a certain evidence of being ill-bred," says a great English critic, "to betray ignorance of Catholic affairs and teaching." *Tempora mutantur!*

Not less in our own country than in England have Catholics much cause for gratitude for an extending knowledge and appreciation of their real beliefs.

In fact, it is a question if we have not the more advanced in this respect. Certain it is that very little purposely malicious ignorance finds its way now into our public prints. Never was such a harvest ripe for the reaper as is the great, warm-hearted, and truth-loving people of these United States.

No really fixed and persistent effort of any standing or respectability seems making now against the faith in our beloved country; and any one with half an eye can see that on all sides the cultured ministry of the denominations are rapidly assuming the position that history consists of facts, and that in ascertaining, not confusing them, lies the historian's function, and learning's only life.

In England a glorious work is being quietly accomplished, by a society of laymen (under ecclesiastical direction) known as the Catholic Truth Society; or more particularly in this connection, by a committee, or branch society, whose pleasant and important duty it is to keep a sharp lookout for all that Partingtonian nonsense that finds its way into the newspapers.

Very seldom in these days does one find anywhere a truly direct and intentional attack upon the church. The newspapers are much too politic to lend themselves to bitter controversies, while other writers dabble as *dilettante* entertainers, if at all.

But while this happy state of things cannot be longer questioned, the retreat of the old nightmares has not been unattended with grim humors which he who runs may read.

The modern metropolitan reporter, or clever novelist, is not a theologian, let us thank the stars, and the result is that the public need no longer shudder at the thought of Jesuits in disguise and secret, underground connections with that headquarters of the dark and dubious—the Vatican!

But this is not the only way in which the change is charming. The innocence of these dear people (that is, their innocence as regards the *odium theologicum*) contributes to our happiness in other ways.

I will go the length of saying that not a small share in the glory of having banished the old standard lies belongs to the delicious blundering of these well-meaning gentry of the press.

Study and investigation and the dawn of culture had dislodged old errors; but it required this up-to-date *reductio ad absurdum* to complete the work.

Observe and tremble—Dogberry sits again!

Let us examine what we mean, under three heads:

1. The policy and purposes of the Hierarchy; 2. The meaning of Catholic customs; 3. Our doctrines and history.

I.

What day passes in which the *Morning Self-Content* does not put us into possession of the very latest (and still unpublished) move on the part of the Pope?

From an unimpeachable authority the editor has learned that Rev. Dr. So-and-So has been appointed a secret commissioner to Li Hung Chang—the object of the mission being to forestall a move of the Czar to introduce Buddhism into Timbuctoo! “One very close to Cardinal Rampolini, prefect of the Pope’s private detective service,” furthermore declares that “the ulterior object is to throw Europe into a general war, under cover of which the Jesuits hope to creep back into Schleswig-Holstein”!

Poor Timbuctoo! Poor Europe! And all this merely to allow two or three meek Jesuit fathers to slip back to teach a score of little Schleswig-Holsteiners “who made them”!

Again: While a breathless world awaits the catastrophe darkly foretold “in these dispatches” yesterday, we read to-day that something much nearer home has transpired, which, so heinous is it and “un-American,” that anybody can see that it rings the knell of Rome’s autocracy! Rumors reached the sanctum of the *Morning Self-Content* that there was trouble in “high ecclesiastical circles,” and an armor-clad youth of eighteen was sent forthwith to interview the cardinal.

Cardinals have a way of being busy. He was busy. His eminence’s secretary had a way of being sweetly but swiftly brusque. He was both. Nothing now was left but the housemaid. She knew her place. So, pad in hand, from the purely disinterested view-point of an outsider (the door had been slammed finally), the representative of the great journal proceeded to write up the “Schism Threatening the Hierarchy.”

“One very near his eminence,” he began—and this was true, for at that blessed moment the cardinal was not twenty feet off, inside the house!—“one *very* near his eminence is authority for the statement, etc., etc.”

To such a pass do these newsmongers go that it is safe to assume that nobody now takes them seriously; with the result that, discredit having fallen on their words, a patient public waits with increasing trust the calm and dignified solution of

all moot questions. Especially does this hold good in European matters. Time was when any phrase would do, and any nonsense pass. Who knew or cared to what high-sounding functionary in the Roman Curia this or that silliness might be attributed? But times have changed, and men's ideas with them. The morning *canard*, stamped on its very face a counterfeit or forgery, tends, I maintain, to-day to put all anti-Catholic outbursts in the same category.

Let men assail, surmise, prejudice, predict, misstate as much or often as they will, *in the event* the old church looms gloriously up before us, and the world admits it.

Our policy, therefore, should be to point out constantly and with unfailing kindness these last queer vestiges of ancient, tattered myths. They serve to raise a laugh—and not at truth!

II.

Less vital but still more amusing are our friends' attempts to explain, sometimes maliciously and sometimes not, our customs and our creeds. A dear old lady once inquired why I submitted to a church in which they killed a goat on Fridays! She *knew* it, for she read it in the paper with her own eyes! Result: an opportunity to explain to a good old soul, for the first time, the ineffable tragedy of the Altar.

She will believe nothing she reads in which the Church of God is libelled, having been once so cruelly victimized.

Shortly after my own conversion I was startled upon reading, in a by no means sensational or ignorant paper, a statement to the effect that, after being in retreat for some length of time, and looking carefully into the question, I had decided to be "a Jesuit Provincial"!

This gave my old friends most offence. It was bad enough in me to turn papist; worse to "join the Jesuit branch" (one correspondent put it); but to deliberately become a Provincial! This indeed was cruel. Explanations developed the fact that nobody (of them) knew just what a provincial was, but supposed it was some very exaggerated and virulent form of "Jesuitism."

A Western newspaper kindly explained that bishops "*in partibus*" came from somewhere in Asia Minor, and owed their name to the fact that they were allowed to marry!

At a recent ceremony the archbishop wore a "canopy," and had a magnificent "thurifer" on his head—and survived! In

London I once read of three heavy thurifers being hung from the chancel arch—for no specified crime!

Quite confidentially a friend asked if we ate positively nothing but ashes on Ash Wednesday. Gray ghosts these, and scurrying fast before the glow of the morning. They will haunt the world never again.

It must be seen that on such a level it cannot be hard to combat what remains of the real, old delusions.

III.

Lastly, a word or two about doctrine and history.

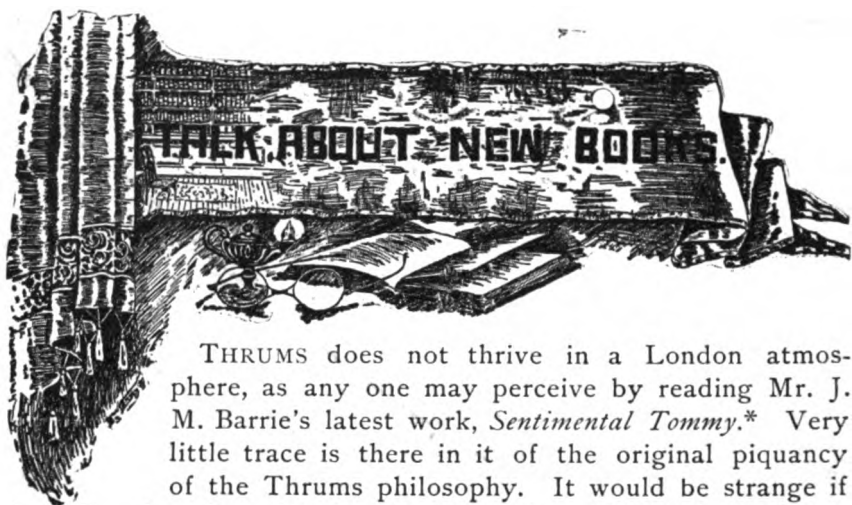
The writing of history has become a new science. And in appeals to fact who holds with truth need fear for nothing. No truly cultured man to-day indulges his inheritance of hate and prejudice at the expense of his claim to learning. This used to be done; it is not now.

Consequently, nine-tenths of the old stock-in-trade of anti-Catholic "facts" are abandoned. This leaves but a margin of innocent ignorance, for the fools to fly into print about.

And just there is our delicate, nice opportunity. No need to combat. Explain that a thurifer is a man or a boy—and down he will come from his perch on the archbishop's head, and the three from their gibbet in that English chancel! Common sense is a power. And so will it be with great part of our doctrines. Let these friendly foes rush into print. Their own wisest and best can be quoted against them to-day. The art impulse, the intellectual trend, the spiritual sweep, all of the forces of the age, make for the end of all that was the very heart and meaning of the opposition one little day ago. A laugh, a kindly reference to dictionaries, a trip abroad, a simple book or two, and—*Presto!* all is changed.

There is much surely to be done by Truth Societies, if in naught else than in this daily run into the land of laughter.

And there are multitudes whose sole remaining opposition to the church rests on some phantom loitering later than the rest, a spectre that would vanish from his sight could he but hear the merriment in a parochial school in which the children should be shown that ghost.



THRUMS does not thrive in a London atmosphere, as any one may perceive by reading Mr. J. M. Barrie's latest work, *Sentimental Tommy*.* Very little trace is there in it of the original piquancy of the Thrums philosophy. It would be strange if it were otherwise. Mr. Barrie's mentality is not proof against wear and tear any more than any other author's. The groove which he has made for himself, fortified though it be with the "pawkiness" of Lowland Scotch phraseology, must in time bevel at the edges, as any other groove will. It is no disparagement to the author to say that he has had to bow to the inevitable.

It is a curious literary undertaking, this chronicle of a Scotch sentimentalist. Its design is, we infer, to track the phenomenon from the cradle to the church-yard. Only the story of his earlier days fills the present instalment. It is in the main part a very gloomy sort of comedy. Tommy Sandys and his sister, Elspeth, are the children of a man who had deserted their mother. This man was a sort of Lochinvar, whose feats were in the betting-ring, not the border forays. He had carried off his bride from the side of another whom she loved, but who was too cowardly to fight for her, and he deserted the woman when he had tired of supporting her. Her struggles in London to support herself and her two children by doing laundry-work, and her tragic death from bronchitis, are interjected amid the passages of the comedy with the grim force of tragic satire. But it is false art to make the dying woman confide, as the author makes her, to a son of ten years old the sad story of her weakness and her passion in earlier days, just as she might to a very dear and elderly friend. The thing jars horribly. Moreover the "sentimentalism" in Tommy's character does not prevent him from entering upon his youthful career, as soon as he knew the value of

**Sentimental Tommy: The Story of his Boyhood.* By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Son.

words; with a decided propensity toward telling lies and boasting. The story opens with a very spirited tournament in these accomplishments, between himself and a little Cockney gamin named Shovel, in which Scottish mendacity makes a Bannockburn for the British urchin. The development of the sentimental side of Tommy's character is a slow and painful process, carried on, as it is for a decade of years, in the killing atmosphere of the London slums. Thenceforward it goes on in the more genial surroundings of the incomparable Thrums.

In the detail and technique of his work Mr. Barrie is all that the most exacting on these points can require. His sarcasm at some points, too, is fine. He does not spare his own people by any means. Their failings are shown with as bold a hand as their virtues. But he sometimes draws too much upon our credulity; as, for instance, when he speaks of ploughmen coming to see the sports at the village fair and, under the influence of liquor, flinging pennies about. This smacks of a national libel.

Some excellent plates embellish this work. They are the production of Mr. Edward Hatherell's pencil.

The works of Walter Pater are not so widely known in this country as they should be. He was gifted with a rare sense of the beautiful in nature and art, and his fine taste is reflected in a literary style which many consider incapable of improvement, in English diction. He may be regarded as the literary hierophant of that æsthetic school in England which found its highest inspiration in Hellenism and the pantheism of nature, yet oscillated between the Greek expression of beauty and the exquisite poetry and color of mediæval architecture, art, and song. This dubious condition leaves its traces deeply in the last of his works, a fragment of a novel entitled *Gaston de Latour*.* The early chapters of the work appeared in two English magazines, but the author appears to have been dissatisfied with the composition itself, as he left it derelict and unfinished. We think it would have been well if his own wishes had been respected, for some of the chapters in this reproduction can certainly add nothing to his literary reputation. Mr. Pater wrote a book on literary style, which is justly regarded as a safe guide. In *Gaston de Latour* he often makes painful departure from his own canons and gives us sentences which are labyrinthine both in thought and prosody, and

* *Gaston de Latour*. By Walter Pater, late Fellow of Brasenose College. Prepared for the press by Charles L. Shadwell, Fellow of Oriel College. New York: The Macmillan Co.

strongly suggestive of a mind beyond its depth, or finding some difficulty in fitting itself to language.

We may conjecture that the motive of the story was an apology for the eccentricities of Giordano Bruno, and the influence of his contradictory pseudo-philosophy upon the mind and action of the title character. Of story there is but little in the work. Each chapter is a long essay, not an epic composition. But some of these essays are amazingly beautiful in their subtility of thought and iridescent portrayal of substantial personages and things. The picture of Notre Dame de Chartres, for instance, to which one chapter is devoted, is full of touches which are like a superb note on a violin, conjuring up whole worlds of beauty and delight. There are sketches also of the poet-priest, Ronsard, and the odd, gay philosopher, Montaigne, which are as mentally satisfying as a painting by Van Eyck. The voluptuous, fanatical royalty of the France of the Four Henrys period is lit up by the weird gleams of a fancy which often acts like the colored lights of a theatre, converting the commonplace and shocking into the glittering and intoxicating. Fine essays all, but not very serviceable to the seeker after truth in the French wars of the Reformation.

That wretched soap-bubble, the American Protective Association, has been so lost sight of in the on-rush of serious politics that it almost seems a pity to recall attention to its ignoble career. Still it may by some chance be spoken of in the future, and in order that its real character shall be known and its genesis traced for the benefit of inquirers, a good history of the craze has been compiled by Mr. J. Alexander Edwards, and published in pamphlet form by P. J. Kenedy, of Barclay Street, New York. The chronicler has helped out his arguments very effectively by an interesting account of the hanging of the Salem "witches" by the Massachusetts Puritans and the opening of Catholic Maryland to the persecuted of all creeds. He turns the tables, indeed, on the defamers of American Catholicism in the most effective way.

There is no royal road to the acquisition of a knowledge of trigonometry, but there are some short cuts. In Crockett's *Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry** the easiest way to find it is indicated. All superfluous cabalistry is cut away, and the task of the student is made as easy as a dry labor

* *Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry*. By C. W. Crockett. New York: American Book Company.

can be. Logarithmic and trigonometric tables, to five decimal places, are given as an appendix.

Messrs. Benziger's *Catholic Home Annual* grows in attractiveness each successive year. The issue for 1897 is handsomer, larger, and better equipped in every way than any of its predecessors. Some of the numerous plates it gives are masterpieces of engraving and press-work. As regards the literary contents, they show a desire on the part of the publishers to get the best they can get, and to encourage Catholic literature in America by so doing. Tempting prizes were offered for good stories, and we are glad to see that the first of these has been carried off by a lady whose name is familiar to most of our readers, Miss Marion Ames Taggart. The Annual is a welcome guest in every home, and more deservedly so now than ever before.

A companion volume to the *Essays Educational* of the late Brother Azarias, the *Essays Philosophical*,* has followed quickly upon the publication of the first. We rejoice that these monuments of the learning and industry of the dead teacher have been produced so soon after his demise, ere his distinguished services to the cause of the school have faded from the evaporative memory of this age of rush and rapid metamorphosis. Our readers have been made familiar with the matter of many of these Essays already. They need not to be informed of the depth of scholarship they reveal, the soundness of the principles they expound, or the fine literary vehicle in which they are conveyed; for in all these things the departed scholar was a fitting successor of the great mediæval guides, whose lives and methods he so graphically limned in some of his former essays. The fact that the volume now under notice has a preface written by the Right Rev. Bishop Keane will give it an additional interest in the eyes of many readers.

While we may not withhold the tribute of our admiration to the industry which distinguishes Mr. F. Marion Crawford, we must confess that the system of automatic delivery which appears to be his guiding motive, now that he is sure of a literary market, is not so satisfactory in quality as in regularity of action. His latest novel, *Taqisara*,† regarded from an artistic point of view, is dreadfully inelegant, inasmuch as it begins with one tragedy and ends with another, while it divides its

* *Essays Philosophical*. By Brother Azarias. With Preface by the Right Rev. John J. Keane, D.D.

† *Taqisara*. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

motif in the middle, and the chief characters in the first volume disappear with its termination as though the earth had swallowed them. Want of design is painfully apparent throughout the whole work. Ignorance of Catholic theology is also displayed in a very objectionable way. Mr. Crawford has an unhappy *penchant* for inventing weak religious for the purposes of his fiction, and making these imaginary delinquents say and do what no real recusants would dream of doing or saying. In *Taquisara* a religious is made to play a most singular part toward the end of the work. To cut a sort of literary Gordian knot it is necessary to make a man show that he had been playing priest for many years, administering what were made to appear sacraments, and imposing upon everybody in the most awful transactions of the spiritual and human law. Were it not for its profanity the device would be grotesque.

As for the manner of the tale, it is right to say that in tone and pitch it is tuned up to Mr. Crawford's usual level. The disgusting tale of Italian vice and villany is told with a cold, silken smoothness and careful elaboration of outer detail that gives it an appearance of entire respectability. Everything is minutely explained, and by this process the most improbable happenings are made to appear the most natural events in the world. It requires the skill of an adept to do all this; and this skill Mr. Crawford undoubtedly possesses. But it would require more skill than he commands to explain a supernatural incident which he has introduced into the story, for no apparent purpose but to heighten the effect. He makes no attempt to explain it, but simply puts it there for the reader to take it or leave it. Mr. Crawford seems to labor under the delusion that he is writing for an audience of spiritualists, not people of brains and taste.

That the right hand of Bret Harte has not lost its cunning is easily seen from a new cluster of short skits from his audacious pen. They are grouped under the title *Barker's Luck, and other Tales*.* One of these is an excruciatingly mirthful story of flesh-pots and psalmody entitled "A Convert to the Mission." Notwithstanding some breezy sallies of irreverence, the strength of the coloring and the humor of the satire make it a most amusing morsel. In this particular line of literature the author of "Poker Flat" is still easily chief.

* *Barker's Luck, and other Tales*. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Writing for the comprehension of children is the art of an accomplished adult—and not every good adult writer possesses the secret. We have long wanted an able hand to give us a work telling the story of redemption in a brief way perfectly intelligible to the infantile intelligence. The want is now implemented. We have an excellent story of the life of our Divine Lord, illustrated by simple outline pictures, within a compass of less than fifty pages.* The anonymous author has performed his task in the happiest possible way. Truths that have filled tomes of philosophical controversy, and exercised the brains of the subtlest schoolmen, are here stated succinctly and intelligibly to the incipient comprehension in a few score simple sentences. The excellent little work bears the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Philadelphia.

To Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who has already helped us largely to a knowledge of alien literature, we are indebted for an English version of the works of the great Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz. The latest of these works is a valuable addition to our stock of books relating to the early days of Christianity. It is a thrilling piece of art, and moreover it is such a one as not all minds are strong enough to go through with. The title of the book is *Quo Vadis*,† and its scene and period Rome in the days of Nero.

There is but little of a thread of story in the work, but the depiction of the daily and nightly life of pagan Rome under the monster-minded tyrant is enthralling in its power. Vast pictures fill the canvas, majestic in their conception, gorgeous in their coloring, and full of real life and movement as the vitagraph. Every line of the work exhibits a mind stored with knowledge of the people, their habits, their tendencies, their houses, furniture, objects of art and trade, implements of war, their books, their divinities, their institutions—everything indeed that characterized them as the leaders of ancient civilization. The peculiarities of Nero—at once diletant and an insatiable hyena of cruelty—are marvellously well depicted. So, too, in the delineation of the character of Petronius, the famous *arbiter elegantiarum*, the author has by his art given us a speaking picture of the class of wealthy fops and *literati* of that degenerate period. His presentations of the imperial feasts and

* *A Few Events in the Life of our Divine Lord*. By a Member of the League of the Sacred Heart. Philadelphia: Happy Home Publishing Co.

† *Quo Vadis: A Narrative of the Time of Nero*. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

the bacchanal orgies which followed them are panoramic, but we must add that the *minutiæ* include matter which had been far better omitted. It is not put there, it is at once apparent, for any such purpose as similar matter in Zola's works; it is put there conscientiously; but we say unhesitatingly that it is unnecessary, and, moreover, that it mars the effect of pictures which sink deep into the soul. So, too, with the scenes in the amphitheatre. The details of the carnage and the cruelty are too minute and too long drawn out. It is not in ordinary human nature to bear with much of this, even when presented by the most skilful hand.

A prominent part in the book is played by the Apostles Peter and Paul. The addresses and prayers which the author puts into the mouths of these sublime figures reveal a true conception of their respective missions and the spirit of their joint teachings. Regarding this portion of the work, and the results of the contact of Christianity with the decaying fabric of Roman paganism, we know of no work which enables a more vivid idea to be formed of that curious moral conflict than this work.

Mr. Curtin, evidently, has done his part of the work well. We note that he adopts the form *domina*, despite the vehement protests of conservative Latinists like Professor Mahaffy, who will persist in giving the title *dominus* to a queen. But this is a point which not even Petronius could settle.

What may be regarded as an abridgment of a former work, *Outlines of Universal History*,* has been prepared for the use of students by Professor Fisher, of Yale. It is a work more generally serviceable than its predecessor, but its usefulness must necessarily be more as a refresher of the memory than an informant of the understanding. Despite the purely synoptical character of much of its contents, those portions of it which relate to mediæval progress and the salient events in the later transition period are treated with liberal amplitude. The tone of the work is conspicuously neutral, and the learned writer evinces a strong desire to be impartial in dealing with controverted questions. Fine plates embellish the various subjects treated.

Tons have been published regarding the sanguinary scenes of the French Revolution, but we have had nothing which so

* *A Brief History of the Nations, and of their Progress in Civilization.* By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Yale University. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: The American Book Company.

well enables us to realize the actors and the action so clearly as the *Memoirs of Monsignor de Salomon*.* The author was internuncio in Paris during the whole of the Reign of Terror, and was one of those who were singled out as victims of mob fury, but he escaped by a clever device of his own from the general butchery. He was an eye-witness to the horrifying slaughter of priests at the Abbaye, and gives a graphic picture of the frightful scene. His narrative enables us to distinguish between the knot of wretches who disgraced the name of Paris by their ferocious inhumanity and the bulk of the people who brought about the Revolution. His book is, therefore, an eminently serviceable one. He did not himself play the most heroic part in the ordeal, nor does he seek to conceal aught that he did to effect his escape, but he enables us clearly to realize the glorious heroism of the bishops and priests who testified for the Cross in that awful time. The Memoirs were originally published in Italian, and the English translation is the work of the Abbé Bridier, of Paris. A fine portrait of Monsignor de Salomon is given as a frontispiece. It will be perceived by the readers of these Memoirs that although the writer adopted a subterfuge to save his life, he was quite the reverse of a coward. On the contrary, he proved himself a most daring and resourceful counsellor for the banned church in the time of emergency, and a centre around which the fugitive clergy could rally, and by means of which the decrees of the Holy See and the protests of the Catholic people against the tyrannical acts of the Directory were unflinchingly promulgated. The details which he gives shed a new light upon many transactions arising out of the Revolution which have hitherto escaped attention. A wonderfully fresh and vivid style of narrative gives the Memoirs a fascination more absorbing than the greatest efforts of romance.

The name of Rider Haggard carries with it the idea of the most extravagant flights of the imagination. Few literary men of the day have outrivalled him in the painting of weird, bizarre scenes, and to get his heroes out of any difficulty, or to dispose of them when they were not wanted on the scene of action, few novelists could display such ingenious and startling moves of scenery.

In his later works this extravagant imagination has been re-

* *Monsignor de Salomon: Unpublished Memoirs of the Internuncio at Paris during the Revolution, 1790-1801.* With Preface, Introduction, Notes, and Documents by the Abbé Bridier, of the Clergy of Paris. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

strained very considerably, until in his latest story, *The Wizard*,* we have a very readable and exceedingly wholesome tale of savage African life conquered by the innate power of Christian truth, typified in the life and character of a devoted missionary. We wonder why the heroism of the missionary's life has not oftener been woven into the story, because there is so much in it that calls out our deepest admiration. There is much in this story that seems overdone, because there is so much play given to supernatural agencies; but often have we read the same things told as actual facts in the lives of real missionaries, and yet the intervention of providential agencies seems quite in place there. The dramatic scenes are illustrated with extraordinary tact by Mr. Charles Kerr. Too much Haggard, like too much Doré, seems to overwhelm and satiate the mind, but *The Wizard* for its deep religious undertone, its triumph of Christianity over barbarism, its many characters glowing with beauty of religious heroism, will be read and appreciated.

DR. MCQUIRK'S SERMONS.†

We have before us the first volume of sermons by Dr. McQuirk, published, he tells us, "somewhat against his own judgment," at the urgent request of friends in whose opinion he had confidence. There are twenty-five discourses in the collection, dealing with a variety of topics, but upon the whole so welded as to suggest a well-considered system. For instance, as ordained parts of a scheme, the first seven deal with sin, its consequences and its relations to man's destiny; for the fourth, upon heaven and thoughts included in this part of the series, has a direct bearing upon the tenor of the group. It serves as a central motive round which the other subjects revolve.

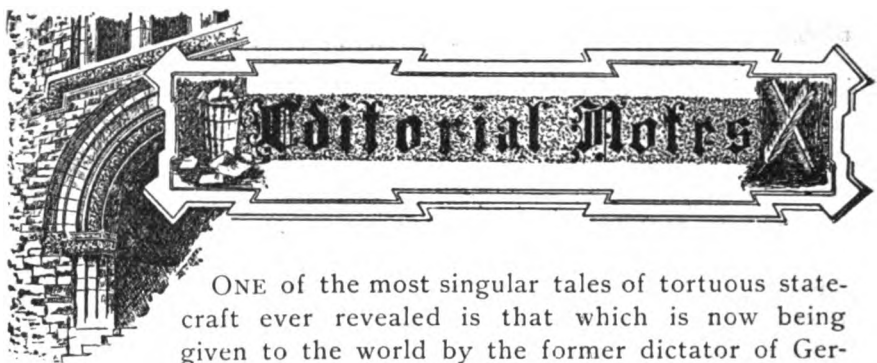
We are glad that he yielded to the advice of those who wished to see the sermons in an accessible form. We understand that they were not written before delivery, but reduced to writing afterwards. We do not think that this is altogether to be regretted. Something of the repetition, something of the insistence which is so valuable in delivery, would be out of place in a careful composition. The reader will derive a use-

* *The Wizard*. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Sermons and Discourses*. By Rev. John McQuirk, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, New York. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

ful hint from this feature in the sermons before us. There is one sermon, however, that entitled "Delay of Repentance," which is free from this defect—as, strictly speaking, we must call it—and seems to show Dr. McQuirk at his best. There is a strong, clear current of analysis of motive, and reasoning, advice, and denunciation, which puts the sermon in a high rank among such compositions. The first of the two on the Passion of our Lord is excellent; and though it suggests a comparison in particular with one masterpiece we have just now in mind, and indeed served to recall one or two other great efforts of oratory, we must say in justice that it comes well out of the ordeal. The sermon on the Existence of Hell at the end of the volume is, to some extent, disappointing on account of being separated from that on the Punishment of Hell (the fifth); and to some extent from the point of view which he mainly enforces. We think if it followed the fifth sermon, so that a vivid sense of the evil, the inconceivable wickedness, of sin, should necessarily force itself on the mind because of the punishment attached to it, he would have been more successful in producing the impression aimed at. The course taken by Bourdaloue in making his great sermon "On the Pains of Hell," as the inducement, the introductory chapter to that "On the Eternity of Hell," is the one which the wisdom of high art seizes. Here art is not the straining after purely rhetorical effects, but the presentation of the truth in its exact significance. It is quite true that a single mortal sin deserves hell. But why? because God says so and awards the punishment. Analogies from the punishments inflicted by society are only illustrative in a dim and distorted way of the operations of eternal justice. Bourdaloue's is the right method, which, flooding us with an overwhelming sense of the inexpiable wickedness of sin, leaves our own hearts to draw the inference that eternal punishment is its true measure.

We shall welcome the second volume, and we are sure that all who read the first will await its appearance with agreeable anticipation.



ONE of the most singular tales of tortuous statecraft ever revealed is that which is now being given to the world by the former dictator of Germany, old Prince Bismarck. In the pages of a newspaper controlled by him—and therefore, we presume, outside the class which he himself designated “the reptile press”—he is unfolding chapters of past history which reflect no more credit on himself than on the German Emperor whose servant he was. The duplicity which he naïvely confesses is such as Machiavelli himself might shrink from. While the German government was keeping up the show of the Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy, the Emperor, as Bismarck now shows, had entered into a secret treaty with the Czar which completely neutralized the efficacy of that Alliance in case of the outbreak of war. Russia was in fact given liberty by this treaty to attack Austria or Italy if it suited her policy to do so, while Germany, the Triple Alliance notwithstanding, was to maintain an attitude of benevolent neutrality. Bismarck, it is true, maintains that the effectuation of this treaty was well known to the cabinet of Vienna, but the facts are decidedly against this lame contention. “Perfidious Albion” was the old epithet of opprobrium which Frenchmen used in regard to England, but in the face of these remarkable revelations England can no longer enjoy a monopoly in this invidious international pre-eminence.

The bitterest thing in connection with this discreditable affair is the position of unhappy Italy. For the maintenance of this pretended Alliance her people have been remorselessly drained of their slender resources, and a huge standing army and navy, far beyond the country's legitimate needs, have had to be maintained—all to maintain a mere bubble, an empty expression. Never before, in all human history, has a people been so fooled as the deluded Italians.

While it is in the power of monarchs and statesmen to play fast and loose with international interests and international honor in this way, it is difficult to perceive the justification for any belief in the approach of an era of universal peace

founded on the acceptance of the principle of arbitration. We must remember that war is often resorted to by monarchs who are in desperate straits with domestic questions, in the hope that patriotism will unite the clashing interests in the defence of the nation. Still, every victory gained for the principle of arbitration brings the world one step nearer to the desiderated goal. Hence we may hail the stage at which the Venezuelan controversy has now arrived as a gratifying evidence of the progress of the principle. Lord Salisbury has retreated from the autocratic position which he at first took up, and at a public banquet recently declared his adherence to the view put forward by the United States on the subject of the boundary. If the Venezuelans agree to the condition that a prescriptive limit of fifty years be applied to settlers on the disputed territory, the basis for an amicable settlement of the trouble will have been laid.

If Prince Bismarck persist in his present temper, it might happen that the world could read the secret history of the establishment of the May Laws. Why the Catholic subjects of the empire should have been persecuted, immediately after the triumph of Germany had been secured very largely by the liberal outpouring of Catholic blood in three great wars, is one of those nice problems of statecraft whose solution would prove generally edifying.

The periodicity of famine in Ireland is a fact assured by the economic system of the country and the uncertainty of the elements in their relation to its agriculture. Through a long visitation of rainy weather in the past autumn a vast tract of cultivated land has been submerged, the stacked harvest destroyed, and the potato crop ruined. Over a large area of the country is projected the shadow of approaching famine. Here ought to be an opportunity for the English government to quit the national conscience of a portion of its burden regarding Ireland. The Financial Relations Commission Report shows that that country has for years been unfairly taxed to the amount of fourteen million dollars every year. The restitution of one year's mulct would set on foot public works which would save the country from the danger which threatens it. Here is a question upon which Irish representatives of every shade ought to unite, and immediately on the opening of Parliament, if the danger can be kept at bay until that time, insist on the government doing its duty.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

MARION J. BRUNOWE is the *nom de plume* of Mary Josephine Browne, born in New York City some time in the early seventies. Her father is a well-known physician, Dr. Valentine Browne, now resident at Yonkers, N. Y. At an early age she entered the far-famed convent of Mount St.-Vincent-on-the-Hudson, remaining there seven years.

Her first manuscript was sent to the editor of the *Ave Maria*, whose delicate handwriting has gladdened many a budding author. It was accepted. This story was followed in the pages of the by five others, wards, with still made her first *Us*. Other

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dents with just so much force as is needed to strike fire from them. The gift is rare enough, in any degree, to be noticeable."

Maurice Francis Egan thus speaks of *Seven of Us*: "*Seven of Us* is the breeziest, pleasantest, most interesting little book we have seen in all the 'premium libraries' sent to us. Miss Brunowe does not preach. She lets her moral permeate her stories, and consequently little people are unconsciously benefited by her charming parables."

P. G. SMYTH was born in Ballina, County Mayo, Ireland, of an old local family that always adhered to the sentimentally sublime but materially unprofitable national side in Irish politics. His grand-uncle fell in the insurgent ranks during the



MARION J. BRUNOWE.

same magazine which after another added, book, *Seven of books of Mari- are, The Sealed Family, The tle Hall, Pearls Stars of Hope, Our School*, etc. nowe's book, *Packet*, the New says: "Miss nowe has some- Ingelow's hap- bringing to- plot common- mantic inci-

French invasion of 1798. His uncle, Father Pat Smyth, was the first Catholic priest at the Australian gold-fields.

Mr. Smyth developed the writing *cacoethes* at an early age. His first novel, *The Wild Rose of Lough Gill*, a tale of the Cromwellian war, written in 1879, obtained high popular favor. It first appeared as a serial in one of T. D. Sullivan's publications, from which it was reproduced in numerous Irish-American newspapers. It showed a new and vigorous style of handling the romantic materials of Irish history, and obtained the encomiums of both the Irish and English press. It remains a very popular book in Ireland, and forms a favorite class-prize or token of merit in Irish schools and colleges. It was followed

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P. G. SMYTH,
Chicago, Ill.

Viking, dealing
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Miss Katherine

Doris, sister of W. J. Doris, present editor and owner of the *Mayo News*; but after a couple of years of married life death deprived him of his partner. Mr. Smyth is now associate editor of the *Observer*, a journal of breezy and piquant comment on things in general in Chicago.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH was born in Saratoga, N. Y., in 1855, and made his college and seminary course, after the usual training in both church and public schools, with the Basilians who have charge of St. Michael's College, in Toronto. He was ordained priest in 1881, and began work on the Ogdensburgh mission in Northern New York, where he remained eight years. His career as a writer dates from the appearance of his first novel, *A Woman of Culture*, which was published serially

in THE CATHOLIC WORLD in 1880. It described Canadian life with the city of Toronto as the scene of the story, and had some vogue in its day. It was followed by *Solitary Island*, also first published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, a story of life on the St. Lawrence in the primitive region of the Thousand Islands. The book was somewhat ponderous, and the theme tragic, and it was not as well received as its predecessor. These books were followed by a History of the Ogdensburgh diocese; *The Prairie Boy*, a story for children; *His Honor the Mayor*, a collection of short stories describing life in the Adirondack region; and *Sa-* with the same two last are best work of abounding in northern char- tions of lake scenery, humor- pathetic inci- on the great plain. Both ed by the critics. ies nearly all ap- THE CATHOLIC although each itself, they are ed by the gener- is the struggle



REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

get a footing on American soil, the struggle of the French Canadians to do likewise, and the jealousy which the two Catholic races felt towards each other for a time. For nearly three years Father Smith was the editor of the *Catholic Review* of New York, and he contributes regularly to the journals and the reviews, confining his work to fiction and social and religious questions. In journalism Katherine E. Conway describes him as not always prudent, but always interesting, and even brilliant. In fiction Mrs. Elizabeth Martin puts his best stories among the best of the time. His latest work, entitled *Our Seminaries*, is at the present time exciting attention in ecclesiastical circles for the candor of its utterances, and the high standard advocated in the education of the clergy. He purposes to follow up this work with others on the same important subject. He is engaged at present on a life of Brother Azarias, the distinguished *littérateur*, which is to appear early in 1897.

ranac, a novel theme. The considered the the author, sketches of acter, descrip- and mountain ous scenes, and dents of life Lake Cham- have been prais- The short stor- peared first in WORLD, and, is complete in closely connect- al theme, which of the Irish to

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

ITALY AND THE DUAL ALLIANCE.

(Translations made for *The Literary Digest*.)

It has again been reported that Italy is about to withdraw from the Triple Alliance. The European papers, nevertheless, show that the accounts cabled by the press agencies are strongly exaggerated. The Italian government is desirous of a better understanding with France and Russia, but without relaxing its hold upon its present international relations. The *Handelsblad*, Amsterdam, believes that the greater friendliness shown to France and Russia is due to the influence of Visconti-Venosta, the new Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. English influence is also said to be at work, for England wishes to make Italy her own ally. The Italian press, on the whole, accuses the government of unnecessary duplicity in the matter.

The *Nazione*, Rome, accuses the Rudini ministry of dishonesty in its international policy. The paper acknowledges that Italy's membership of the Triple Alliance has not, lately, been advantageous to her. But if the ministry knew this, why did they renew the contract? The *Caffaro*, Naples, says:

"Old alliances need not necessarily interfere with the formation of new treaties. Italy wishes to be on good terms with all her neighbors. Hence she is changing her course. The treaty of alliance with Austria and Germany will not be disturbed; but there is no reason why Italy should not gradually bring about a better understanding with France and Russia."

The *Roma*, Rome, censures severely this alleged attempt to blow hot and cold at the same time. The paper says:

"Does not the very fact that France and Russia are becoming undoubted friends warn us against a policy which must end in the loss of the confidence of both Austria and Germany? Nor should we become estranged from England, for France and Russia continue to oppose us in Africa as well as in the Mediterranean Sea. The diplomacy thus inaugurated by the Rudini ministry must end in humiliation and isolation. Neither France nor Russia can ever become true friends to us; we are about to throw aside lightly our most valuable friends to chase after things which can never be realized."

The German papers do not believe that either the King or the ministry of Italy seriously contemplates a change of policy. The *Pester Lloyd* has a suspicion that the Italians are merely coquetting with France and Russia to have a free hand in a new campaign against Abyssinia. Italy will not be satisfied until she has wiped out the humiliating defeat inflicted upon her by Menelik.

HOW THE SUPREME COURT DECIDES CASES.

(From the *Literary Digest*.)

JUSTICE HARLAN, of the Supreme Court of the United States, at a banquet in Cincinnati, Ohio, October 3, gave the following interesting account of the method pursued by that body in deciding cases before it:

"In my intercourse with the members of the bar I have found, to my great surprise, that the impression prevails with some that cases, after being submitted, are divided among the judges, and that the court bases its judgment in each one wholly upon the report made by some one judge to whom that case has been assigned for examination and report. I have met with lawyers who actually believed that the opinion was written before the case was decided in conference, and that the only member of the court who fully examined the record and briefs was the one who prepared the opinion.

"It is my duty to say that the business in our court is not conducted in any such mode. Each justice is furnished with a printed copy of the record and with a copy of each brief filed, and each one examines the records and briefs at his chambers before the case is taken up for consideration. The cases are thoroughly discussed in conference—the discussion in some being necessarily more extended than in others. The discussion being concluded—and it is never concluded until each member of the court has said all that he desires to say—the roll is called, and each justice present and participating in the decision votes to affirm, reverse, or modify, as his examination and reflection suggest. The Chief-Justice, after the conference, and without consulting his brethren, distributes the cases so decided for opinions. No justice knows, at the time he votes in a particular case, that he will be asked to become the organ of the court in that case; nor does any member of the court ask that a particular case be assigned to him.

"The next step is the preparation of the opinion by the justice to whom it has been assigned. The opinion, when prepared, is privately printed, and a copy placed in the hands of each member of the court for examination and criticism. It is examined by each justice, and returned to the author, with such criticisms and objections as are deemed necessary. If these objections are of a serious kind, affecting the general trend of the opinion, the writer calls the attention of the justices to them, that they may be passed upon. The author adopts such suggestions of mere form as meet his views. If objections are made to which the writer does not agree, they are considered in conference, and are sustained or overruled as the majority may determine. The opinion is reprinted so as to express the final conclusions of the court, and is then filed.

"Thus, you will observe, not only is the utmost care taken to make the opinion express the views of the court, but that the final judgment rests, in every case decided, upon the examination by each member of the court of the record and briefs. Let me say that, during my entire service in the Supreme Court, I have not known a single instance in which the court has determined a case merely upon the report of one or more justices as to what was contained in the record and as to what questions were properly presented by it. When you find an opinion of the court on file and published, the profession have the right to take it as expressing the deliberate views of the court, based upon a careful examination of the records and briefs by each justice participating in the judgment."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

SOME of our new correspondents are requested to bear in mind that the Columbian Reading Union is intended to be a useful auxiliary to the Catholic reading public. It endeavors to counteract wherever prevalent the indifference shown toward Catholic literature, and to suggest ways and means of acquiring a better knowledge of standard authors. The desired result can be advanced by practical methods of co-operation among those in charge of libraries, managers of Reading Circles, and others. All societies of this kind will derive mutual benefit by the interchange of opinion and suggestion, which is encouraged and made profitable through the influence of a central body. In the domain of juvenile literature lists of books should be prepared to meet the constant demands of educational institutions, and of parents who rightly exercise a vigilant supervision over the reading matter supplied to their children. The intrinsic value of books for children, no less than the price, is a matter for serious consideration by thoughtful parents and teachers. To secure the best results from an educational point of view, untrained minds cannot be allowed to choose at random books from public libraries. In many localities the stories most widely diffused and easiest to get present to young folks types of character unworthy of imitation. Daring acts of disobedience in school and out of school are frequently depicted in glowing colors. Books of this kind exert a most pernicious influence by bringing the youthful mind in contact with the worst side of human nature.

For many reasons, which need not here be given, healthful, interesting stories, with a good moral tone, are not sufficiently known and distributed in the home circle and in school libraries. Many have neither the time nor opportunity for a personal inspection of books intended for the young. Hence the need of making an effort to secure reliable guidance from those competent to decide. Such a list has been prepared with that object in view, which will be mailed to any address by sending ten cents in postage-stamps to the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

* * *

The John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston has now a more spacious meeting-room at the new building of the Catholic Union, Worcester Square. It has a most accomplished president, Miss Katherine E. Conway, and over one hundred members in attendance. The plan of work for the year consists of short studies in Church History. This does not mean a detailed review of the history of religion from the days of St. Peter to those of Pope Leo XIII. It is not the study of Church History, but studies in Church History; the taking up of points which are matters of frequent reference in general history and literature, or centres of acute controversy, but on which the minds, especially of young people, are not always clear.

These topics occupy the greater part of each of the two monthly study-meetings. To relax the strain, however, the last half-hour of both meetings is devoted to brief mention of current light literature, and comment thereupon. The question-box is revived, and promises to fill, as heretofore, a most useful part in sustaining interest in the topics included in the programme.

Mrs. James Sadlier holds a unique place among the Catholic writers of America, and her life-work has been a service which amply deserves recognition. It carries one back to the time when large numbers of Irish boys and girls flocked to our shores, seeking service in families where too often their faith was in jeopardy. Priests were few, and for multitudes of these emigrants the only means of Catholic instruction was a good book. But there was practically no Catholic literature, and Mrs. Sadlier set herself to supply the need. There are thousands of families in the United States that owe the preservation of their faith to her inspiring works, and in this fact lies her claim to the gratitude of the church as well as of individuals. She made them proud of their faith at a time when it was despised. She wrote of its past glories and prophesied its future victories; she struck the central chords of feeling, and on them played such rare harmonies as strengthened the faith of the friendless emigrants and steeled their hearts against the temptations that assailed and compassed them on all sides. Her novels have been no insignificant factor in the inculcating of religion and patriotism into the hearts of the exiled Celt; all her works aim at making Irish Catholics, no matter to what other country they owe allegiance and fealty, proud of their native land and their Mother Church, and at keeping alive and active their affections for the old folks at home and the good Catholic customs and practices of their forefathers. A new edition of her works has lately been published.

* * *

The Wadhams Reading Circle was organized November 11, 1894, with ninety members. Previously to the organization, the pastor of St. Joseph's Church, of Malone, N. Y., the Rev. William Rossiter, had invited the members of the congregation to meet for the purpose. The objects proposed, and still adhered to, were the self-culture of its own members, the diffusion of good literature for the culture of others, and the establishment and maintenance of a free public library. Membership gradually increased to about one hundred and thirty. The Circle was incorporated, according to the laws of the State, as the Wadhams Reading Circle of Malone, N. Y. It is, therefore, in a condition to receive bequests, to contract obligations, etc., as a corporation. Later on it was affiliated to the Regents of the University of the State of New York, and made use of its right to apply for a library fund of two hundred dollars, which was received. Its list of books is approved by the Regents, and it possesses all the rights and privileges of a State library association. At present it has a library of about five hundred volumes, located in a large room adjoining the church. There is in Malone a library for the school district, available for about six hundred out of a population of ten thousand, but the Wadhams is available for the entire population, Catholic and non-Catholic. The library is open during two hours on three days of the week. Outside of the two hundred dollars donated by the Regents, funds for the purchase of books have been secured by membership fees, socials held in the houses of the members, and one lecture delivered by the president of the circle, Mrs. B. Ellen Burke.

The aim is to render practical aid to its members, engaged in all sorts of occupations, domestic, commercial, teaching, law, and literature. A noticeable feature is the perfect willingness with which every member has performed his or her part of the programme. Any practical Catholic, over sixteen years of age, is eligible to membership; so also is the Protestant husband or wife of a practical Catholic who is a member. A high degree of scholarship is not necessary for membership. The dues consist of an entrance fee of fifty cents, and a monthly assessment of ten cents.

The work for the first year consisted of the study of the early history of the church. It was divided into three central thoughts. First, the condition of the world before the birth of Christ, considered with reference to religion, education, literature, science, art, and commerce. Second, the birth and life of Christ, the lives of the apostles, and others associated with him, and their influence upon the world. Third, the first four centuries of Christian teaching, subdivided into the important study of people and places, and the effects that followed. These central thoughts gave rise to papers upon the following subjects, prepared and read by the members: Geographical aspect of different places; their ruling powers; extent of their influence; their morality; advancement of education; the material and intellectual condition of Alexandria; the Temple of Jerusalem; Rome; the Jews; the Blessed Virgin; St. Joseph; St. John the Baptist.

General meetings are held every two weeks. These meetings, beginning with the second year, differ much from those of the preceding time, which provided for study only. Now two members are appointed for each evening to provide a literary entertainment. A half-hour of the evening is devoted to business, then an hour to the literary entertainment, which is always of a nature to impart instruction. Thus there has been a Father Tom Burke Night, and special meetings devoted to Augusta Theodosia Drane, John Boyle O'Reilly, Katherine E. Conway, and Margaret E. Jordan. The life and the works of the writer have been studied. Thus, to one member would be assigned the writing of an article on the childhood, to another the later life, of the author; to another a review of the author's works, or a criticism showing the bearing of the author's work on general literature, and its effect in other ways. Often the meetings have taken the form of debates upon topics of interest and general benefit, and music has lent additional charm to these occasions.

During the second year of its existence the Wadhams Reading Circle met the suggestion of its members by forming classes in various branches to suit their different tastes or needs. These classes are held in the evenings. Reading and literature, arithmetic and algebra, geography, penmanship and letter-writing, United States history, history of Italian art, vocal music—all have been represented in these classes. Good work has been done, great interest taken. The president outlines each year's work.

According to the constitution the pastor of St. Joseph's Church is ex-officio chaplain of the Reading Circle, a trustee of the library, and chairman of the membership committee. Under his guidance the circle is governed by a president, two vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer. Since the beginning the officers have been as follows: President, Mrs. B. Ellen Burke; first vice-president, Mrs. Eliza J. Kelly; second vice-president, Mrs. Jennie V. Holland; secretary and treasurer, Miss Lizzie G. Rennie; chaplain, Rev. William Rossiter. The officers of the library are as follows: Chairman, John Kelly; trustees, Rev. William Rossiter, Mr. Edward Holland, Mrs. J. J. Murphy, Mrs. B. Ellen Burke; librarians, Frank J. Kelly, Josie M. Burke. The constitution provides for a visiting committee whose duty shall be to furnish reading matter for the prison and alms-house, the sick and the poor. In every department the design is to continue, strengthen, and enrich the work of preceding years. The great hope of the circle lies in the enthusiasm of its members.

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A unique Reading Circle has been organized at Logan, W. Va., for the purpose of making a thorough study of Catholic doctrines. For a long time past the

people of that place have been invited to listen to slanders against the church, and have determined to find out for themselves whether all that is said is true. At present the circle has fifteen members, all of whom are Protestants with the exception of two. They have a library of fifty volumes of Catholic literature. The Rev. Father Werdinger now and again pays a visit to the Reading Circle. His visits to Logan, however, are generally to lecture in the meeting-houses of Protestant denominations on some Catholic doctrine. The Reading Circle will be a potent factor in dispersing the cloud of ignorance and opening the eyes of honest searchers for truth.

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A Selected Bibliography of the Religious Denominations of the United States, compiled by George Franklin Bowerman, is rendered specially valuable by an appendix containing a list of important Catholic works. The appendix is supplied by the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Director of the New York Cathedral Library, at the request of the compiler. Mr. Bowerman's object is to furnish a guide to the study of "the churches and religious denominations of the United States."

This he very reasonably considers can be accomplished by presenting a list of references to the best books on the history, doctrines, and polity of each religious body under its own proper heading. He includes year-books for the statistical information they furnish, and he gives a place to the more important denominational weeklies and reviews.

The part of the work, however, in which we are most interested is the appendix. Mr. Bowerman, because, as he tells us, the church "lays claim to and aims at catholicity, the church of one country is organically connected with the other members of the world church," concludes that a list confined to the church in this country would be inadequate. Hence he asked Father McMahon to compile one that would supplement his own somewhat meagre catalogue of Catholic literature. This, we think, displays a rare spirit of justice.

In the appendix, which runs to some thirty-one pages octavo, we have an excellently executed list of Catholic works; not, indeed, intended to be complete but very representative. We have the headings of year-books, periodicals, dogmatic theology and apologetics, liturgy, church history, canon law, philosophy, and Sacred Scripture fairly well filled by the titles of books the best of their kind. The description of each book is of course succinct, but we think suggestive in a very remarkable degree. It is an admirable model for library cataloguing.

With this list before him the student within the fold and the inquirer outside can obtain ample knowledge of Catholic activity in every field of knowledge and enterprise during the nineteen centuries of the church's life. No one pretending to any tincture of letters can henceforth offer an excuse for not understanding the church in her inner and outer life. The books named contain, at least in outline, the variety, the adjustments and relations of parts of that miraculous social organism. Her structure, character, tone of thought, and the law of her being in the twofold aspect of the divine and human, are largely reflected in these works. We consider that much of American hostility to the church is due to ignorance of her, to not knowing the quality of that pre-eminent wisdom which has guided her over the whole range of individual and social life, her justice and prudence in dealing with the great and powerful, her constant sympathy with the weak, her clearness of vision that penetrated to the root of difficulties seemingly insurmountable, her courage in the face of dangers, her lofty sense of duty and

her love of mankind, in all of which she has ever thought and felt as He thinks and feels who is her life and light.

There is hardly anything to correct in the list of Catholic works except that the 1826 edition of Milner's *End of Controversy* is given instead of the one brought out this very year by Father Rivington, and that the edition of Cobbett's *History of the Reformation* lately published under the care of the Rev. Francis Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B., is omitted. Though the work of a Protestant, the fact of its being now edited by a Catholic makes it a book eminently fitted to be included in the Catholic bibliography of the English-speaking peoples.

Orders for the *Selected Bibliography of Religious Denominations in the United States* may be sent to the Cathedral Library, East Fiftieth Street, New York City.

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Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, Mo., evidently believes that Christian principles are applicable to the moral aspects of social problems. These are his words:

"At no time, perhaps, in the history of the world has this complex question of labor, its rights and obligations, engrossed so much of public attention as in our day. The great mass of mankind are, in the strict sense of the term, working-men. With the spread of popular governments—governments shaped more or less directly by the suffrages of the people at large—it is but natural that the interests of the majority should be more generally studied and promoted. But the true interests of all men, whether of high or low degree, must be sought by such means only as are consonant with the eternal principles of equity and justice. As no individual member of society is exempt from the laws of his Divine Creator, so too no class of individuals may claim such exemption. The grave question of labor and capital is not a mere economic question. It has its moral side. Indeed, it is only by the light which religion sheds upon it that it can be thoroughly understood and satisfactorily settled.

"Inequality in the possession of worldly goods is a condition of society that has always existed and that cannot be eliminated. Indeed, there are many evident reasons why, in the economy of Divine Providence, this inequality should exist. The hardships it imposes may be more than outweighed by the blessings it confers. As reasonable beings we must deal with the inevitable facts of human life, and not suffer ourselves to be deluded by utopian dreams which will never be realized. As members of society we must live in mutual dependence on one another, the poor upon the rich and the rich upon the poor. If capital needs labor, labor also needs capital. Both have unquestionable rights, as also correlative obligations.

"A fair compensation for labor having been determined, the workman is bound in honor and conscience to perform the work agreed upon. The task he contracts to fulfil must be such in quality and quantity as the terms of his contract demand; otherwise, he does not render to his employer an equivalent for the compensation received, and he is guilty of an injustice. Of every honest man it must be truthfully said: 'His word is as good as his bond.'

"If we have witnessed scenes of violence enacted in connection with labor strikes, we have seen also a commendable spirit of self-control and respect for the law shown by our working classes under most trying circumstances. All the acts of lawlessness committed in the excitement inseparable from such abnormal conditions cannot be justly charged to the men most interested in the outcome of such movements. In every large city, especially, will necessarily be found an

element delighting in disorder and anarchy, and to this class may be attributed in great measure the troubles created at the time of strikes. These troubles can only be averted by the workmen themselves co-operating actively, under cool and prudent leaders, in maintaining the peace and repressing violent outbreaks. This is their duty, and its faithful discharge will always add strength to every just cause in which they may be engaged."

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York :

Plants and their Children. By Mrs. William Starr Dana.

R. WASHBOURNE, 18 Paternoster Row, London :

Heaven on Earth ; or, Twelve Hours of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. By Rev. D. G. Hubert.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW COMPANY, New York :

Manual of the Forty Hours' Adoration.

CHARLES F. ST. LAURENT, Montreal :

Language and Nationality, in the Light of Revelation and History. By Charles F. St. Laurent.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago :

The Crown of Mary. A complete Manual of Devotions and Prayers for all Devout Clients of the Mother of God. *Pray for Us: Little Chaplets for the Saints.* Compiled by A. Sewell. *Catholic Ceremonies and Explanation of the Ecclesiastical Year.* From the French of the Abbé Durand. With 96 illustrations. *The Life and Letters of Father John Morris, S.J.* By Father J. H. Pollen, S.J. *Cochev's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.* With a Preface by Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, D.D., Bishop of Covington. *Rome and England.* By Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. *Prayer the great Means of obtaining Salvation.* By St. Alphonsus Liguori.

B. HERDER, St. Louis :

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FALLON & SON, DUBLIN :

Catharine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. By K. M. Barry. With Preface by Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York :

The Gospel for an Age of Doubt. By Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., New York and Boston :

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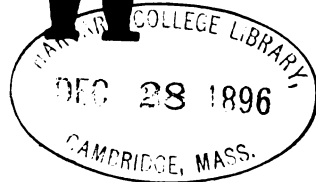
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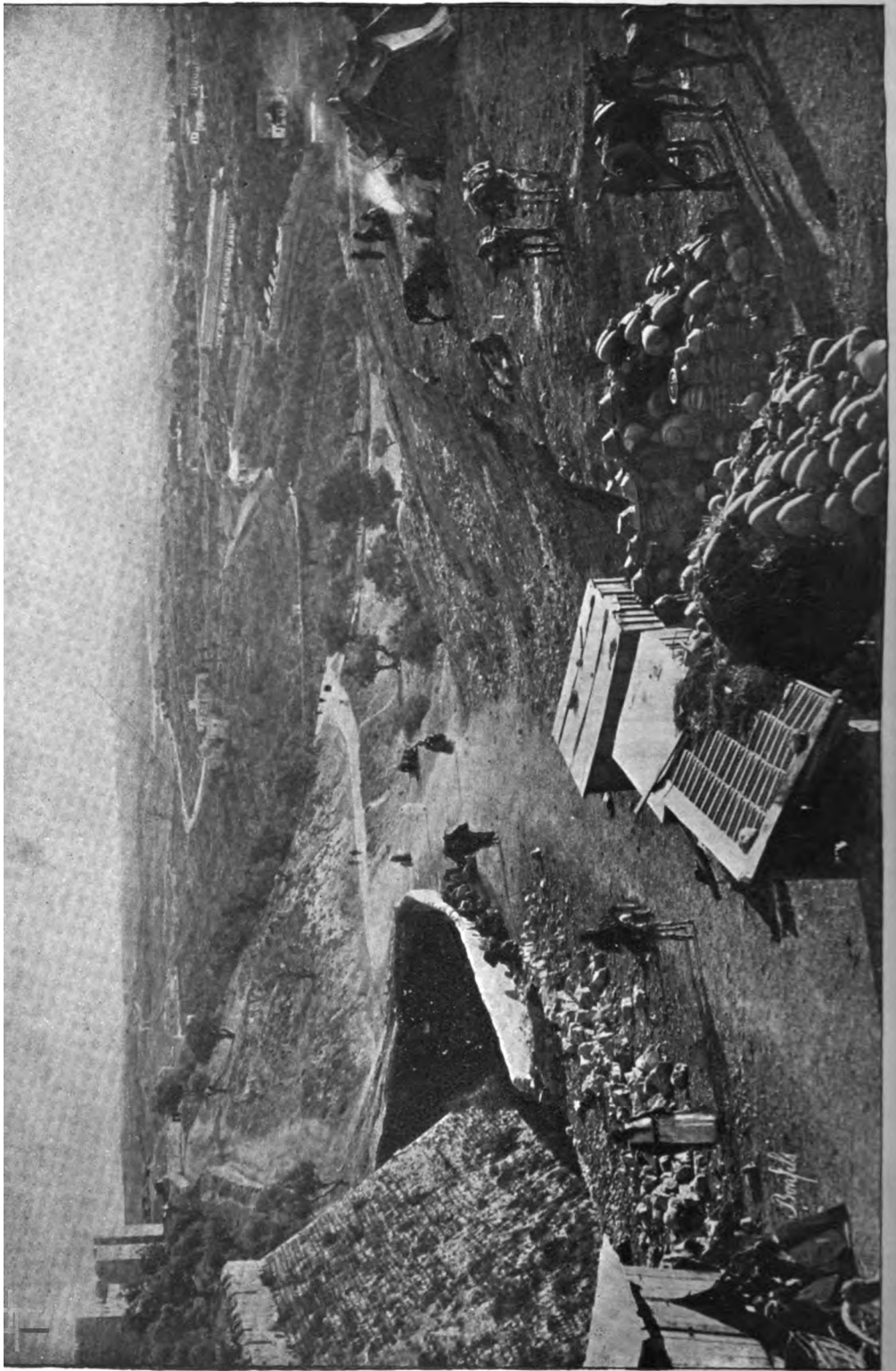
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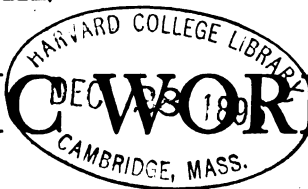
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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.



VOL. LXIV.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 382.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY CHARLESON SHANE.



AS on that holy winter night
Approached the warning hour
They gathered in the forest bower.
All clad in spotless white
And snow-pearls glittering, a virgin fair,
With flowing golden hair,
Bathed in streaming flood of yellow light,
From out the shadow broke
To hide beneath the mystic oak.
Lo! through the shelt'ring mistletoe
A sudden moonbeam strayed
That kissed the blushing forehead of the maid;
Whilst, quivering on yonder snow,
Soft shadows, stealing, come and go.
Sweet chanted from the vestals waiting there
A maiden's prayer
Is fading slow in echoes faint as air.
And now
She grasps th' impatient bough.
"New Year, all hail!"
Young voices ring.
Those liquid notes long-ling'ring sail
And float and cling
The waving trees among.
I vow, so long 'twixt heaven and earth they hung,
So slow they were to die,
Methought an angel chorus sung
Sweet carol out of yonder moonlit sky.

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A DEBT TO NEWMAN.

BY CHARLES A. L. MORSE.



HACKERAY describes George the Fourth as leaving to history only the memory of "a bow and a grin," and that tawdry monarch's subjects may quite as truthfully be described as leaving to us the memory only of a yawn and a smirk, for undoubtedly the last half of the eighteenth century witnessed in England's social and intellectual life a triumph of the stupid, the mediocre, and the false as complete as it was hideous. The inclination to succumb to the ignoble in art and literature might seem to have come in with "the Georges," for when in the ebb and flow of political intrigue it at length became possible for the Whigs to place the Hanoverian line in secure possession of the English throne, they marked the beginning of an era of strikingly bad taste which was destined to culminate in the stupid art, the base architecture, and the low ethical tone of England under the fourth George. In truth, however, the seed from which sprang this ugly growth was planted by Henry Tudor when he took the fatal step which, a little later, under Elizabeth and finally under the Puritan Commonwealth, was destined to lead to the utter extinction, for the vast majority of Englishmen, of a great ideal. Far-reaching in its effects as was the destruction begun by Henry the Eighth and carried to an inglorious finish by his daughter, neither of them succeeded in annihilating all memory of that ideal which was the true heritage of England from the riches of the ages of faith—else would a Shakspeare such as we know have been as impossible in the days of Anne Boleyn's daughter as he assuredly would have been impossible in the England of the eighteenth century. It was left for Cromwell and his beauty-hating followers to exterminate the last faint remnants in English souls of that vivid love for the supreme in art and ethics which is ever the natural concomitant of the Catholic ideal.

Not at once, however, even after the bleak days of the Commonwealth, did the undisputed reign of the commonplace begin in English thought. The Jacobites, picturesque defenders of a lost cause that they were, for many a long year fought

and intrigued and brought themselves to the block for the sake of a sentiment ; and so long as a considerable number of men are capable of that sort of enthusiasm the nation which numbers them among its people cannot sink absolutely into a worship of the conventional. But after the earlier days of George the First, when, for better or for worse, the Stuart cause was settled for all time, the apotheosis of the smug went on apace.

THE ERA OF "THE DUNCIAD."

In this day of multitudinous "appreciations," when from Nero upwards no scapegrace of history and no era of badness need seek in vain for a defender before the bar of public opinion, the eighteenth century has its defenders not a few. But whatever of virtue its lovers may discover in the England of "the Georges," it was beyond doubt a stupid England, and stupidity is ever the prolific begetter of viciousness. And the early nineteenth century, as legitimate heir to the ideas and teachings of the preceding age, was in fact both stupid and vicious. Surely it was a vicious age which could give to that unwholesome caricature of a man, George the Fourth, the title of "first gentleman of Europe," and a stupid age which could accept Jeremy Bentham's "utilitarianism" as philosophy, or Hannah More's dreary platitudes as wisdom. Maria Edgeworth's novels, with their insistent laudation of the "successful" man, and their irritatingly solemn preachments upon sobriety and thrift as the very summits of religious aspiration and achievement, are an unlovely echo of the narrow philosophy and ethics of the day—a day when to "succeed" was to be noble, and when conventional, smug respectability was thought a better thing than heroism. While the tone of the popular novelist, the most respected moralist, and the most influential philosopher of the time was thus hopelessly dull and ignoble, the condition of the world of art was even worse. Benjamin West's huge canvases thickly besmeared with muddy pigments were popularly supposed to speak the last word of the heroic style, and Sir Thomas Lawrence turning out sickly sentimental pictures executed with a tawdry sort of prettiness was hailed as the great apostle of beauty and grace, while the workers in stone and marble evolved those atrocious monuments—a very hodge-podge of bad art, paganism, and puerility—of which Westminster Abbey is to this day the unhappy custodian. If any one thing pictures vividly the degeneration which the English art-instinct suffered from its loss of the faith,

it is the contrast between any one of the horrors in the shape of monuments to the dead erected in Westminster after the Commonwealth—as, for instance, that worse than ludicrous memorial of some forgotten worthy (with the inscription “*Lacrimio struxit amor*”) in the form of a marble screen bespotted thickly with imaginary tear-drops falling from an eye which is carved near its top—and one of those beautiful altar-tombs, instinct with dignity and grace, which have come down to us unharmed from the early days of Henry Tudor, like that of Margaret of Richmond, whose marble effigy, clad in the garb of a nun with gentle face and meekly prayerful hands, lies upon a tomb rich in tracery and exquisite in form.

AN OBVIOUS PARAPHRASE OF THE “DEAD INJUN.”

With art and literature teaching commonplaces, and worse, one need not question the low tone of a people's religion. Sydney Smith's oft-quoted dictum, that to meet a clergyman of his day was to meet a bad clergyman, must, of course, be taken in that limited sense which ever weakens all the statements of a man who deals habitually in startling epigrams. There can be little doubt, however, that both inside the Establishment and out the general tone of the religious life was low. John Wesley—in whose early life Newman tells us there was “the shadow and suggestion of those supernatural qualities which make up the notion of a Catholic saint”—revolted from a dead Anglicanism only to found a sect which quickly gave birth to a peculiarly disagreeable type of religionist—that type of canting humbug of which Dickens, with his usual failure to distinguish between satire and burlesque, has given an exaggerated portrait in the grovelling Chadband. And while the unpleasant race of Chadband was all too numerous among the Dissenters, the clergy of the State Church were, if better bred, no whit less given over to the worship of creature-comfort and utilitarianism. “With nothing of the clergyman about them but a black tie, living in fine houses, giving dinners in the best style, condescending and gracious, waving their hands and mincing their words,” they led the world of fashion in bowing the knee to material things, and none so loud as they in praise of the conventional and the smug. But this canting Dissent and this worldly Anglicanism held between them well-nigh undisputed sway. The Catholic Church, after undergoing two hundred and fifty years of merciless persecution, seemed to an Englishman of the early

nineteenth century as dead, so far as England was concerned, as the Stuart cause—in fact, the fall of the house of Stuart was, illogically enough, supposed to involve the final destruction of the church in England. On the other hand, the gross infidelity, which during the last half of the eighteenth century was so marked a characteristic of English thought, had been frightened into outward conformity to the state religion by a vision of the disciples of the French atheists merrily engaged across the Channel in the overthrow of both state and church to the tune of “ça ira.” The star of “reformed” Christianity was unquestionably in the ascendant, and art was dead and literature stagnant, ethics merely the cloak of utilitarianism, and religion a thing of the world, worldly and ignoble. But in the year 1817 there went up to Oxford—then the intellectual and religious centre of England in a stricter sense than now—a clear-eyed, gentle-mannered youth to pursue his studies and to gain his degree, who was destined in the event to clarify the murky atmosphere of that little world and to lead a movement which more than any other influence was to help free English thought and to stimulate English endeavor.

INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OR INTELLECTUAL MIRACLE.

Newman's emancipation from the bonds of that soul-numbing “Evangelicism” in which he had been reared was gradual, as indeed were all the intellectual and spiritual transitions which he underwent. He was pre-eminently of that class which climbs, slowly, painfully, mayhap, but ever with an upward course into clearer light. In his answer to Kingsley's miserable libel he gave the world a realistic history of that early growth in Oxford when, one by one, like cumbrous and useless garments, the shibboleths of the Evangelical school—the smug school *par excellence*—were discarded. Gradually his mind assimilated the teaching of a higher school, the school that taught, tentatively indeed and with more or less confusion, the doctrines of sacramental grace and an historic church. Clinging to these hints of a different type of Christianity from that of the “reformed” churches, he pushed his way upward, using his great gifts of intellect fearlessly yet humbly, until at last he reached a height from which he caught a vision of wondrous beauty—a vision of that great Catholic ideal so long lost to England's view. His sensitive soul felt at once the charm and the greatness of that ideal, the ideal which finds its supreme expression in the lives of the saints, lives which teach in no

doubtful, hesitating way that there is something higher than smug respectability, that holiness is not priggishness, that enthusiasm and heroism and contempt for conventional standards are as possible now as in that far-off day when Jesus walked and taught in Galilee.

THE LAND OF "WE ARE THE SAINTS."

Then there came from the University pulpit such sermons as the old collegiate church of St. Mary had long been strange to. The Catholic ideal was held up before Englishmen, and they were told that its spirit should be their own: the spirit which produced a St. Athanasius fighting against a world for one mystical truth; the spirit which produced a St. Thomas of Canterbury defying to the death the "reasonable," the "utilitarian," the "respectable" parties of his day, and which made possible not only the sanctity but the beauty and the poetry of a St. Francis of Assisi, in his coarse habit, preaching to his "little brothers" the birds along the roadsides of his brown Umbrian hills. And England rubbed her eyes and shook herself, and looked affrighted and screamed back a denial that such was the spirit of her religion. But that gentle, suasive voice from St. Mary's pulpit continued to call upon a generation whose eyes were earth-bound to look upward at the brightness above their heads, and one by one the choicer spirits in the Oxford world did so, and Newman found himself the leader of a great party—the party which history has dubbed the Tractarians.

CLERICAL ARISTOCRATS.

One of the first visible effects of Newman's teaching and example was the quick decadence among the younger Oxford men of that affected pomposity which had grown to be a note of the successful university preachers and professors. A small matter this, perhaps, but it pointed a fact of no little import: the fact that men were realizing that holiness and learning might mean naturalness, and brightness and grace. It meant that one of the husks of stupidity in which the English mind had been enwrapt was broken. It would be difficult to exaggerate the difference in tone between the awkwardness, the dreariness, the affectation of the Protestant notion of a religious man, and what has been called the "joyousness" of the Catholic saint—that spirit of gentle gaiety which made St. Philip Neri's cell in the Eternal City known as "the home of Christian mirth," and which prompted Blessed Thomas More,

as he toiled up the steps of the scaffold to his martyrdom, to say merrily to the headsman, "I pray thee see me safe up; as for my coming down—I'll shift for myself." The association in the English mind of a stilted solemnity with high morality was well-nigh universal. Even Thackeray, the most unpuritanical of English novelists, was seemingly unable to rid himself of a Puritan taint whenever he essayed the portrait of a genuinely good man; Henry Esmond, far and away his highest achievement of that type, comes dangerously near to being only a prig. Of Newman's personality his contemporaries have given the world some vivid pictures. Mr. Aubrey de Vere recalls "a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown" which glided into an Oxford common-room in 1838, a figure "whose slight form and gracious address might have belonged to a youthful ascetic of the middle ages, . . . swift of pace, but when not walking intensely still." Thomas Mozley fills in the details of this portrait when he writes that "Newman did not carry his head aloft or make the best use of his height. He did not stoop, but he had a slight bend forwards, owing perhaps to the rapidity of his movements, and to his always talking while he was walking. His gait was that of a man upon serious business bent, and not on a promenade. There was no pride in his port or defiance in his eye." And this naturalness, this lack of pose, he took with him into the pulpit. Those who heard his Oxford sermons recall a manner devoid of fierce gesture or theatric affectations, and they tell us of a haunting memory of "a sweet, pathetic voice." All of which was a welcome relief from the usual manner of the day—that manner which Newman at a later date so keenly satirized in his story of *Loss and Gain* where he speaks of preachers "spouting out commonplaces in a deep or a shrill voice, or with slow, clear, quiet emphasis and significant eyes." And it attracted to St. Mary's Church the bright men, and the unspoiled minds of the university; men of such diverse minds, and in the event of such widely differing destinies, as Dean Stanley and George W. Ward, Gladstone and Mark Pattison, Lord Coleridge and J. A. Froude, Principal Shairp and Cardinal Manning—men who were to be moulders of opinion at a later day. In short, all that was high-minded in the Oxford world felt the charm of the man, and, like Manning, being "led captive by his form and voice and penetrating words at evensong in the University Church," listened reverently, and listening caught, each according to his worth, a vision of the great ideal.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

In 1841 Newman was at the height of his career as an Anglican, Tractarianism was become a great fact in English religious history, and England herself was beginning to ask doubtfully if perhaps she had been mistaken when she denied that the Catholic ideal was in truth the true ideal of her church. A little later, however, Newman himself answered this question: he had learned that England had been right in her denial, that he was not where he belonged, and then the secretly warning voice was hushed for a time. Principal Shairp gives utterance in beautiful words to the feeling of desolation which fell upon Oxford when, in 1843, Newman resigned the university pulpit: "It was as when to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still." Two years later that "great bell" tolled again, but in its true home, and some of those "kneeling by night" followed its sound into the white day of Catholicity. The great teacher and the more faithful of his disciples had learned at last that their ideal was not that of Anglicanism, those virtues which they loved most were not the virtues which she valued, and that hatred for the thralldom of the ignoble, the commonplace, the conventional, was in truth no natural spirit for the followers of the "reformed" religion, and after weary days of doubt and fear they "came home" and were at peace.

NEWMAN'S INFLUENCE ON PRESENT-DAY ANGLICANISM.

It is a fashion with a certain school to claim that the influence upon English civilization of Newman's teaching was destroyed by his "secession" to Rome. Leaving to one side all consideration of the far-reaching effects which the resuscitation of the Catholic Church in England—a work which was peculiarly Newman's as well as Wiseman's and Manning's—must have upon that civilization, it is a narrow vision which fails to note the effect which his teaching has had upon the trend of higher English thought and endeavor in the last fifty years. When the men who refused to follow Newman into the church, either from fear, or lack of clear thought, or attachment to the world, went out from the university they were not as other men. They carried with them shreds and fragments of his teaching which, in spite of themselves, changed their attitude towards religion and the arts and literature. A wizard had touched their eyes and opened them to wider vistas. The Establishment as it was under the Georges became to them a

hateful thing, and such men as Church and Liddon set about to change its face. That they should fail to make of the cumbrous makeshift a church such as they dreamed of was, of course, a foregone conclusion, but that they succeeded in elevating its tone no one can well deny. If Anglicanism to-day stands for better and purer things than ever before since the evil day when it sprang into being from Henry VIII.'s besotted mind, it does so because Newman once taught its teachers. So long as it is the church of a majority of Englishmen of the educated classes its influence upon English civilization must be great, and if upon the whole that influence is for something higher than it was in the eighteenth century it is because Newman's "sweet, pathetic" voice yet echoes within its walls.

RELIGIOUS RENAISSANCE IN ENGLISH ART.

Mr. Henry Van Brunt, who is, probably, at once the most thoughtful and the most sympathetic writer upon architecture that America has yet produced, tells us that that art is "curiously sensitive to every essential phase" in the eventful history of the human mind, and he supplements this statement by another of great meaning, and that is that "the Gothic revival [in England] is the only instance in history of a moral revolution in art." The Gothic revival was essentially the work of A. W. Pugin, a devoted disciple of Newman and one of those who followed him "to Rome." Associated with Pugin in this revival was Ruskin, concerning whom it is not extravagant to claim that he was made possible by Tractarianism. The author of *Stones of Venice*, *Sesame and Lilies*, and *Mornings in Florence* would have been simply unintelligible to the men of the eighteenth century, and his fierce denunciation of utilitarianism would have seemed to them but the ravings of a distempered mind. If, as is doubtless true, the Gothic revival did not end in the creation of a great modern English school of architecture, it none the less was of vast importance in freeing the English mind from that tyranny of stupidity which had so benumbed it. Strange as it must seem to any educated man of to-day, it is nevertheless true that Englishmen and Americans of the early nineteenth century were alike blind to the beauty and the grace and the sublimity of those Gothic cathedrals which are so precious a heritage from Catholic days. A Christopher Wren steeple perched upon a pseudo-classic façade—a monstrous and horrible combination—was to them a more beautiful creation than Salisbury Cathedral rising like an em-

bodied prayer above its plain, or than the heavenward arches of ruined Fountains Abbey standing like mute, pathetic memories of a beautiful day long dead. The Gothic revivalists did something, too, for English civilization besides reviving the sense of beauty, for they stood always for truth and conscience in art, elements long forgotten under the reign of conventionalism. And it was for truth that that little band of enthusiasts, Rossetti, Morris, and Holman Hunt—the so-called Pre-Raphaelite school of painters—stood. Caught by the wave of awakening sentiment which was sweeping over the English mind, these men headed a revolt against the inanity and the falsity of English art. Met by a storm of abuse and scorn and ridicule, they too found a defender in Ruskin. Whether or not one sees the beauty of their pictures—and they are beautiful with a tender mysticism derived directly from the spirit and the manner of that faith which Newman rediscovered for England—surely no one can deny that the Pre-Raphaelites stood for truth and freedom and high endeavor, as opposed to the false ideas of beauty and to the servile conventions which had made English art so stupid a thing. Not that they absolutely transformed that art and made it great; for explain it as men may, it is a fact that no Protestant nation has ever produced a great school of painters—old and new, the great schools, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, French, belong to Catholic countries; but they did open men's eyes to the beautiful and the true, and they paved the way for artists like Watts and Burne-Jones, who to-day make English art a thing of finer meaning and more distinguished than it had been for two centuries before their time.

POETRY RECOGNIZES THE "LARGER HOPE."

In literature the effects of Tractarianism have been no less marked than in painting and architecture. Heroism, grace, and a belief in the nobility of high aspirations are no longer wanting in the pages of modern singers and essayists and novelists. New and false theories of life not a few have sprung into being and have cast their shadows upon English literature of the last quarter century; but the pall of grovelling stupidity is lifted. No longer is it possible for men of even average discernment to accept Hannah More's pietistic platitudes as wisdom, or to find pleasure in Maria Edgeworth's apotheosis of smug respectability. Newman's influence is yet too potent for "Evangelical" deadness to rule as it once did. And, too, in

much of the work of latter-day writers who seem to stray farthest from his ideal, there are many hints of Newman's influence. Brother Azarias has pointed out the resemblances and the divergences between Shelley's "Adonais" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and among those divergences is the vast difference in their attitude towards faith. Shelley, who belongs to the pre-Tractarian age, in "Adonais" finds nothing higher in the idea of a future life than "sleep," while the author of "In Memoriam," sensitively alive as he is to all the mysteries and difficulties and perplexities which modern doubt throws in the soul's pathway, yet clings to faith as he gropes and falters

"Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

An echo of Newman's plea that *difficulties* need not mean *doubt*. The "Idyls of the King" in yet more obvious way witness to the influence of the great teacher, for while Scott could catch nothing but the glitter of the tinsel of the pageantful ages of faith, Tennyson sees deeper and realizes in a measure the spiritual beauty and significances of that great era.

NEWMAN'S INFLUENCE ON AMERICA OF THE FUTURE.

That Americans no less than Englishmen owe to the great man, who died a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, the debt of emancipation from the ignoble in art and literature and ethics, can scarcely be questioned. Be he Catholic or Protestant the man of average ability cannot escape the influence of the time-spirit of his day and generation. Only a man of transcendent genius and vast spiritual power can turn that time-spirit into a higher and nobler thing than he finds it, and such a man was Newman. The bond of a common language and of like traditions—in so far as Americans can be said to have any traditions—makes us peculiarly sensitive to English sentiment in the higher life. That the strange mixing of diverse nationalities which America is now witnessing will in the event produce a new and un-English type is doubtless true. But the new type is as yet in the process of development, and meanwhile we are subject always to the Anglo-Saxon influence—peculiarly so since for many years the Puritan type of Anglo-Saxon thought held well-nigh undisputed sway in American education and letters, and Puritanism has ever been the intolerant enemy of the beautiful, its spirit making life a dreary thing and death a horror.

A NEW YEAR'S DAWN.

BY HILDEGARDE.



T was Christmas week, and two days before the New Year. A cold, sleety rain was falling in the afternoon as it had been since morning, and an atmosphere of dreary discomfort prevailed throughout the city. Such a condition of things is always more or less depressing, and it had something—but not everything—to do with the very gloomy faces worn by two young men as they made their exit through the ponderous door of a certain large business firm on Wall Street; nor could the weather account altogether for the expressive bang which emphasized their departure, and resounded through the building like the report of a cannon.

In sullen silence at first they trudged along together. The disgust and annoyance visible on their countenances was evidently too deep for words. "Jove!" at last said one, "if these are not hard lines." A grunt from his companion was the sole response. "Christmas week, too!" he continued.

"It is pretty much as I expected," said the other, a little thawed out by brisk walking. "It's always the case this time of the year; just when you reasonably look for work to hold up a bit, it piles upon you like an avalanche."

"But, Ramsey, you'll acknowledge I'm the under dog this time."

"How so?"

"Didn't I tell you that I pledged my word for the Melville theatre party this afternoon? There is no use going now—it is too late."

"Well, what's your word worth to Worthington?—if you'll excuse the pun."

"Nothing, I suppose; but upon my word I'm awfully cut up. They have counted on me, I know, and I'll be in their bad books; if you believe me, I'm just out of them."

"Too bad, old boy; but it's too late to cry now. You'll only have to lay yourself out to apologize."

"Apologize! Not I; I'll refer them to that cast-iron Worthington this time. . . . But say, wasn't it a mean trick? Do you know, I often wonder if that fellow has a spark of feeling under his irreproachable waistcoat."

"You may depend upon it, Morris, that he has, and more than you and I put together. Goodness knows he has reason to feel keenly sometimes!"

"Nonsense, Ramsey; you're romancing. I notice you have been always touchy in that quarter. How did you come to know so much about him anyhow?"

"Well, only that as far back as I can remember I have known the Worthingtons from first to last. Our families were neighbors for years, and have always been first-class friends. Why, Robert Worthington and I were at Fordham together for eight years. He was a capital student, and it was not long before professors and students respected his brains with something like awe. I never thought he would go in for stocks and bonds then, I tell you."

"Lucky for us, to-day, if he hadn't."

"Yes, perhaps, but don't be too hard on him; a better-hearted fellow never breathed."

"Then what has turned him so crusty within the last year? I own he used to be pretty decent."

Here our two friends paused in their walk and hailed a car, so the question remained unanswered until both were comfortably seated and several minutes on their journey.

"You were asking," said Ramsey—"oh, yes! it's a long story. Poor Robert! it is only doing him justice to tell it; but, remember, you must consider what I say as strictly confidential."

"Very well; I'm like the grave."

"You know Mrs. Worthington, I am sure, if you know the Melvilles."

"Yes, I have met her scores of times, but I can't say that I know her very well; she has not an overweening affection for 'youngsters,' as she calls us."

"Her name was Helen Morrison. She married Worthington two years after she left boarding school, where she was a very popular girl and a leading character in many respects. I need not tell you that she was then, as she is now, remarkably beautiful, and almost queenly in her bearing. It is hardly exaggeration to say that at one time the world was at her feet; and I tell you Robert had many a strong rival. No one ever doubted the sequence, however, because it had been an understood thing between the two families since Helen's twelfth year that she would marry Robert. I knew her myself quite well, and I watched the proceedings of both parties with interest. Morrison's house was often filled with a number of lively

guests, and no one for many miles around was as ingenious in getting up novelties in the way of amusement as the fair Helen. Sometimes things looked rather threatening for Robert, but he was almost her equal in point of pride, so he never pouted or complained or seemed to notice these things at all; and if his heart ever did ache no one, not even his bosom friends, were any the wiser. In this respect they were much alike—reticent as to themselves to the last degree. I used to think at the time, and I do still, that Robert's patience with her on some occasions was too heroic. Poor fellow! I wonder if it would have been so angelic could he have had a peep into the future? for, whether it was virtue or whether it was pride which nerved him to bear things as he did, one thing was clear—that he was very much in love with her."

"Hurry up with the facts, Ramsey; don't mind moralizing."

"Where was I? Well, all cases are like theirs, more or less—one week off and the other week on."

"Diddlee, diddlo, dumpling, my son John," added his irreverent listener; "but of course it came out all right—they always do in stories like yours."

"No," answered his friend, with an indulgent laugh. "Yes, it did; and remained so for about four years—at least to all appearances. I used to see Robert sometimes at dinners and balls with his wife, when he looked like a veritable martyr."

"Come, now, that's rather hard on Mrs. W—— I think."

"That may be, but it is true nevertheless. You see, although they moved, strictly speaking, in the same circle before they married, Robert had always been very particular in the choice of his set. He was hand-in-glove with literary men and college professors. His rooms were the haunts of men of science and letters. Now, Mrs. Worthington, though really something above the average woman intellectually, had associated her name with persons of totally different aims; she moved among the ultra-worldly, who, though keeping always within the bounds of strict society laws, were, to say the least, undesirable friends from many stand-points. The great pity is that Worthington did not see this until it was too late; or if he did, he probably entertained hopes of effecting a change in his wife's aspirations."

"He strikes me as being a great home-body."

"You are right; and still I would not call him a morbid one by any means. He told me once that he was afraid he had some very antiquated ideas with regard to the 'family

hearth.' Certainly he has done what he could to render his own all that could be desired by the most fastidious. His home in the West End has no parallel for elegance and comfort."

"It does not suit Mrs. W——, though, I suppose."

"It seemed to please her for a time. Robert allowed her the utmost liberty with regard to choice of guests; the house was continually filled, so that both of them were almost strangers to private life, as Worthington put it to me one day. Naturally, as time went on, he got sick of it all, especially as he discovered that his wife was ever willing to dispense with his own presence—in fact, seemed rather relieved to have him out of the way, except when propriety made it necessary that he should be with her. This I don't suppose she ever told him in so many words, but you know how a woman can make you *feel* a thing—or perhaps you don't; you are young."

"Has he no children?"

"Yes, one little girl—a frail little thing, as shy as a fawn and as pretty as a picture; she ought to be a strong bond of union between the two, because they are both very fond of her. Her father idolizes her, but it worries him a good deal to see how she is being brought up. She won't go with other children, but clings with pitiful fondness to her parents. It is almost pathetic to see father and daughter together. I was in the library once with Worthington when Evelyn came in. I give you my word I felt really delicate about my position as third party to the pair."

"Is there a real division between Mr. and Mrs. Worthington now?"

"Yes, for a year or so past I learn that their relations have been icily formal. They are both Catholics; the Morrisons always were; but the Worthingtons are converts to the faith. Husband and wife are not very practical, I believe."

"No, I suppose not. How about the child—does she seem to notice any coolness between her parents?"

"That I do not know, but have no doubt she does."

"Good-by, old boy; here is more of my bad luck—half a block out of my way, and you get off here," said Philip Morris as he abruptly left the car; adding, "Be on hand early to-morrow, and we'll pull things through before sundown."

Mr. Worthington, quite unconscious that he and his affairs were forming food for the foregoing chat, likewise too absorbed in his own thoughts to suspect any hard feelings towards him

—which by this time had softened considerably—sought consolation and distraction in the fumes of a cigar. That morning he had received a notice of an uncle's death, which meant to him an enormous legacy. But he was strangely unmoved by either event.

The deep lines upon his brow, as he sat facing the open fire in his handsomely appointed office, had not been called up by any speculation upon dollars and cents. He was thinking of his own home in his father's house, and of the happy, united group which surrounded the fireside in days gone by. He could see the bright faces of the little ones as they listened to the Christmas stories, and counted and recounted in ecstasies of delight the gifts which Santa Claus had brought them. His little girl had received many rare and costly gifts; but how different it all was! how useless all his efforts to make her Christmas bear any resemblance to that one in his memory, yet how he longed to do so! Sighing, he threw his cigar into the fire, and a half-involuntary groan escaped him. "How long, O Lord! must life hold such bitterness for me?" Yes, quite involuntarily he addressed the Almighty. How much better it would have been if long before he had turned in earnest to Him who said those words so comforting: "Come unto me all ye who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

"Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled—when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?"

A few moments more he stood before his fire-place, while his thoughts dwelt now upon what awaited him after his hour's drive; upon his wife so estranged from him, his little girl, whose tender affections had wound themselves so closely around his heart. But the sky began to lower and darkness was falling upon the city. Outside the coachman was impatiently tapping his whip on his boots. Mr. Worthington awoke from his revery to exchange the glow of his comfortable office for a view of the wet, shining streets.

How cold and inhospitable the great house seemed to him until at his library window he saw a little white hand wiping away the mist which had gathered there, and a child's face peering out into the darkness. Head and hand quickly disap-

peared, however, for before her father had mounted half the steps which led to his door Evelyn was clasped tightly in his arms.

"Well, darling," he said, as he stood her down upon the rug in the great hall, "you have been waiting for me?"

"Oh, yes, father!" she said, pressing a burning cheek against his hand, "so long, it seems like a year."

"A year! that's a long time for my little girl to wait—yet, see dearie, I am only a half-hour later than usual."

"Well, perhaps—but it seemed that long to me. And now, father, hurry and dress; dinner is ready, and I'm so hot and cross, and I think I want the rest of that story to-night—you know you promised."

Here a servant, who took his master's hat and coat from him, ventured the remark that "Miss Evelyn had not eaten a mouthful that day."

"Evelyn," said her father, "is this true?"

"Yes, father, I couldn't eat; I wanted you home so much all day—and I had a big lump in my throat that made me cry whenever I tried to eat."

"Yes, sir," interposed the man, "she has been saying that to all of us, but nurse says there ain't a spot or a speck on her throat. She thinks Miss Evelyn has been fretting, and her feelings made the lump."

"Where is nurse? Send her here at once."

"O father! poor nurse has been sick in bed all day. Her head is aching dreadfully, and I can't make her better." Here Mr. Worthington drew the little face in the direct gas-light, and observed, with a sickening anxiety, a glassiness about the eyes and an unusual flush in the cheeks, which clearly indicated some serious disorder.

"My poor little girl!" he said as he lifted her in his arms, "come now and try to eat a little dinner; it was not right for you to go so long without eating. Mason, order some wine jelly and a glass of iced milk for Miss Evelyn."

So father and daughter went hand-in-hand into the great dining-room, with its many empty leather chairs and its general tone of lonely grandeur. Old Bismarck, a gigantic English mastiff, followed close upon the heels of his little mistress, and settled himself at full length upon the rug in front of the fire. He had long been Evelyn's best friend and constant playmate. A sweet picture they made as the reddened gas-light fell upon them and lightened up the life-sized portrait on the wall behind them of a woman with a queenly bearing and a beauti-

ful face, whose strong likeness to the little one seated now at the table made clear the relationship between them.

"Bismarck," said Mr. Worthington, "your poor mistress is ill to-night; what have you been doing to her?"

"O father! the dear old dog—he didn't make me sick, but he knows lots of things about me, because I've no one else to talk to the whole afternoon, and I told him every single secret I had—didn't I, Bis?"

"So ho! Miss Evelyn has some secrets from her father."

"Oh, no, father! they're just little things I know he won't tell. You know I didn't want mother to go out again to-day because it was raining—and I don't like Mrs. Melville. I wish she'd stop coming for mother all the time, and I told Bismarck so."

"Did mother say how long she would be out, darling?"

"No, father; she just told me I could do anything I liked, and I must not get lonely, for she really *had* to go; she said it was a theatre party, and every one would be vexed if she didn't go. But look, father dear, I have eaten all my jelly, and the milk has nearly all gone too. Let us hurry into the library, or mother will come home with all those people and I'll have to go to bed."

If Evelyn had a lump in her throat, her father had one too as he listened to the words which fell from her innocent lips. He was now keenly aware that her mind, child though she was, had penetrated his secret, and, in spite of the delicate art she employed when touching upon it, he felt that her heart had ached over it all many a time, perhaps, when she seemed most unconscious to him. This reflection caused him a new and sharp pang. "Could she not be spared a share in this anguish?" he exclaimed within himself. Evelyn did not hear these words, but she seemed to interpret the sigh which escaped his lips, and when her father looked down into her flower-like face again he saw he had stirred her feelings to tears.

"I think my little girl had better go to bed, and we'll have the story another night." "Mason," he called, as he saw the man pass the door, "I think it would be well to summon Dr. Reynolds to-night for Miss Evelyn."

"O father! *please* don't; I just hate doctors. I'll take anything you like—really I will. Nurse has some splendid medicine; she says it will cure anything, and I'll go to bed right away."

Before he could reply Evelyn had given him her good-night kiss and she and Bismarck started for the door.

"Very well," he called after her; "but, Evans, see that Mary goes to her, and tell her to sleep next to the child. Nurse is ill and cannot be there to-night."

Presently, however, the little head appeared at the door again. "Father!" she called out, "Mary never hears me say my prayers; shall I say them to you?"

"To me?" said her father, quite dazed at the proposal; "why yes, darling, I suppose so if nurse is not on hand."

So she knelt at his knee, looking full into his face, as she clasped her little fingers and poured out her prayers to God—the prayers her old nurse had taught her.

Robert Worthington was a strong man, he had faced unflinchingly many a trying ordeal, but this pathetic scene called for more control of nerve and heart than he could command. Who can divine all that the little kneeling figure recalled to his mind, the depths which her sweet pleadings stirred within his breast? Thus had *he* once knelt at his own mother's knee and called down a blessing on himself and on those he loved; thus had he turned his trusting eyes to God and said "Forgive, as we forgive." Could his heart now repeat those words which had so long been strangers to his lips? A hot tear fell upon the uplifted hands; springing to her feet and upon his lap, the innocent cause of it all was soon caressing her father with loving tenderness; her sympathy was a silent one. She asked no question and he made no explanation, but that night an understanding passed between father and daughter more real and clear than words could make it. The two remained silent and absorbed for some moments until the noise of wheels and many voices broke in upon them—a warning to Evelyn of her bed-time. One more hug, and Mary beckoned her from the room. "No, Bismarck," she said, "lie still and stay with father, and don't leave him alone one minute." This injunction to the dog she imparted with uplifted finger and departed; but it was not to sleep. That night she spent in restless tossings upon her bed. Often, in semi-delirium, she exclaimed: "Poor, poor father! Oh, why doesn't he come home?"

Once her mother, who had been aroused from her sleep by this cry, came and said to her: "Father is all right, darling; why do you worry so?"

"I can't help it," she replied; "why, don't you know he has a big lump just like mine? Bismarck knows; I told him."

"Mary, what does she mean?"

"I don't know, ma'am; indeed she don't seem to be in her right mind. Mr. Worthington is telephoning for Dr. Reynolds,

and he'll soon see to Miss Evelyn. Hadn't you better go to bed, ma'am? and I'll come and tell you what he says."

"Well, perhaps I had, for if I am going to the Club Ball to-morrow night I shall be a fright unless I get a little sleep."

"Well, ma'am, go right off. Here comes Mr. Worthington upstairs now; he is going to remain until the doctor comes."

Dr. Reynolds found his patient's case a little serious; but not being an alarmist, he forbade Mr. W—— any over-anxiety. "Children are subject to sudden and high fevers, you know," said he, "and the absence of any bad throat symptom is encouraging. She must get the medicine at regular intervals until I see her in the morning. You will see to it yourself? Ah! very well. I am sure she is in safe hands."

Evelyn's condition, in spite of the remedies, continued to look very serious, and it was late in the morning before her father could tear himself away to attend to his business, and then he remained at his office but a few hours. During luncheon he sat opposite his wife, whose relations towards him had been a little less strained since Evelyn's illness had given them a common anxiety. They spoke for a few moments about her, and then Mrs. Worthington broached the subject of the Club Ball.

"Mr. Worthington," she said, resuming her formal attitude towards him, "you know we are expected to attend the Club Ball to-night. You have accepted the invitation, I believe, and I presume you intend to accompany me there."

"You are right, madam; but under the circumstances it seems right that I should alter my intentions."

"I see no sufficient reason for so doing. Evelyn is in no immediate danger, the doctor has assured me, and she has often been as ill as she is to-day."

"That may be, but you will own that her case is a serious one. I do not think that Reynolds is quite certain as to its nature yet."

"Well, of course if there is any way of getting out of it, I might expect you to avail yourself of it!"

"On the contrary, madam, the reason which prompted me to accept would urge me to be present if it were possible. I think it our duty to remain at home to-night, both of us. We would never forgive ourselves if"—but he did not finish the sentence before Mrs. Worthington was making her way rapidly out of the room. His refusal, and the reproach contained in it, was too much for her pride. "Mary," she called at the door where her child now lay in a quiet, sweet sleep, "Evelyn's better, much better, is she not?"

"Why yes, she is sleeping—see."

"I wish you would telephone for Mr. and Mrs. Weathersby to call for me this evening on their way to the Club Ball; say I shall be ready any time after nine o'clock." She tiptoed to the bedside and kissed the white, moist brow of her little one, and then went to take a short sleep before making her preparations for the evening.

Once more, before going to the ball, she bent over the little form—this time daintily holding back her rustling silk gown; the light from the diamonds at her throat drew a cry of pain from the child, who, since her illness, had been peculiarly sensitive to light of any kind—thus, indeed, leading the doctor to fear a derangement of the brain. "Has my little girl a kiss for her mother?" she said. "There dear, don't pull down my hair; Julia has just done it up for me; mother will be back soon, darling; now go to sleep and dream pretty things about her." But Evelyn's eyes wore an expressionless gaze; they followed her to the door, and with a plaintive sigh the little one sank back in helplessness upon the pillows.

That night, when the lights were brightest, the music sweetest, and the mother's face wreathed in happy smiles, the spirit of her only child—the angel which adorned her hearth—passed away.

Within the chamber of death a man whose hair has blanched with a sudden, overpowering sorrow is pacing the floor in an agony of grief. The sound of vehicles approaching, the noise of talking, and the gay, careless laughter of one among them send a shudder through his frame. Are they entering? Surely not—had they not already desecrated his home with their heartless gaiety? Must their irreverent feet again violate this sanctuary? Must they then be sent away? Oh, if it might be so—for ever! They have gone at last! A message containing but half the truth has dispersed them, and a sudden hush follows their departure.

The rustling of silk is heard upon the stairway just as the piercing cry of an animal is heard through the house. Bismarck is voicing the grief which hangs like a cloud over his master's home. A tall, dark-robed form appeared at the door of the child's chamber, and one glance reveals the person of Helen Morrison's old confessor. He meets her and, extending his hand, tells her that God has prepared a cross for her; but she hurries on—she cannot and will not believe all that his serious tone conveys. Alas! her worst fears are too soon con-

firmed. There on the little bed lies her darling child—waxen and still. All around are weeping figures. In the recess of a window stands her husband, looking out into the night. For a space of time which seems interminable she looks from one to the other, but no words pass her lips. At last she catches a glimpse in a mirror of her own form and her adornments, so out of keeping with this scene of mourning. That glance is enough. She tears the diamond necklace from her throat and flings it upon the floor. Catching up the nurse's woollen shawl, which lies across a chair, she opens its folds and gathers it closely around her.

A servant speaks from the door: "Father Morris bids me tell you he will go now, if you do not require him further."

"Oh, no!" she cries at last, "he must not go; tell him I will see him in the library."

Rushing into her dressing-room, she clothes herself in a black gown, and then goes to Father Morris, with whom she holds long converse.

The front door closes upon him at last and Helen Worthington, re-entering the room where her dead child lies, throws herself upon her knees in the presence of all. "O my husband!" she cries, "against whom I have so long steeled my heart; my blessed child! to whom I have been no mother; my servants! whom I have scandalized by my worldliness—look at me here before you all, and try to forgive me." No answer falls from the lips of the listeners—their feelings are stirred beyond the power of speech.

"Helen," at length says a voice beside her, while strong arms lift her from the floor, "our angel has gone, but God has sent us his holy peace in her place. Let us thank him."

Altars of rare woods and costly marbles have been raised, the world over, by the hands of men to do honor to God; but that little altar of white-lined wood, that image of an angel's face within, over which two estranged hearts are renewing their marriage vows and their promises of fidelity to the duties of religion, is an altar raised by the hand of God himself, upon which his own merciful designs are being accomplished through the ministry of a little child.

"Sleep, gentle soul; await thy Maker's will,
The sleep unchanged, and be an angel still."



MAIN STREET IN FOXFORD.

A NEW WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

BY MARGUERITE MOORE.



IN September, 1894, manure-heaps in front of every cabin in the town of Foxford and townland of Kinnenany; in June, 1895, those excrescences removed to the background, replaced by gardens redolent of mignonette, roses, sweet-pea, nasturtiums, clove carnations, and such delightful blossoms, surrounding patches of useful vegetables, onions, carrots, parsnips, etc., hitherto unknown in that neglected part of the world. This almost incredible change in an unpromising locality has been brought about by the charity, piety, and energy of a lady who, were she not a Sister of Charity, would have been called a "new woman." When she began work as an industrial reformer she undertook a task from which men would shrink—a task which men could not accomplish, needing as it did the exercise of the womanly virtues of patience, faith, hope, and charity.

Foxford, County Mayo, is one of the congested districts, so-called owing to the means of subsistence being utterly inadequate to the number of the population. Men and women amongst whom starvation has been hereditary for generations are apt to be lethargic. The dead past buries itself, there is no work for the living present, and the future holds promise of no improvement. Unconscious of their degradation, they make no effort to better themselves.

The sky is brightly blue, birds carol, flowers spring up and babbling brooks dance merrily over the pebbles, yet the people's

hearts are chill, impoverished blood creeps sluggishly in their veins. The illustration of the main street in Foxford, with the heap of rubbish in the centre of the roadway, gives an idea of the aspect of things when Mrs. Morrogh Bernard, of the Sisters of Charity, borrowed one thousand pounds to establish a branch of her community amongst these wretched people, whose need for a convent and the kindly ministrations of a sisterhood had been repeatedly pointed out by missionary priests, particularly the Redemptorists who were there in 1880, the Franciscans who preached there in 1890. When Mr. Balfour arrived to see things for himself, he established temporary relief works; but even with the vast resources at command he could not do for Foxford what has been done by the well-directed zeal and loving charity of the sisters.

On the 26th of April the convent was opened and the management of the National schools given to the sisters, who found the roll-call was small indeed in proportion to the population. Disused corn-stores near the convent were changed into a large, airy school-house calculated to accommodate three times the

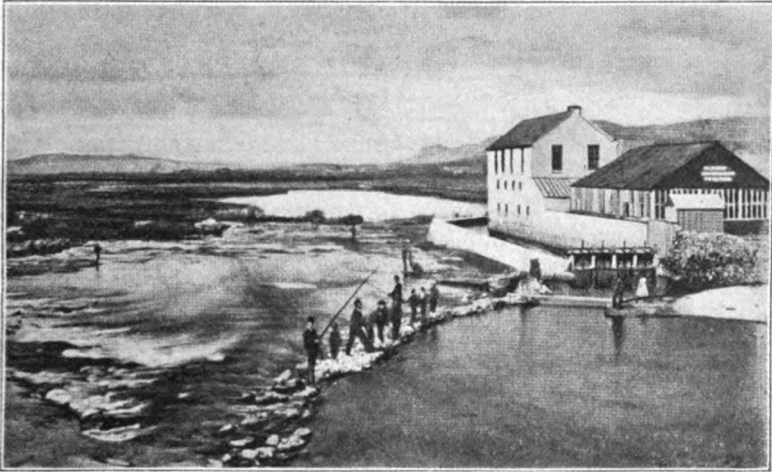


"RIDING AT TIMES IN GREAT STATE AND COMFORT."

number of children on the lists. When the nuns sought to gather in pupils they found that want of clothing was an obstacle to attendance. The kindness of friends helped them to surmount this difficulty. A warm breakfast of mush and milk was given the younger children after their walk. The paths

of learning being thus smoothed, children came from far and near—riding at times in great state and comfort, as shown in the illustration—and very soon the building of a spacious infant school became necessary.

So far so good; but what was to be done with those chil-



"SOON THE WATERS OF THE MOY DANCED TO THE MUSIC OF MACHINERY."

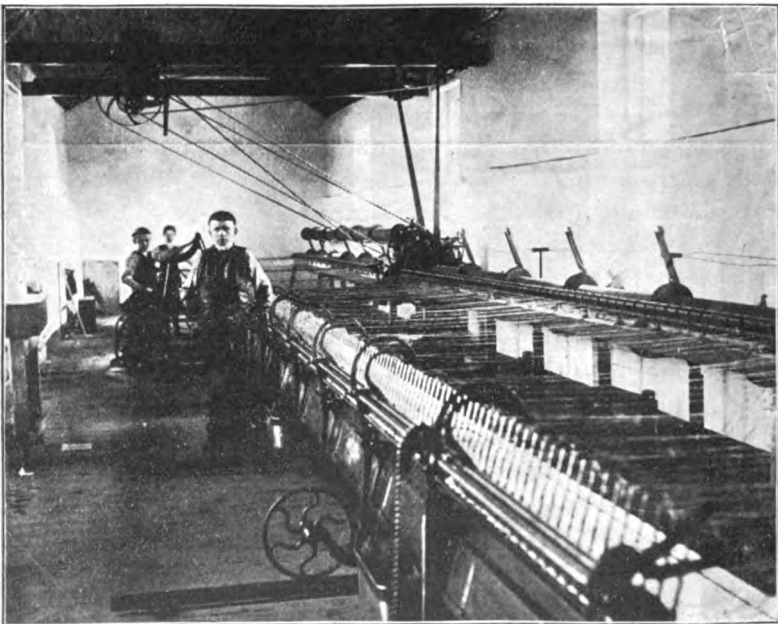
dren when educated? They would no longer be content with squalid surroundings. Should they join the surging tide of emigrants pouring upon the American shore?—go into life-long exile, and perhaps lose the faith? They were needed at home—how keep them there?

A river rolling by to the sea offered the solution of the problem, for the convent was built on the banks of the Moy (Mary's River), a broad, rushing river fed by many a mountain torrent; not by any means a gently-flowing stream, but a tumbling, brawling, want-to-be-busy volume of water that rolled over rocks and sang and danced with excess of vitality. Yet the burden of its song was sad, embodying a lament for its wasted powers, telling of its desire to be useful, and not to be forced to spend precious time dancing and singing amongst a poverty-stricken people.

Mrs. Morrogh Bernard listened and understood the value of that turbulent torrent as a factor in affording employment for many hands; but she had no money! Who ever knew a zealous nun to permit such a small obstacle to obstruct her plans for helping others? Mrs. Bernard appealed to the Congested Districts Board, and explained the benefits to be conferred on the people in her district by the starting of a

factory and giving of employment. Luckily, the members of the board were intelligent, astute men who understood what great work could be done by an energetic, clever woman; and placing implicit reliance in Mrs. Morrogh Bernard, they made her a gift of fifteen hundred pounds and a loan of seven thousand more. The then lord lieutenant, the Earl of Zetland, gave two hundred pounds, an anonymous donor sent four hundred, and six thousand pounds were borrowed at a rather stiff rate, and soon the waters of the Moy danced to the music of machinery which gave employment to many hands, brought hope and happiness to hearts which had never entertained such guests, and bade defiance to the perennial famine spectre.

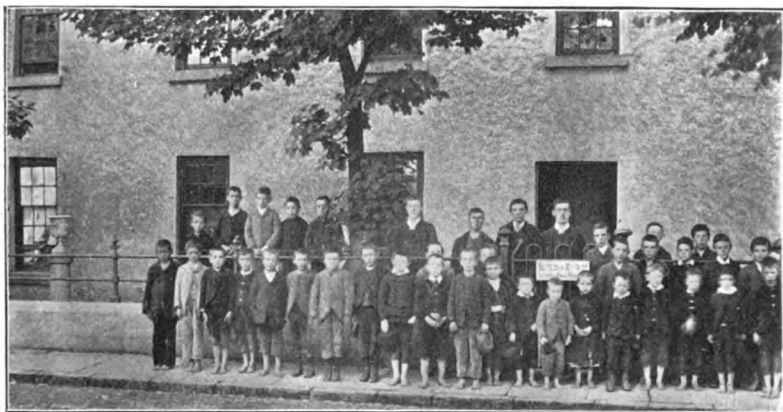
The machinery, bought by an expert, Mr. J. C. Smith, of Caledon, was of the very best procurable; nothing but the purest wool is used, with the result that no production of English looms can beat the tweeds, serges, flannels, dress-goods, scarfs, shawls, hosiery in all its branches, yarn, etc., that are



"NOTHING BUT THE PUREST WOOL IS USED."

turned out from the Providence factory. Naturally the mills were run at a loss for some time; they are now paying their way, but the heavy interest on the debt of fourteen thousand is a handicapping burden. No capitalist could have made a success of the undertaking in such a locality, for none could

have sufficiently touched the hearts of the people to drive forth the enthralling spirits of apathy and lethargy which had enslaved them, because inherited from generations of progenitors who had regarded starvation as inevitable, and were lazy because of no incitement to toil, lethargic because improperly



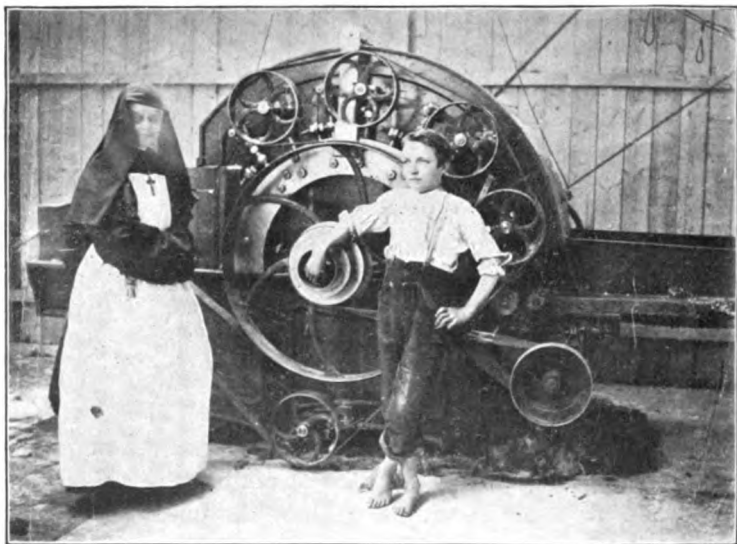
"THERE IS A UNIVERSAL EAGERNESS FOR THE ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE."

fed. Women alone could help them; religious women, who would persevere to the end because desirous of serving the Almighty Father through their service to his children. Infinite patience was necessary to teach such people that life held anything worth a struggle. Content because hopeless, they had to be excited to the desire for higher conditions of living, brought to a knowledge of the benefits of punctuality, cleanliness in home and person, and perseverance in labor. Severity would have discouraged them; womanly hearts and brains worked wonders where business-like methods would have completely failed. Allowances had to be made for lagging feet and clumsy handicraft. Epidemics of idleness had to be cured by endurance, and four years' existence of the Providence Technical Woollen Factory at Foxford show results unequalled in any undertaking. In the mills, above all, can be best seen the benefit of religious training, going hand-in-hand with technical teaching, in the exemplary conduct of a large staff of young men and women, bright, sober, alert, modest, amongst whom an unseemly word or coarse jest is never uttered. The presence of the gentle sisters, who overlook every department, has refined their manners, softened their voices, elevated their thoughts. Perfect union, the absence of religious or political strife, are features of life at Foxford. The head carpenter, native born and bred, is a staunch Presbyterian. The head

loomer, inner, finisher, and some other importations "frae the black North," never went to Mass, but they work peacefully and faithfully, while perhaps wondering if all priests and nuns are like "Father Conlan and the sisters."

The mills form only part of the work done at Foxford. American housewives rejoice! for never more will raw material from Mayo break your pet china, scratch your silverware, nor ruffle your temper, as at the Providence schools a number of rosy-cheeked lassies receive a course of training in domestic service; many more could be housed, fed, and taught if money were more plentiful. The dairy class, under the tuition of a certificated teacher, is turning out pupils whose services are eagerly sought when the time comes for them to seek "fresh fields and pastures new."

There is a universal eagerness for the acquisition of knowledge; few idlers are in Foxford now. Even the long day's work at the mill does not prevent the boys from returning after supper to the handicraft classes, where under the guidance of a couple of carpenters they make windows, gates, etc.,



DEVOTED WOMEN ARE TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

which when in place add to the comfort of their homes. The energetic small boy proudly whistles as he fixes a well-made window in the front of his house where a square hole let in the summer dust and air, and an old caubeen was deemed sufficient to exclude the winter chill. Then there must be fences and gates to prevent inquisitive pigs from investigating the

new gardens which add beauty to the landscape, perfume to the air, and variety to the coarse fare. Thus advancement is made. "Father Pat," optimist though he be, shook his head when Mrs. Morrogh Bernard broached the idea of replacing the manure-heap by a garden. He thought she might as well invite the Rock of Cashel to come to afternoon tea. The



THE CONNAUGHT EXHIBITION, OPEN TO ALL COMERS.

womanly tact of the sisters did what no preaching could do. One hundred and thirty manure-heaps were relegated to the background. The Congested Districts Board sent an expert to pioneer and plan. Cuttings, seeds, plants, and vines were given gratis, and now the peasants boast not only of their sweet-scented flowers but of their kitchen gardens, with their succession of tasty vegetables hitherto unknown to them. I have often been exasperated on being told by American acquaintances of the scarcity of vegetables in Ireland, and the climax was reached when informed, on the authority of one particular Bridget, that we had no cauliflowers in our green land. Such valuable domestics may have come from Kinnenany, where the new vegetables occasioned much wonder. One elderly dame was frightened by the "looks" of the first carrot she ventured to pull. When the cooking class teaches the making of vegetable soups there will be comfortable dinners in Mayo homes, served on neat tables made by the boys, covered by cloths woven and spun by the girls. The great number of prizes for well-kept gardens, flowers, etc., given at the Connaught Exhibition will certainly result in the removal of still

untouched manure-heaps and a consequent increase of garden patches.


To introduce the products of the Providence Technical Mills to the public, that a market might be found for them, as well as to encourage the natives in their newly acquired habits of thrift, an exhibition was considered necessary. At the spring show of the Royal Dublin Society the Foxford exhibit of woollen goods took a special medal, while second prize was secured for its butter in a class of many competitors. An exhibition on a small scale was held in September, 1894, the success of which encouraged Mrs. Morrogh Bernard in announcing the Connaught exhibition for the following year, open to all comers.

This exhibition clearly demonstrated the work done by religious sisterhoods for the advancement and uplifting of the Irish race. The lace-making industry has been revived; the cottage industries of the Ursuline Nuns, Blackrock, Cork, are training many girls in useful pursuits; cooking classes are attached to many convent schools—that of Swinford, County Mayo, doing excellent work. The first prize for wood-carving was taken at the Connaught exhibition by a girl from the Convent of Mercy schools, Carrick-on-Suir. One would scarcely expect to see the prize for the best spun and woven linen table-cloth go to Skibbereen, County Cork, but so it was. The convent schools of Ballaghaderreen, County Mayo, Athlone, Castlebar; Kinsale and Doneraile, County Cork, Queenstown, and Carrick-on-Suir, carried off many prizes. Altogether the industrial outlook for Ireland seems to be a bright one, thanks to the noble, devoted women who are teaching her people to profitably use the hands and exercise the brains so long benumbed by an enforced idleness.

Much is written of the “new woman,” much fear expressed that she is bent on copying the old man! Dear readers, there is no such thing as a new woman; she is just the same one you have known all along since she first sang you to rest. It is her sphere that has become enlarged, and in it she moves still tender, loving, gentle, and sympathetic, whether God's will calls her to preside over house and family as queen and mother, to nursing in the hospital ward, teaching in the convent school, or doing as Mrs. Morrogh Bernard has done, reforming and uplifting a people by means of technical education and good example.

"SAM SLICK" AND CATHOLIC DISABILITIES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

BY MARY P. F. CHISHOLM.

HE one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Chandler Haliburton—which occurred on December 17, 1896—is an event which his Canadian admirers cannot permit to pass by without some adequate manifestation of their regard. Haliburton is, by common consent, the greatest literary man yet produced in the Canadian provinces, and by his literary work he established a considerable claim upon the attention of the world. He was, besides, the first to write a history of the ancient colony of Nova Scotia. For a few years he was a forceful member of the legislature, and for over a quarter of a century he graced the judicial bench of his native country. On the memory and gratitude of Roman Catholics, however, he has an especial claim, as we shall endeavor to show, for the part he took in the movement to abolish the test oaths.

KINSHIP WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Mr. Haliburton was born at Windsor, N. S., the seat of the Episcopal university known as King's College. He was the descendant of an old Scottish family of kin with that of Sir Walter Scott. After completing his studies at King's College he studied law, and was called to the bar in 1820. Six years later his public career began, for in 1826 he was elected to represent the old and historic township of Annapolis in the Assembly of Nova Scotia, and he remained in the Assembly until 1829, when he was called to the bench. In 1856 he resigned his seat on the bench, and removed to England, where he died in 1865. He sat for six years in the British House of Commons.

ORIGIN OF "SOFT SAWDER."

It was in 1835 that Judge Haliburton began the publication of the "Sam Slick" sketches in a local journal, and from that time forward his pen was ever busy. It is alleged that his cen-

tral character, Sam Slick, was suggested by the incidents of a trial before him in which one of the parties was a sharp-witted Yankee clock-peddler, who employed "soft sawder"—a phrase we owe to Haliburton—with much advantage in his business dealings with the Nova Scotia farmers. The sketches soon acquired popularity, not merely on account of their inimitable humor, but also by reason of the keen common sense which pervaded them. Haliburton was an admirable *raconteur*, with a wide knowledge of human character, and he was quick to seize the humorous side of things. The claim is made for him—and it does not seem extravagant—that he was the father of American humor. F. Blake Crofton, author of *The Major's Big Talk Stories*, in his valuable lecture on Haliburton, recently republished in the Halifax *Herald*, says: "Not only have modern funny men taken hints from Haliburton, but modern journalists have appropriated his anecdotes holus-bolus or with variations." But it is not for their humor alone that the works of Haliburton deserve study. The political institutions of his country were at the time in a formative state, and the genial judge seized the opportunity to present his views on a number of public questions which were engaging contemporary attention. After an interval of half a century the development of events has vindicated his judgment on many of these subjects. Throughout his books there is a strong imperial note; and imperial federation, as now advocated by Lord Roseberry, had an earlier advocate in Haliburton. He even forestalled in its details the present scheme of "a customs union" between the British colonies.

OPPOSED TO THE ACADIAN DEPORTATIONS.

He was a man of strong convictions, and he was fearless in expressing them. In his history of Nova Scotia he was not afraid to take the unpopular view, when he condemned the deportation of the Acadian settlers in 1755—a cruel measure which the official class have ever since deemed it their duty to defend. A conservative by training and education, he was as stout an opponent of the abuse which sought reprieve on the ground that it was old, as he was of the "reform" which made only for innovation. His opinion of the colonial bishops of his church, who were sent to the colony by the home government, was deftly expressed in a few sentences: "They have one good object in view from the moment of their landing in the colony; and that is the erection of a cathedral so large as to con-

tain all the churchmen in the province, and so expensive as to exhaust all the liberality of their friends; and this unfinished monument of their ill-directed zeal they are sure to place in a situation where it can be of no use whatever."

A CATHOLIC EMANCIPATOR.

As already intimated, he took part in the struggle for the emancipation of his Catholic fellow-colonists. As was the case in most of the other colonies of England, in Nova Scotia in the early days the Roman Catholic was no favorite. The English settlers not merely brought to their new homes the prejudices against Roman Catholics which prevailed in the old land, and from the operation of which Catholics had to endure social proscription, but they lost no time in enacting obnoxious ordinances by which Catholics were deprived of the simplest political rights. A glance at the early legislation of the colony will reveal statute after statute aimed at the suppression of the Catholic religion; for instance, in 1758 an act was passed declaring that "no papist" should have any right or title to hold or enjoy lands, except by grant direct from the crown, and that conveyances by deed or will to a "papist" should be null and void. It was also enacted that a priest exercising his sacred functions within the province should be liable to banishment. One by one, however, with the growing intelligence of public opinion in the colony, these obnoxious laws were repealed, until, in 1827, the abolition of the test oaths struck down the last relic of the penal laws against the Catholics.

AN IMITATOR OF O'CONNELL.

Nevertheless the struggle for political freedom was neither a short nor an easy one; in the fierce fight of parties the question of justice to the Catholics was often relegated to the background. When the island of Cape Breton was reannexed to Nova Scotia, in 1820, it became necessary to secure the representation of that island in the Assembly. Accordingly, by proclamation dated October 9, 1820, the governor, Sir James Kempt, directed the holding of an election for two members for Cape Breton. The election was at once held, and resulted in the return of R. J. Uniacke, Jr., and Lawrence Kavanagh, the latter a Roman Catholic. It does not appear that Mr. Kavanagh attempted to take his seat until the session of February, 1822, when he agreed to take the state oath, but

refused to take the declaration against transubstantiation. Then followed resolutions in the house, and conferences between the two chambers, which culminated in the presentation of a message to the house by the governor in the session of 1823 in which he stated that he had communicated with the home authorities and had received from the secretary of state the king's authority to admit Mr. Kavanagh without subscribing to the part of the oath to which objection was made. The result was that Mr. Kavanagh was admitted, but the law was still in force so far as his Catholic fellow-citizens were concerned.

HALIBURTON'S GREAT SPEECH.

The matter of admitting the Catholics to full political rights slumbered until in February, 1827, the petition of the Rev. John Carroll and others was presented to the Assembly, praying for the removal of all the tests. After the petition was presented, a resolution was proposed for the appointment of a committee to prepare an address to the king requesting his majesty to dispense with the "declarations and test oaths against popery." This resolution was moved by Mr. Uniacke, who spoke with great vigor, and it was seconded by Mr. Haliburton in an address of which Mr. Murdoch, the historian of Nova Scotia, spoke as the finest piece of declamation he had ever heard. There is a tradition that Joseph Howe, the Canadian statesman, was doing duty at the reporters' table, and he was so captivated by the speech that he had to lay down his pen. A few extracts from a summary of the speech which has been preserved may be of interest:

"In considering this question he should set out with stating that every man had a right to participate in the civil government of that country of which he was a member without the imposition of any test oath, unless such restriction was necessary to the safety of that government; and if that was conceded, it would follow that these tests should be removed from the Catholics unless their necessity could be proved in respect of that body. He stated that the religion which they profess was called Catholic because it was at one time the universal religion of the Christian world, and that the Bishop of Rome, from being the spiritual head of it, was called Pope, which signified father. Then, after tracing the origin and history of the temporal power to the time of Henry VIII., he said that in subsequent times it had been thought necessary to impose

test oaths, lest the Catholics, who were the most numerous body, might restore the ancient order of things, and particularly as there was danger of a Catholic succession; but when the Stuart race became extinct, the test oaths should have been buried with the last of that unfortunate family. Whatever might be the effect of emancipation in Great Britain, here there was not the slightest pretension for continuing restrictions; for if the whole house and all the council were Catholics, it would be impossible to alter the constitution. The governor was appointed by the king and not by the people, and no act could pass without his consent. What was the reason that Protestants and Catholics in this country mingled in the same social circle and lived in such perfect harmony? How was it that the Catholic mourned his Protestant friend in death whom he had loved in life; put his hand to the bier, followed his mortal remains to their last abode and mingled his tears with the dust that covered him, while in Great Britain there was evident hostility of feeling? The cause must be sought in something beyond the mere difference of religion? The state of Ireland afforded a most melancholy spectacle; the Catholic, while he was bound in duty, while he was led by inclination, to support his priest, was compelled by law to pay tithes to the Protestant rector; there were churches without congregations, pastors without flocks, and bishops with immense revenues without any duty to perform; they must be something more or less than men to bear all this unmoved—they felt and they murmured; while, on the other hand, the Protestants kept up an incessant clamor against them that they were a bad people. The property of the Catholic Church had passed into the hands of the Protestant clergy—the glebes, the tithes, the domains of the monasteries. Who could behold those monasteries, still venerable in their ruins, without regret? The abodes of science, of charity and hospitality, where the way-worn pilgrim and the weary traveler reposed their limbs and partook of the hospitable cheer; where the poor received their daily food, and in the gratitude of their hearts implored blessings on the good and pious men who fed them; where Learning held its court and Science waved its torch amid the gloom of barbarity and ignorance.

"Allow me, Mr. Speaker, to stray, as I have often done in years gone by, for hours and for days amidst those ruins, and tell me (for you too have paused to view the desolate scene), did you not, as you passed through those tessellated courts and

grass-grown pavements, catch the faint sounds of the slow and solemn march of the holy procession? Did you not seem to hear the evening chime fling its soft and melancholy music o'er the still sequestered vale, or hear the seraph choir pour its full tide of song through the long-protracted aisle, or along the high and arched roof? Did not the mouldering column, the gothic arch, the riven wall and the ivied turret, while they drew the unbidden sigh at the work of the spoiler, claim the tribute of a tear to the memory of the great and good men who founded them?

"It is said that Catholics were unfriendly to civil liberty; but that, like many other aspersions cast upon them, was false. Who created *Magna Charta*? Who established judges, trial by jury, magistrates and sheriffs? Catholics! To that calumniated people we were indebted for all that we most boasted of. Were they not brave and loyal? Ask the verdant sods of Chrysler's farm; ask Chateauguay; ask Queenstown Heights, and they will tell you they cover Catholic valor and Catholic loyalty—the heroes who fell in the cause of their country! Here there was no cause of division, no property in dispute—their feelings had full scope. We found them good subjects and good friends. Friendship was natural to the heart of man; it was like the ivy that seeks the oak and clings to its stalk, and embraces its stem and encircles its limbs in beautiful festoons and wild luxuriance, and aspires to its top and waves its tendrils above it as a banner, in triumph of having conquered the king of the forest.

"Look at the township of Clare; it was a beautiful sight: a whole people having the same customs, speaking the same language, and uniting in the same religion. It was a sight worthy the admiration of men and the approbation of God. Look at their worthy pastor, the Abbé Segogne; see him at sunrise, with his little flock around him, returning thanks to the Giver of all good things; follow him to the bed of sickness—see him pouring the balm of consolation into the wounds of the afflicted; into his field, where he was setting an example of industry to his people; into his closet, where he was instructing the innocence of youth; into his chapel, and you would see the savage, rushing from the wilderness with all his wild and ungovernable passions upon him, standing subdued and awed in the presence of the holy man! You would hear the abbé tell the savage to discern God in the stillness and solitude of the forest, in the roar of the cataract, in the order

and splendor of the planetary system, and in the diurnal change of night and day. That savage forgets not to thank his God that the white man has taught him the light of revelation in the dialect of the Indian."

After giving a detailed account of the expulsion of the French Acadians, in 1755, Mr. Haliburton said that he did not ask for the removal of the restrictions as a favor; he would not accept it from their commiseration; he demanded it from their justice. "Every man who lays his hand on the New Testament and says that is his book of faith, whether he be Catholic or Protestant, churchman or dissenter, Baptist or Methodist, however much we may differ in doctrinal points, he is my brother and I embrace him. We all travel by different roads to the same God. In that path which I pursue should I meet a Catholic I salute him, I journey with him, and when we shall arrive at the *flamantia limina mundi*—when that time shall come, as come it must, when the tongue that now speaks shall moulder and decay, when the lungs that now breathe the genial air of heaven shall refuse me their office, when these earthly vestments shall sink into the bosom of their mother earth and be ready to mingle with the clods of the valley, I will, with that Catholic, take a longing, lingering, retrospective view. I will kneel with him; and instead of saying, in the words of the presumptuous Pharisee, 'Thank God, I am not like that papist,' I will pray that, as kindred, we may be equally forgiven; that as brothers we may be both received!"

The resolution was unanimously adopted; a statute was passed repealing the laws obnoxious to Catholics, and the battle of "Catholic emancipation" was fought and won in the little colony of Nova Scotia earlier than in the mother-land.

On the centennial of Judge Haliburton's birth his friends and admirers will most likely dwell upon his achievements as a literary man; he certainly is the most famous of Canadian writers, and ranks deservedly high among the humorists of our language. But he has a special claim upon the memory of Catholics, and they should not forget that the genial and cultivated author—Protestant and Tory as he was—when their friends were less numerous than they are now, pleaded eloquently for the rights which they have ever since enjoyed.



HIDDEN LIGHTS.

BY JESSIE WILLIS BRODHEAD.



HE distant glory of the azure skies
Is muffled in gray fleece of downy snow,
Whose penetrating shadows, hanging low,
Dome the still world with myriad crystal eyes.
Upon the lustrous land there is not lined
The faintest wreath of shade. Each crevice holds
Its subtle light, whose tender glow unfolds
The shadow-threads the busy Sun-god twined.

Thus, groping soul, the concentrated woes
Of life, which fall upon thee thick and fast,
Contain a spiritual light to cast
Within the aching wounds thy days uncloze.
Suffer the seeming shades, wouldst solace win,
For fallen shadow turns to light within.



THE NECESSITY OF STUDYING LANGUAGES AND THEIR MONUMENTS.

BY MGR. CHARLES DE HARLEZ.



One in our day ignores the importance of exhaustive studies in philosophy, history, and the natural sciences. We are all aware of the part they play in the discussion of those religious problems which have now become common property, and which are but too frequently handled with levity and in behalf of a theory. The general public is interested likewise, and not only the reviews but the Catholic congresses abound in works relating to these sciences. There is a great advantage in this, and one which our young students cannot be too heartily encouraged to pursue with ardor.

But there is a fourth branch of the sciences whose bearing, from the religious point of view, is unhappily not suitably appreciated, nor its action in the world sufficiently recognized. I refer to the science of languages and their monuments, a science too much neglected, and yet one whose importance may not be slighted, since these monuments contain that religious history of humanity which is to-day chiefly employed in judging the dogmas and achievements of Christianity.

I venture to say without hesitation that the gravest questions relating to religious beliefs are settled, both in the scientific world and among the unlearned, by means of what is called *The Science of Religions*. The vulgar demolishers of religion seek their chosen weapons in its armory, believing that by its aid they will best succeed in carrying out the programme laid down with such energetic brevity by E. Quinet in the words: "Stifle Christianity in mire."

In reality the materialism, the atheism to which tend the final efforts of certain philosophers and naturalists, the doctrine which abases man to the level of the beast and opens the door to the most brutal passions, is not relished by all of those who have abjured faith altogether. It alarms many, especially when they see it spreading among the people. Nor, for that matter, do the defections begin at this point; the books of the teachers of irreligion or determined anti-Christianity do not open with an effort to disseminate this doctrine

among the masses. More adroit, they know they have sufficiently attained their object when they have taught their disciples to despise Christian beliefs, dragged daily through the mud as they are by a cunning press which pretends to speak simply in behalf of science.

THE MATERIALISTS FIND RELIGION RESPECTABLE.

Moreover, even materialism permits the evangelic doctrine to be considered as a noble effort of the human soul to rise above itself in search of a nature and destiny which may be desirable, although founded on chimeras. As was said by Francisque Sarcey after visiting the lodges of Ghent: "The free-thinkers of France were still accustomed, in spite of everything, to follow the principle, 'Respect what is respectable in itself.'" He had learned at the Ghent lodge to nourish in his soul a vigorous hatred of the degrading superstitions which compose the Catholic creed and worship, and to translate the disposition into act by seeking the degradation of Christianity, destined thenceforth to be "stifled in mire." Christianity might still be a fair and noble phantom to the materialist; to the school to which we now refer, and to their adepts, it is merely a corpse in process of decomposition.

We have already remarked that these sentiments, which leave the mind no room for choice, are chiefly propagated by means of studies in the comparative history of religions—Oriental religions above all. It is in virtue of discoveries made in this vast domain that men believe themselves authorized to relegate Christianity to a place among the least respectable of human inventions and detach the minds and hearts of men from it for ever. They have two principal modes by which to arrive at this conclusion.

THE MODE OF DISCREDITING RELIGION.

First, by seeking to establish, through a vast system of comparisons, that every religion is a mere product of the human mind, a natural, spontaneous product excluding all action or intervention of a superior cause. According to this system, religion is self-unfolded by virtue of the natural principle of evolution, which, producing it at first under the gross rudiments of the adoration of brute matter, elevates it successively and inevitably through the various stages of animism, polytheism, pantheism, and, lastly, monotheism. Christianity has its place in this evolution like every other doctrine, and not among the best of them.

Secondly—and this is what they are really aiming at—by

attempting to demonstrate that Christianity, especially in the form of Catholicity, is simply an eclectic system derived from the pagan religions of the East, which not only combines all their most absurd characteristics, but owes to them, beyond all doubt, the few seemly and decorous things which it inculcates. Judaism and Catholicism came into the world like all other cults, and take rank among the most bizarre and least elevated. They do not hesitate to proclaim their regret for paganism, or to assert their preference for Buddhism and Mohammedanism as compared with "the myths and polytheism of Catholicity."

This contempt and hatred for Christianity is everywhere excited by the lodges, not merely on the pretext that it does not respond to the exigences of modern science, or even because history allows certain reproaches to be addressed to Catholics, to bishops, and even to the Sovereign Pontiffs, but as being hateful and despicable in itself while claiming to enthrall souls; the only claim they allow it is to be included in the mass of superstitions which have dishonored humanity for ages. They accuse God himself, and publicly teach that the anti-scientific natures and the barbarity of Jehovah, Baal, and Moloch, for example, make them of equal worth.

HOW FALSEHOOD IS DISSEMINATED.

Nor is all this confined to the upper regions of a certain learned world. As Fontaine has very justly remarked in the *Origines du Christianisme*: "The lessons descending from the professorial chairs supply a goodly number of reviews. Vulgar and mercenary authors undertake, by means of numerous journals, to introduce them into the great intellectual circulation of the country, which they thoroughly pervade. We find them anew even on the lips of men who do not know their origin." These lessons are demanded for lyceums and literary institutions, and even for schools; and meanwhile means are sought whereby to make them reach the masses. In France especially, the lodges spread the works of Jacolliot and other scoffers at Christianity broadcast, although they are fully aware of the audacious falsehoods they contain. A numerous host is at their service for this labor.

These outrageous comparisons and reconciliations, which cause even the masses to lose respect for the most respectable things, are propagated not merely by the reviews, whether popular or literary, but likewise by the daily papers. Historical works intended for the use of young people are written with a like end in view.

SOME HONEST UNBELIEVERS.

It is true, and I am bound clearly to recognize the fact, that a great number of scientific men, educated in different ideas from ours, arrive without malice or premeditated bias at conclusions adverse to Christianity. It is the sincere desire of many among them to seek truth impartially and to seek nothing else. The teachings of such men carry still more weight on this account, and demand our most serious attention precisely because their science gives them an incontestable authority which turns to the advantage of those who misemploy the instruction they impart. For there are such men also, and naturally they are the most attended to. Thus, while certain members of the free-thought party content themselves with echoing the remark, made in a great English University, that "when one has the honor to belong to a cult so elevated as that of Zoroaster he does not become a Christian," many others, and especially those who labor in subordinate positions, go on to teach children, for example, that the God of the Bible is the ancient divinity of thunder or of fire; a personage, moreover, whose jealousy, cruel instincts, and vindictive character make him unworthy of respect; a chieftain truly worthy of the exterminating hordes who filled the land of Chanaan with blood and ruins; that, in fine, the Bible is merely a pale copy of the sacred books of India; that Christ learned everything from Buddhism; that the Virgin Mother of God is but a Hindoo, Chinese, or Mexican myth. How are these ends arrived at? Whence do serious and respectable scientific men derive their unfavorable conclusions? Whence do the vulgar destroyers of religion draw the facts and arguments which enable them to confound the faith of Christ with pagan beliefs in such a fashion? Needless to reply that it is from the historic and religious books of peoples, of Oriental peoples above all, and chiefly from the monuments of Oriental languages. And what lends such authority to the affirmations of both parties is, that they first come before their readers or hearers surrounded by the halo of incontestable science, while the "popularizers" not only repeat these instructions in their own peculiar manner, but add to them a host of things which the masters would unhesitatingly repudiate, profiting none the less by the renown, and sharing in the authority, from which they borrow. The first really possess this authority, because they have given proof of their profound knowledge of the languages and peoples from whom

these monuments have descended. From the scientific point of view their word is law.

But I must not confine myself to generalities like these, which do not suffice to produce conviction. I must lay the facts themselves before my readers. To do so I must briefly survey the various fields of religious controversy, pointing out the special character of each and the weapons which it furnishes for either direct or indirect warfare against Christianity.

VULGARIZING OF SACRED PERSONAGES.

Naturally, we must turn our attention to the Bible first of all. What has not been done with this sacred book? To what distortions has it not been subjected? Genesis is no longer more than a tissue of fables borrowed from pagan races and presented under a form still more absurd than that of the original monuments. The people of Abraham and Moses are only a barbarous horde of votaries of the grossest polytheism; the tables of the law are simply a stone fetich; the Spirit of God, brooding over the face of the waters, is the Spouse of Jehovah, the Juno of Israel. There is hardly a single book of the Bible which dates from the period to which it is ascribed; the Pentateuch itself was written after the Babylonian captivity and is nothing but a priestly fraud. The prophetic books are Babylonian lucubrations, etc., etc.

All these assertions are based on arguments drawn from philology, history, archæology, and hieroglyphy—arguments which display immense science so far as facts are concerned, and which not infrequently err solely through a want of logic which I shall call external, since it does not detract directly from the value of the special information given.

THE ASSYRIAN SCHOOL OF CRITICS.

If we turn from the Bible to the profane world, we come face to face at first with Assyriology and Egyptology, the relation of which to the Biblical sciences is very close; the data furnished by the cuneiform texts of Babylon and Assyria has made it seem possible to give a death-blow to the authority of the historical books of the Bible, on account of the contradictions students have succeeded in establishing between the assertions of Babylonian or Assyrian monarchs and those of the Biblical historians. Moreover, by means of the resuscitated beliefs of these ancient peoples, they claim to demonstrate that the teachings of Genesis are simply the echoes of fables invented on the borders of the Euphrates or the Tigris.

For example, the histories of the creation in determinate periods, of the fall of the first human pair, of the deluge and its various catastrophes, turn out to have counterparts among the religious monuments of the Chaldees; hence it has been concluded that all are alike purely mythical, and that none of them merit any credence.

VALUE OF EGYPTIAN AND COPTIC LITERATURE.

Egyptology plays a part not less important in the judgment they pass on the veracity of the Scriptural books. The histories of Joseph and the family of Jacob, the Israelitish people, Moses and the Exodus, to limit ourselves to these special points, receive from the old hieroglyphic texts either a solemn contradiction or an undeniable confirmation accordingly as these texts serve to compare the history of the kings of Israel, in what concerns their relations with the sovereigns of Egypt, with the documents left by the dynasties that reigned successively on the banks of the Nile. There is not less utility in Egyptological studies in many other cases which it would take too long to enumerate; we note only one in passing, but it is one which is now among the most important: the exact knowledge of the language, customs, and geography of Egypt which is shown in Exodus and Leviticus may serve to demonstrate that these books, and the Pentateuch in general, could not have been written a long time after the events therein related, still less after the return from exile, in the sixth or fifth century before our era.

A knowledge of Coptic enables us, among other things, to discuss the life of those solitaries, the founders of monastic life, whom men are now seeking to cover with opprobrium. Nor is the study of Syriac without great advantages, although its productions are late and belong exclusively to Christianity. The works of the Syriac fathers and writers are of great importance in discussions with believing Protestants, because they certify to the doctrines taught in the first centuries of Christianity. Moreover, by their lofty poetry which kindles the soul to piety, and by those histories of the sufferings of martyrs which rekindle faith and arouse to noble deeds, they form one of the most beautiful pages of Christian literature.

THE CLAIM OF CLASSIC PAGANISM.

I will not speak of the monuments of Greece and Rome, for they are too well known to make it necessary. Although they play a lesser part in the attacks made on the citadel of

the church, they still contribute somewhat toward the edifice of religious evolutionism, to the transformation of Christian beliefs into fallacious myths, to the abasement of these beliefs to the level of the most degraded pagan cults. One Mr. C. André, for example, will inform you that far from being able to deride the adventures of Jupiter, Apollo, and Mars, Christians should blush at their own far inferior fables; that their Holy Spirit becoming a pigeon or tongues of fire, to cite only that, is far from surpassing the doves of Venus and the fire of Agni; that they adore the new fire on Holy Saturday just like the Hindoos or the priests of ancient Rome, etc.

THE VAST AND VAGUE ORIENT.

We pass by these too-well-known matters to say a few words concerning Persia, India, and China.

If one consults the non-Catholic Iranists, many of them will say that the greater part of the beliefs of the people of God were borrowed from Zoroaster and the Avesta. If the Jews are monotheists, they owe it to the knowledge of Ahurā Mazda which they gained during the Babylonian captivity. If they believe in the spirituality of the soul and its immortality, in a future retribution, and especially in the punishment of faults committed in this life, it is to Zoroaster they owe it. If they have expected a messias, redeemer, and mediator, it is because they had learned to know both Soshyant, the restorer of the reign of justice after the end of the present world, and Mithra, the mediator between the good and evil spirits who dispute for the possession of man's soul as it leaves this life. I pass over a host of minor details.

India is none the less advantageously exploited in its three great phases: Vedaic, Brahminic, and Buddhistic. From the Vedas are drawn arguments for and against religious evolutions; its deities are compared with the God adored and the celestial personages venerated by Christians; ceremonies are compared and a pagan physiognomy given to Catholic worship.

Brahminism is praised as having produced a civilization superior to that resulting from Christianity. None of us has forgotten how this thesis was supported by one of our compatriots on his return from a voyage to the Indies, where, nevertheless, he had seen the deplorable effects of the civilization which he held up as our model. . . . Nor was his an isolated voice; he but echoed what is said everywhere with that assurance which gives to assertions the appearance of truth. It is in India, too, that we discover anew the solar and other

myths which, according to this system, gave birth to those with which our infancy was cherished by the Bible, and there at least, they tell us, we shall see them in all their beauty, simplicity, and veritable significance.

THE BUDDHA LEGEND.

In India, likewise, we shall find Krishna and Buddha, "*whose legends have produced those of Christ, with all their details; whose doctrines have inspired the founders of Christianity; whose cult has engendered their cult,*" and in whose doctrines they will point out to us the beliefs of the Christian world, but "*in a form much purer and far more rational.*" For, say they, the contaminated hand of Christian polytheism has degraded all that it has touched. They even go so far as to present Buddhism as the ideal religion. A professor of the new Sorbonne has boasted in his chair that he has greatly surpassed the Christ. Jesus had been able to attract none but sinners and common people, while he has converted men of the highest intelligence to the faith of Sakyamuni, and that with the greatest ease.

While the religious annals of India present so many questions of the highest importance to all who are not blindly approaching their final destination, those of China have been employed in a corresponding sense. They are even more important than any others for consolidating or defeating the evolutionary system. Hence there is no need for surprise that an effort has been made to represent its beginnings as purely animist, or even as reproducing the gross charlatanries of Shamanism. By this trick they sweep out of sight a fact whose very existence was an impediment to the triumph of the doctrine of development, of necessary and continuous progression. This is why the primitive Chinese religion is anything one chooses: pure monotheism, animism, gross polytheism, sorcery, according to the author who is studying it and who is seeking the confirmation of his own ideas rather than simple truth.

A DUTCH DEFAMER.

How the religion of China has been employed to abase Christianity I will show by certain extracts from a book which has made a great stir, and which, from the linguistic point of view, merits to be considered authoritative. I refer to the *Annual Festivals celebrated at Amoy*,* described by M. De Grout, consul of Holland in the Middle Empire. This work was first

* *Fêtes Annuelles célébrées à Amoy.*

published in Dutch, and then in a French translation in M. Guimet's *Annals*.

To reproduce all that is insulting to Christianity in this book would be impossible. I shall confine myself to the several examples which follow :

The Chinese venerate a sort of goddess of bounty, who is represented as holding a child between her arms, because she is supposed to protect mothers and births. She is presented to us as the Chinese equivalent for Divine Grace, the type of the Virgin Mary holding the Child Jesus ; this is the source of the *Christian Myth*. A long and rather ridiculous ceremony performed by the Taoïst priests is represented as the Taoïst *Mass* ; the image of Buddha carried in procession is the Holy of Holies.

"The Catholic Church has its own materialism, which hardly yields to that of the sectaries of Tao, . . . and its usages retain numerous traces of the worship of nature ; it has, moreover, created for itself a whole world of gods and goddesses who, under the name of saints, are charged with watching over the material needs of those who invoke them. It has its god of war in St. George ; its protecting goddess of death in St. Barbara, and patrons of towns and villages who resemble the Chinese deities of the Wall and the Ditches. The Chinese have greatly the advantage over Christians, because their literati have understood that it is shameful to have need of gods and of priests in order to practise virtue. Chinese morality is greatly superior to ours."

These and a thousand similar things are developed in a manner calculated to convince careless or poorly-instructed persons.

As a final trait I will note the manner in which this book, like so many others, treats the august chief of Catholicity, whether Pius IX. or Leo XIII.

THE DEGRADATIONS OF TAOÏSM.

The Taoïst cult has ministers who may either live together, separately, or in marriage, and who practise all professions. Their chief functions are selling amulets, deceiving the public by all sorts of trickeries and witchcraft, and practising exorcisms at every turn. They live in such a way that they are despised even by those who have recourse to their talismans and their prayers.

There is one among them who has acquired a superior authority by means of the supernatural powers attributed to

him; he possesses, in fact, a sword which slays evil spirits, and a talisman which disperses them. The first of the race gave himself the title of Tien-the, or celestial teacher, a title which was at first confirmed by the emperors and afterwards seized in perpetuity. This personage, whose only function is to distribute charms and perform ridiculous exorcisms, who is destitute of real authority over his equals, and whose condition we have just pointed out, is repeatedly described as the Pope of the Taoïsts—His Holiness Pope Thang, who, flying one day before some brigands whom he had exorcised in vain, is a perfect representation of Pius IX. flying to Gaeta after launching from his feeble hand an excommunication equally powerless!

“The fabulous founders of the Taoïst and the Christian papacies, Tao-ting and St. Peter, were contemporaries, according to the legends. The momentary flight of the Master of Heaven and that of the Pope of Rome took place not more than six years apart; each now sits upon a tottering throne, but history will show us upon which one of the *divine comedy of two* the curtain will descend the soonest.” Such are the ideas upon which all classes of society are now nourished, and the sentiments with which they are inspired.

WIDE-SPREAD AREA OF THE NEW MOVEMENT.

The great countries we have just glanced at are doubtless the chief seats of this warfare, but there is none whose religion and civilization are authenticated by monuments which does not furnish weapons for it. The ancient inhabitants of America, Oceanica, and Africa are summoned, like those of Europe and Asia, to play parts that are never unimportant. Theories concerning the origin of man, the nature of his intelligence, his soul, and the original unity of the human species are everywhere receiving light from philological monuments. And let no one believe that the results of these teachings concerning the evolutionary history of religions, these incessant comparisons of Christianity with pagan cults, are either unimportant or not widely diffused. This is an error but too common, and which is the cause of our apathy in the matter. We are too much shut up in our own camp, and our knowledge of what is going on beyond it is far from perfect. A moment's reflection should suffice to make us comprehend the effect necessarily produced by teachings which are laid before young people in the greater number of books and in the journals which meet their eyes at every turn. And here I may be permitted a personal souvenir.

Some years ago, after I had unveiled the frauds and falsification of texts practised by Jacolliot in the works wherein he seeks to besmirch Christianity, and gained thereby the applause of impartial men of learning, there were many Catholics who thought I had taken great pains to very little purpose, since, in their view, a page or two of refutation would have been amply sufficient. They did not know that my reason for using my pen persistently in this cause was that I had been encouraged on all hands to do so. F. Lenormand and many other illustrious Frenchmen had urged me to expose these impostures. "This man has done so much harm already," said a professor of the College of France to me. Advices reached me from Ghent, Brussels, and Anvers of the fatally effectual efforts made by the lodges to disseminate these writings. I was congratulated even by the non-Catholic savants on the appearance of my book, and applications for the right to translate it reached me even from Brazil, Mexico, and the island of Mauritius. At a later period a professor of the University of Spain asked permission to make a new translation of it as an aid in combating a lawless propaganda. Meanwhile, my dear co-religionists were saying that I had wasted time on a matter not worth the trouble. Now, what is the explanation of this verdict so lightly given? Simply that we Catholics ignore the importance of these studies because we have abandoned the ground they cover; we know little about the action they are exciting in the world, and, thanks to this ignorance, we content ourselves with the least assurances given us and go on believing that everything is for the best in this best of worlds.

A MISTAKEN POLICY.

If this is true, and that it is so no one qualified by experience to judge can doubt, can we remain indifferent to studies which are exciting so great an influence on minds? Is it not our duty to participate actively in their prosecution? Do we not owe this to the truth first of all? Can we permit it to be distorted and displaced by error at will? Ought we not to contest every step, so as to re-establish it where it has been falsified and to reinstate all its rights? Do we not owe this to the world which is being led astray and deceived in what concerns its most sacred interests? Do we not owe it to God and to our consciences?

No answer is needed to these questions. But let us fully understand—and this is the essential point to which I desire to

call attention—that to have a smattering of science is not enough to fit us for the part assigned to us in such discussions. To know how to avoid gross errors is something, doubtless, but it is not enough. We must be “masters of science.” Though we cannot all become such, yet some we must have in every department of human knowledge. We need them for the honor of our faith, which we must not suffer to be esteemed a religion for the ignorant, among whom adhesion to established verities destroys all scientific spirit. We need them, also, for the sake of our young students, who should be able to form themselves completely within our own ranks, not forced to turn exclusively to others. What effect must we not unavoidably produce on those who wish to inform themselves thoroughly on any point whatever, when we lie under the too frequent necessity of sending them to non-Catholic masters whom we must point out to them as the sole representatives of science? Can we be astonished if the religious sentiment is lost under such conditions? if—singular notion!—these studies appear actually incompatible with its preservation? That is what has happened in certain places.

NECESSITY FOR ACTIVE INTERFERENCE IN SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS.

As I have said already, we owe it to God and to the truth to put ourselves on the defensive, to crush at birth the erroneous systems by which truth is destroyed. That so many false ideas have pervaded the world is largely our own fault because, having deserted the field, we were not there in time to re-establish true ones.

If we desire to have any weight or authority in the world, if we want to have our utterances attended to, we must be masters. For the world follows the masters of science and those who are esteemed their heralds. We can no longer permit the great discoveries to be made without our aid, and, by consequence, to our detriment. We must take part in them and content ourselves no longer with a place in the secondary ranks, whence we speak without awakening an echo, and where the most generous efforts must necessarily prove sterile.

Moreover, in the existing state of these discussions, it is impossible to understand their nature and bearings, still less to take a useful part in them, unless we too can recur to the original sources, find the errors of the masters themselves, and vindicate the truth unaided by men who, learned and loyal though they may be, might yet lead us into error. Is it conceivable that we should longer remain in the position of men

who must seek from their most determined adversaries the means to defend their own convictions?

Only at this price can we remain in the right road, avoiding errors which are favorable to our beliefs as well as those which are opposed to them. For it is truth alone that we should seek in all things, and perfect sincerity is the most certain pledge of success. Too often our apologies either overshoot the mark or fall short of it because their authors have not truly mastered the materials they must employ in constructing them.

A NOBLE INCENTIVE.

Further still, unless we are satisfied to toil in vain, we must show the world that we are men of science and research, and not mere apologists, for the latter character inspires mistrust in our days; it causes people to suspect, though often mistakenly, a disposition to travesty the truth. True, the point of this blade might be turned against those who seek to wound us with it. But that would neither result in victory nor induce better faith.

Then again, is it not better to occupy time in serious studies that develop all the mental faculties than in pleasures which are unproductive even when innocent, and which but too often impair both health and fortune. Directly scientific preoccupations, on the other hand, detract nothing from the loftiest aspirations of the heart.

Let us recognize, then, that it is our duty to resume in linguistic studies the place we ought never to have resigned to others; that, masters and students alike, we must set ourselves to the fulfilment of the noble mission confided to us. For success will entail immense expenses, not only for these studies themselves, the formation and support of libraries, and for scientific journeys, but also for the publication of works which, as they address themselves to a limited number of readers, must result in anything rather than profit to their authors.

Assuredly the task is difficult and ungrateful; it has drained the strength of many; but, if they feel themselves upheld by those whose faith and honor they are maintaining before the world of science, they will not lose their courage.

[Those who know the distinguished author of the foregoing treatise will not need any assurance of its great importance as an authoritative statement. To those who are not already aware of his high literary and scientific status it is well to say that he is a professor at Louvain University and one of the foremost Orientalists of our time, and his fame is world-wide among savants. He has made the highest records in the fields of Egyptology, Assyriology, and the older eastern cults generally. As an archæologist in these difficult and critical spheres of research he has no living superior. But in the still more formidable and abstruse realm of Chinese learning he has acquired a reputation as a master, occupying a position, indeed, almost unique for a European.—EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD.]

GOOD COOKING VS. DRINKING.*

BY L. A. TOOMEY.



AGAINST the giant evil of intemperance, which is working such havoc in the homes of to-day, no means should be left untried that may stem its destructive tide. There are many remedies suggested, preventive and curative, and there are many forces, religious, social, and political, at work against the drink evil. Each of these may have its particular advantage or application, according to varying conditions, but in a time like the present, when the very foundation stone of our national strength—the American home—is threatened by an insidious foe, there should be unity among all workers for temperance and the preservation of the home, and a readiness to accept any means of driving back our common enemy.

I would like to call the attention of those who have given time and study and earnest effort to the cause of temperance to another phase of the subject, to which hitherto but little care has been given; and that is the importance of good cooking and wholesome food as a factor in temperance work, as a preventive of the drink habit. Would that some zealous advocate would go forth to preach this new temperance gospel and carry it into the lives and into the homes of the land!

In France the scientific art of the preparation of food is known as the "minor moralities," and the term is not misapplied, so important a part does food play, through the physical being, upon the mind, temper, and moral proclivities.

Were this close relation of food to character and conduct more fully realized, there would to-day be more happy firesides and fewer physical and moral wrecks.

It is a sad commentary upon our modern educational system that a subject which plays such an important part in the moral and physical welfare of every human being, and affects the health and happiness of the whole nation, should be ignored as a branch of knowledge and relegated to the unskilled, untrained "help" in the kitchen, whose work we designate as "menial." Would that wives and mothers realized that in their

* *Temperance Truths from Many Pens.* 2 vols. Temperance Publication Bureau, 415 West 59th Street, New York.

The Temperance Cook Book. New York: The Werner Company.

noble mission they could not do better service to God and humanity than in promulgating this new phase of temperance work!

It is a satisfaction to hear of the gradually increasing number of schools in which a scientific and practical course in cookery, hygiene, and the nutritive value of foods is made a part of the regular curriculum, as its importance is being recognized as a necessary part of every woman's education, and a factor in the welfare of the people.

In the days of our great-grandmothers a woman's education consisted in a thorough training in cooking and the principal household arts; in a word, all that helped to fit her to be a careful, thrifty housewife and good home-keeper. Such "light accomplishments" as reading and writing were seldom added.

But, since the days when a conference of physicians was held to investigate the mental soundness of a Massachusetts woman because she proposed to open a college for girls, the higher education of women has made such advance that to-day the swing of the pendulum is to the opposite extreme and now tends to exclude all that is technical or manual, and include all that is literary, scientific, and professional, ignoring the fact that the science of life and of physical well-being should be the foundation study.

This question was recently put to an eighth-grade cookery class: "What practical benefit will your lessons in cookery be to you?" and among other answers one serious, pale-faced little maid of thirteen years gave it as her opinion that "if we knew how to cook all sorts of nice things, and what kinds of foods were 'healthy' and good, that the men and boys wouldn't want to go out to saloons so much."

Beneath the answer of this quaint little philosopher there was more wisdom than she suspected. Possibly some sad home experience of a drunken father or dissipated brother had taught her a precocious lesson that had driven the color from her cheeks and put the little quaver in the childish voice.

Would that our devoted housewives realized this fact: that the natural reaction of the much-abused, long-suffering stomach, overloaded with greasy, rich, unwholesome, or too highly seasoned food, is to an irritating thirst which leads naturally to the saloon. Salt foods especially, highly-spiced dishes, corned beef and cabbage, and similar foods create this thirst and disturbance of the digestive organs which the use of alcoholic stimulants temporarily alleviates and deadens. But the relief is *only* temporary. The excited and overtaxed nerves demand

a renewal of the stimulant, the craving becomes stronger and more imperative, until finally the will-power and moral faculties are degraded in the physical appetite, and drink takes possession of the unfortunate man, and thus by degrees the drink-habit becomes a fixed one.

In the schools where cookery has been introduced the course begins with an illustrated lecture on the various fuels, their composition, cost, and comparative value. Then the cookery of the different classes of foods is taken up in order. The teacher explains the composition of the food, its cost and relative value as a nutrient; its chief effect as a food; its suitability to age, health, occupation, climate, etc.; with what foods it should be used in combination; the chemical change made by the application of heat; the reason for each step in the cooking, etc. A short course in invalid cookery and the care of a sick-room is added, the pupils being encouraged to ask questions and to bring in items of information.

During all the lessons the pupils are trained to do the accompanying housework, and they are well drilled in all kinds of cleaning, scrubbing, washing, ironing, etc.

Great stress is laid upon the importance of the kitchen being kept fresh and bright and inviting as affecting the health of the cook and the wholesomeness of the food prepared, and upon the necessity that every part of the home, and more important still, the *home-maker* be always cheerful, wholesome, and sunny.

"I believe," said a successful hotel-keeper, "that there are spiritual elements in food as well as in the eater; and that, if prepared by ignorant, unthinking, unlovely hands, it may mean disease for soul as well as body. It is certain that reconstruction must come for this whole business of living, and part of it will lie in the real co-operation, as yet not understood, the infusion of love and wisdom into a chosen and honored work."

Thoughtful men and women, who have at heart the preservation of the home from the inroads of intemperance, realize the importance of having a course of hygienic and practical cookery made a part of every school curriculum. If this is demanded by the people, it will be done.

Nowhere is this instruction more needed than among the very poor, where ignorance and extravagance go hand-in-hand and are both cause and effect of poverty.

In almost every parish half a dozen charitable, capable wo-

men might arrange for Saturday morning cookery classes to reach just these homes. One lady might lend her kitchen, and a slight outlay would furnish the needed extra utensils and materials. Each lady might select some staple food which she is an expert at cooking. The lessons might thus be given in plain, simple foods, interspersed with hints on neatness, economy, hygiene, temperance, and the necessity of keeping the homes bright and sweet and tidy, so that they shall be attractive to tired fathers and brothers, with the result that they will not want to go out to the saloons for recreation and pleasant surroundings.

Thus there will be many useful hints, and practical facts and hygienic ideas, as well as unconscious temperance lessons, which the children will carry back to squalid homes, or firesides made wretched and uninviting by ignorance of the most common laws of living.

Who can estimate the God-given help and uplifting influence that will thus come to suffering mothers and over-burdened fathers?—for “a little child shall lead them.”



A SINGER.

BY WALTER LECKY.

THE singer passed, unknown ;
His little snatch of song,
In care and grief long grown,
With time has run along.

Think not the singer dead.
His voice rings in each heart
Through which the song has sped :
Such is the singer's art.

POMPEII REBORN AND REGENERATE.

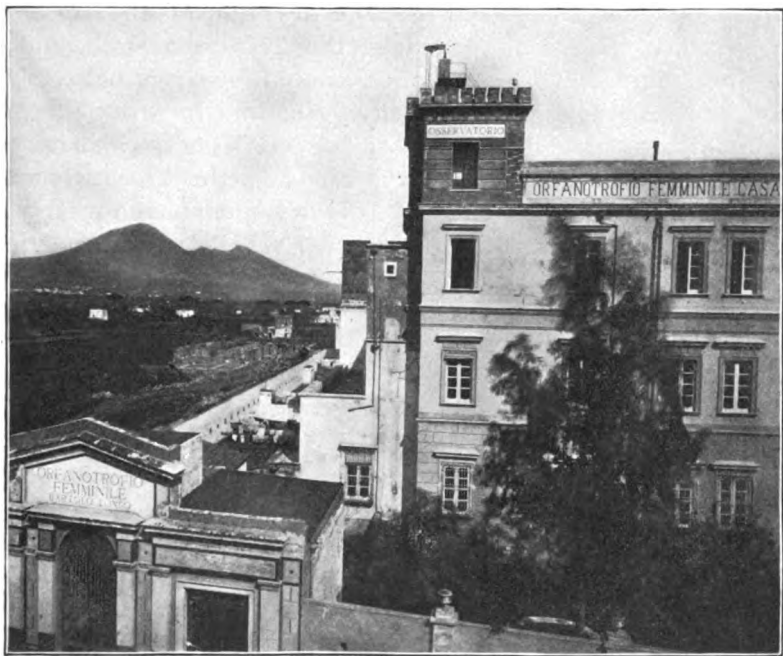
BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.



THE fable of the Phœnix has been made a fact, in a figurative sense, where the ruins of Pompeii tell us the story of polished Paganism as it walked and feasted. A new city has risen from its ashes, unlike the old one in its dimensions, but more unlike it far in its spirit and origin. Old Pompeii was a place of luxury. There the millionaire exquisites of ancient Rome used to spend a good deal of their time—feasting, gambling, and gratifying every appetite to the full. If it experienced at length the fate of the Cities of the Plain, there is good reason to believe that its turpitude was not a whit less heinous. The new Pompeii is famous for its purity, its devotion, its marks of Divine grace. The magic power which caused it to spring into existence, above the very tomb of annihilated vice, was devotion to the blessed Mother of God. Special manifestations of her favor to her clients in the Rosary caused a shrine to be erected in her honor whose beauty and fame have earned for it the title of the Lourdes of Italy.

How New Pompeii sprang into existence is a story of conversion in more senses than one. It is linked with the conversion of a man of the world into a most zealous Catholic; and the conversion of a locality which had been the haunt of brigands and vile wretches of the worst kind into a place of peace, order, industry, and beauty. It is a wonderful story, in the additional proof it gives of the working of supernatural grace on the seemingly most unpromising soil. It differs strikingly from the story of the origin of Lourdes, but there are features about it which seem quite as wonderful, and quite as inexplicable to minds which judge all human happenings by the tests of logic, science, or what is generally understood by the phrase common sense, as those which have signalized the Pyrennian shrine. The name of the place was the Valle di Pompeii, and the owner was a noble lady, the Contessa Fusco. Her agent for the collection of the rents was a Neapolitan advocate, Signor Bartolo Longo. There are many wicked and dangerous places in the environs of Italian cities, but the desolation, squalor, and God-forsaken air of this place seemed to him to mark the spot as a sort of snake-hole for human

malignants. Those who were not criminals were tattered beggars; ignorance was so dense that some knew not the name of God; few could read. The outcast population, remote from any populous place—for Pompeii, the nearest resort, was more a museum than a city—seemed to be dragging on an existence entirely unknown to the outside world save when brought under its notice by some startling deed of brigandage, murder, or other outrage. Lawyers who are land agents are not often squeamish on the mode of life or the social condition of



THE OBSERVATORY AT VALLE DI POMPEII.

the tenantry, but Signor Longo did not happen to be one of these. He was at the time a tertiary of St. Francis, and, lawyer though he was, he believed in the power of prayer even to work wonders. In his earlier life he had been anything but an exemplary Catholic. He had been a dabbler in magnetism, spiritualism, and other empiricisms of his time; but his heart had been touched by grace before infidelity had set in in the train of folly. When he came to the Valle he found there but one little church, almost in ruins, the haunt of vermin, such as rats, lizards, and other noxious things—feria quite typical of the inhabitants of the uncanny spot. The little fabric would not hold more than about a hundred of a congregation; and

it was not often tested as to holding capacity. The curé lived about a couple of miles away. There was no school-house, and no demand for one. The population were sunk, in almost a literal sense, in a Slough of Despond. That a change for the better could be brought about by such an instrumentality as the one chosen seems hard to believe. And yet we have the evidence of accomplished facts to convince us of the irresistible force of the fervent prayer to God, uttered out of the depths of human helplessness and despair of human help. The Rosary was the medium through which the seeming miracle was worked. Signor Longo started the devotion of the Rosary in the desolate valley; his principal, the Contessa Fusco, and her daughter, both devout Catholics, came down to help in the good work of reclaiming the neighborhood. In order the more effectually to carry out this work the contessa decided to take up her residence in the vicinity, and a little time afterwards she and her agent married, and thus were enabled to carry out the beneficent plans they had formed all the more effectually.

Little by little the propagation of the Rosary devotion began to bear fruit. The women began to frequent the church, the reign of lawlessness was checked, and the idlers were found returning to work in the fields and by the mountain slope. For it must be remembered that this little hell upon earth lay directly under the weird purple shadow of Vesuvius, and in full sight of the awful example of its destructive might, in that city blotted suddenly out of existence in the very blossom of its sins.

The devotion of the Rosary was formally instituted, and a confraternity for that purpose was established in the Valle in the year 1874. There was something lacking to the good work—a picture or image of the Blessed Mother; and Signor Longo hied him to Naples to get a suitable one. He ransacked all the old curio stores, and at last came upon what he wanted. It was an old painting, by whose hand or at what time created there was no indication; but it appeared to be artistically passable; and so the signor brought it along, having bought it for the merest trifle. It was divested of its coating of dust, revarnished, and set in a frame, and then put in its place in the little old church. Hardly was it in position ere a wonderful change came over things. The people flocked to the church to pray—many who had not prayed for years, more who had forgotten to pray, and some who had never been taught how to pray at all. The Bishop of Nola lent a hand toward the erection of a new church; pious laity, deeply interested in

Signor Longo's project of reclamation, contributed also, and in a very short time the ground was purchased and the foundations laid for a new church. But this was not all the good the old picture brought. Four of the devotees of the Rosary were persons afflicted with incurable diseases, and in a short time the fact showed that what was pronounced impossible by the doctors had been accomplished by the power of prayer. The news spread, and pilgrims came flocking in. Cure followed upon cure, many of the cases being of the most astonishing character. Pompeii's fame spread far and wide, and it soon began to attract thousands of the devout and the infirm. The Archbishop of Cagliari thus wrote of it: "Lourdes and Pompeii are two great and luminous light-houses which guide vessels to port over an ocean full of reefs and shoals." Many other dignitaries who had witnessed the wonders wrought at the Valle added their testimony to its supernatural graces. The Holy Father has showered marks of his favor upon the shrine. It has, by an especial act of his, been raised to the dignity of a pontifical sanctuary, thus removing it from the jurisdiction of all outside bishops and placing it in connection with the Holy See. Cardinal Monaco



THE ALTAR IN THE NEW CHURCH AT VALLE DI POMPEII.

was designated as its protector. The pontifical decree by which this was done, dated at Rome, the 27th of June, 1893, announced the elevation of Signor Longo to the rank of Chevalier Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

The glory of the Valle di Pompeii is not confined to the spiritual graces it has brought to a place so long sunk in hopeless decadence. Signor Longo from the very first conceived the idea of making it possible for material elevation to accompany the regeneration of heart and spirit. He worked toward such an end with unflagging energy. He saw the imperative necessity of beginning at the very root of the evil which had grown as a gangrene. It was with the young he had to commence the work of reclamation. With the children of the place allowed to grow up in savage ignorance and idleness, what could be expected but a crop of criminals in the period of maturity? The inspiration of the late Father Drumgoole seized him; he would save those children though he had to beg for it. And beg he did for years until he had built schools for them, and workshops, and playgrounds. Around the beautiful shrine where our Lady's image, decked with diamonds, glitters there is reared an orphan asylum, a home where the sons of convicts are brought up to a life of morality and usefulness, technical schools, art schools, and a large printing-house where much literature bearing on the growth of the new Pompeii is turned out by the inmates of the schools. The boys have a fine gymnasium and playgrounds, and they can, like Father Drumgoole's boys, boast of a capital band and a handsome uniform for the members. There are, besides, rows of model dwellings for working people, a fine town hall, commodious hotels, a scientific observatory for noting the action of the ever-restless volcano so disagreeably near, and other buildings necessary to a thriving town. The place is furnished with pure water, and is lit by electricity; and the railway station is quite conveniently situated for the purposes of the traffic, which is chiefly in passengers. Indeed the officials of this same station have an amazingly busy hour of it, at certain festival times, in the transportation of the thousands of pilgrims who flock to the shrine.

It is all marvellous, more so by far than the legendary work of Aladdin's genii. To transform a sterile stony desert into a blooming garden were an easy task compared with the work of turning such a horrible outlaw den as this was into a gem of grace and a hive of industry. Human effort could not

possibly do it ; behind the human instrumentality there must have been the irresistible might of Divine grace. But to Signor Longo and his countess and her daughter the credit of initiating the great reform is due. They are reaping the reward here, in the constant stream of help and blessing which is pouring in upon them from every quarter of the globe ; still



THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE.

more, we believe, in the grateful prayers of the many whom they have rescued from the jaws of a hopeless existence—a moral death. All Catholics, at least, who go to explore the ruins of old Pompeii will not neglect to go to the Valle, where a spectacle far more wonderful awaits their gaze—a place long buried beneath the lava and the scoriæ of sin and shame, but now giving glory to God by its sanctity, sobriety, and industry.

UNDER AN ALIEN SKY.

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.



LD Castle Desmond, the finest place in the County of Kerry, had gone into the Encumbered Estates Court.

Technically speaking, the estate had become so encumbered that it was of no use to its ostensible owner or to any one else. But what it really meant none but Miss Margaret and her father knew. They alone, the remnant of a once large family, could pierce the technicalities of law and touch the hidden, swelling heart beneath. For generations the Desmonds had been born there; had lived, and loved, and died there. Now Margaret and her father were the last of them. They had seen the mother bend and fall under the burden of sorrow and debt. The Young Ireland movement of '48 had seen the two boys, Maurice and Dermot, engulfed in it, fired with brilliant hopes of success; but now,

“Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.”

The famine year had completed the ruin of the estate.

To-day there was nothing to be done but give up the useless struggle and submit to the inevitable. It was not a sudden resolution. For years Master Desmond had been gradually pushed toward it. Word had been sent to all the tenants that now was their opportunity to buy their little holdings, if they so desired.

Nearest to the Great House, lying between Tarbert and Listowel, was the little upland farm of Dennis MacBride. “A fine, decent man,” was the verdict of his neighbors concerning Dennis. With the help of his two sons, Peter and John, he tilled and planted the few acres on the hillside, rubbing along as best he could, with alternate success and failure, as the crops turned out good or ill. His wife had long been dead; Hannah, his oldest girl, was dairy-woman in the castle, and Catherine, although but a slip of a girl, managed the house for the three men.

It was Hannah who brought the news to them. From the

doorway her father had watched her coming—his fine Irish lassie. Within a few steps of the house she stood still. There was something in her face her father could not understand, but which made his heart quicken with a nameless fear. There was nothing on her head, her little square shawl was thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and her rapid walk had brought the rich color into her face; but he could not understand her eyes. She stood there a minute gazing intently at the house, a half-frightened, wistful look on her face, her hands clinched with the stress of emotion that was tearing at her heart.

She unfolded her tale, and described with graphic accuracy the heart-rending scene up at the castle that morning when the master had assembled the household and had explained the situation to them; then, with fear and trembling, she mentioned their own share in the matter. Here was a chance to make their little home their own. For although Master Desmond was the finest man alive as a landlord, there was something in the independent Irish heart that longed for possession and undisputed right to the roof that had covered generations of MacBrides, as the Great House had sheltered the Desmonds.

Long and silently her father sat smoking his pipe, turning over and over the new hope laid in his heart. As he puffed, and blew the cloud of smoke above his head, his thoughts flew back to the day he had brought Mary, his wife, home to these walls. It had been her secret ambition too, he knew, to do what Hannah was longing to do now. But somehow he had never seen his way clearly to the accomplishment of her hopes. And now she was dead. He realized that in her grave, where the grass had been growing for ten long years, lay his heart, his hope, his ambition. Rising stiffly, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, without looking at her, said to Hannah, "It can't be done."

"Why, father?"

"Why?" he blazed out, his emotion taking refuge in anger; "because the fifty-odd pound in the bank would be a very small part of the purchase money. The land and myself are worn out. For the first time in my life I burnt the ground in the long meadow this spring, for I could not allow it to lie fallow. No, Ballyvelly must go down with its castle."

Never in all the checkered years that followed did Hannah forget the walk back to the castle that night. The evening sky was flushed with every delicate tint, from intense purple to softest lilac and pale blue. The bare mountain tops with the



"WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF THE HOUSE SHE STOOD STILL."

sun behind them stood out against a cloudless sky in a wondrous haze of crimson fire, their rough outlines softened into a marvellous, tender beauty. From the hedge at her side there sprang a lark who, just before he settled himself for the night, soared into the evening sky, his little throat pouring out "profuse strains of unpremeditated art." Long she stood and gazed after him, a dim, uncertain longing stirring in her heart to try her wings too, and in the far new world that lay beyond the golden rim of the sea build up for her dear ones their falling fortunes. It was only the dawn of a tiny hope, and she put it from her as something altogether impracticable. Never had she been outside the limits of her parish. A walk of six miles to the chapel every Sunday, through fair weather and foul; an occasional trip to the sea lying just beyond the low hills bounding her master's estate, and once in her life to a fair at Tralee, made up the sum of Hannah's travels.

Her narrow little world was sweet and clean and wholesome. Her creed was short and simple—love of God, obedience to her parents, a most filial respect for Father John, and lately a new love that had entered her heart; and that was all.

It was at Mass the next morning that a resolution entered her soul, a determination that threatened to tear her heart from its place with the intensity of pain. There were tears and sighs and heart-broken prayers all around her, for the news had spread. The wave of trouble had stirred the little village to its centre. Hannah knelt on the hard, cold floor and tried to fix her mind on the sacrifice of the Mass. But she could not. Try as she would her father's white, set face rose before her as she had seen it last night. She pictured him leaving the roof where he, and his father's father before him, had been born. She saw him bidding farewell to the room where her mother had died. She saw Catherine—but the hot tears blinded her! The fields, the barns, the dumb creatures who knew her very touch; the sweet young mistress who since the mother's death had ruled the castle household with wise, young hands, all—all were pulling at her heart-strings till she thought that heart would break. With a flood of tears she bowed her head on her clasped hands, rocking her body to and fro in an abandonment of grief, and heroically made her sacrifice. Shouldering her cross, she rose from her knees, a girl no longer—a woman, with a sweet, strong look on her fine open face, the love of God and passionate devotion to

her native land shining in her eyes. She had told our Lord, with simple, childlike faith, that she left her dear ones in his care, and would go to America to earn the money that would buy the farm and make it their own.

Outside there were little knots of people here and there, all talking of the one great topic. One there was leaning on the low stone wall who she knew watched for her coming, but she turned the other way. She could not tell him yet. Hurriedly she went homeward, her long, free stride carrying her rapidly over the hard, steep white turnpike with its close-clipped hedges.

As she turned up the road leading to the front entrance of the castle she saw Miss Margaret stepping out. The front door stood open that morning, as it usually did in all but the very worst weather. Just in front of the house a lawn sloped from the little eminence on which the house stood, down to the white road which wound in and out, skirting the hills till it was lost in the depths of the woods that covered them.

Hannah looked around her. The bold outlines and faint colorings of the lovely place appealed to her as never before, now that she had made up her mind to leave them all. But hardest of all would be the parting from Miss Margaret. There she was now waiting on the step; her bonnet still in her hand, her light summer shawl dropped from her shoulders, a sweet, inquiring look on her face that went to Hannah's very heart.

"Have you told him, Hannah?"

"Yes, Miss Margaret; but he's that down-hearted by the story and discouraged by the last harvest, that was no harvest at all, that he cannot rightly take it in. 'Tis a different story I'm to tell him to-day, Miss Margaret."

Then Hannah told of her new resolution. Now that it was an hour old, and she was giving it voice, the glamour of it began to appeal to her, and with a new courage she combated the difficulties Miss Margaret began to raise. It was the mistress that was sadder than the maid when the little tale was told.

"After all perhaps it's best, Hannah. You are young and so strong. You **have** the world before you. Some day, perhaps, I will **look** around and see no familiar face in the old place; all **will** have gone. Soon there will be thousands of voices calling from the other side of the sea, and the mothers and brothers and lovers left at home will rise and go, till there is no one left in our lovely valleys, and our hill-sides will be



"THERE SHE WAS NOW, WAITING ON THE STEP."

empty or inhabited by aliens. But go ; go, my good girl, and may the good God bless you !”

Not so readily did Hannah receive the paternal blessing. Her father raised all sorts of objections, which Hannah quietly and effectively talked down. “Hadn’t Maggie Flaherty died at sea? Hadn’t James O’Brien been killed in the war in America? Wasn’t Delia Malone as well as dead, since she was never heard from once she set foot on the unholy place?”

Hannah could not reason ; she could only feel. But she reminded him that he was no longer young ; that her brothers were still too young to send out to that Eldorado whence so many went, but so few returned ; that it was not likely she would die on the way, or be sent to war, as surely they had men enough in America, with all Ireland to draw from ; nor was it likely that she would share Delia’s unknown fate, for hadn’t she a dear father to earn for, and a neat little roof to keep over their heads.

For long hours that night they talked, but the upshot of it was that Hannah gained his blessing and consent, and one week later was on her way.

“I place you in God’s hands, my child,” were her father’s parting words. And in God’s hands she surely was, for in the midst of adventures so new and strange as to almost take her senses away she arrived in America one cold, gray day. With the thousand other immigrants herded together in the great ship Hannah was landed at Castle Garden, for it was before the days of Ellis Island and its wonderfully fine executive staff.

“Have you any one to meet you?”

Dazed from the hurry and bustle of landing, half-dead from the fearful sea-sickness she had suffered, almost blind with tears, Hannah turned her bewildered eyes to her questioner. She saw an Irish priest, and the sight of him was like a breath of her own native air.

“Is there any one to meet you? Tell me the truth, my child.”

“Oh, yes, father!”

“Where are they?”

She fumbled in the bosom of her gown and drew out a little silk purse tied with a draw-string. It held her only capital, one bright new shilling, a sixpence cut in half, and a bit of paper with the names and addresses of friends and neighbors who had left the old land years before.

The kindly old priest put on his glasses. One lived in Boston, another in St. Louis, another—and the good man frowned. None knew better than he that the third address was no place for this simple maid.

“Come with me,” he said, and stowed her away in a corner until he had finished his interested questionings of the large number of lone and friendless girls who like herself had ventured out alone. But nearly all of these had some friend or relative to meet them, and only two joined Hannah in her corner.

Late that night the priest, his long day's duty done, went with her himself to the old House of Mercy in Houston Street. There was always a welcome there for such as she, poor, friendless, alone, and the warm Irish hearts around her were as a tower of strength to the poor girl.

Long afterwards she used to wonder what the sisters thought of the “greenhorn” who entered their door that night. She was so big, so frightened, so worn and weary. She must have cut a sorry figure, she thought, in her linsey-woolsey gown, her little bright shawl, her coarse calfskin brogues. But Mother Catherine, with her God-given gift, looked beneath the rough exterior and saw the pure, clean soul within, the sturdy purpose, the brave heart. Her hands were large and rough, her frame almost masculine; but her eyes, deep Irish gray, were the redemption of any face. They were eyes that could be wistful, tender, gay, eager, and timid all at once. A dozen different and contradictory feelings mingled in the pure soul's open windows, blending into a look, a spell, a charm that won consideration and even courtesy from all with whom she came in contact.

Accustomed all her life to free open-air work, she found the confinement in the big house, which was like a hive of industry, almost unendurable. To turn her unskilled hands to unwonted use was irksome to the verge of impossibility, but she never shirked, never complained. But many a secret tear fell into the stationary tub over which she bent hour after hour, many a heart-ache did she rub out on the ironing-board; but she persevered, and soon had mastered the mysteries of “clear starching” and “domestic finish” to such perfection that she was encouraged day by day to look forward to the time when she could earn the pound or two a month that was to lift the heavy load at home.

Once Sister Joseph took her with her on a sick-call out to

the northern end of the city, but poor Hannah's home-sickness was only intensified by the sight of green fields and stretches of blue sky. That night her pillow was wet with tears while she cried out her longing for the cowslip-covered fields, the springy turf; the wide meadows where wandered the herd of little Kerry cows, every one of whom answered to her call; the sight of the blue smoke curling upward from the cabins on the hills, and, above all, for sight of her father's face, the sound of Catherine's gay laugh. Hannah could not read, could not write her heart's message; but there was no need of written words where hearts are bound to hearts so intimately that distance can stretch but cannot break the tie.

Her appearance as she set out for her first "place" would have been laughable were it not pathetic. The efforts of the sisters to make her more modern, hoping that a neat and tidy appearance would create a good impression on her employer, were hampered by some of Hannah's preferences. She had a certain fondness for a big, coarse straw bonnet, mellowed into a soft neutral tint by wind and weather, its once bright red ribbons toned down to a most artistic umber. But it was Irish wind and Irish weather that had dimmed the brilliancy of Hannah's bonnet, and change it she would not. She owned, too, a huge green umbrella into whose capacious depths she dropped sundry small articles that her fellow-workers had given her out of their little store. This she carried in most aggressive fashion, calling down on her bewildered head comments rude and pointed from her fellow-passengers on the "Rowery" car in which she rode for the first time.

But nothing daunted her. She showed such a willingness for work, however hard, and such a capacity for labor, that she was soon termed a "rough diamond" and a veritable treasure in her new home.

Two months after she left the convent she was back, her lovely eyes shining in a mist of tears, her smiling face aglow with happiness, her hard-earned wages tied up in the little purse, intact. Not a cent would she touch for herself, not a penny would she keep.

"I've brought you the bit of money, sister, but for one thing, and you'll please be so kind as to sit down now, if you can, and do the bit of writin' for me that's to make them glad at home."

The sister, an exile herself from the little green isle, stopped a moment.

"Hannah, what did you say was your county?"

"County Kerry, sister, and finer there's none in all Ireland. But why do you ask? do you have to put that on the letter?"

"Yes, Hannah; but I am going to show you some one who has come over from your own county lately, and maybe she could write your letter better than I could. Maybe, too, she might know some of your people."

She half regretted speaking as she saw the change in Hannah's face. All the color died out of it. A wild, hungry look sprang into her eyes, and she grasped the sister's hand convulsively. Never before did Sister Joseph realize that home-sickness could go so deep. But she led the way upstairs, and was entering one of the private rooms reserved for those who could pay for the care and shelter they received, when she was called away and Hannah entered alone.

She looked in and saw a woman sitting in a great chair, a rug over her knees, a pillow at her back, her hands clasped listlessly in her lap, the flowers at her side no whiter than her face. Hannah stole in noiselessly. The white-faced woman turned her head. Their eyes met. With a great cry, which she stifled immediately, Hannah fell on her knees before the other, clasping her feet and sobbing out her grief, her home-sickness, her joy at meeting.

"Miss Margaret!"

When the storm had spent itself and the two could talk coherently, Hannah heard all the home news and how the last of the Desmonds had become an exile too. There was a lifeless droop of the mouth and eyes, a weight of weariness and pain on the brows—"Just heart-break!" she called it—on Miss Margaret's face that saddened Hannah's to see. Only while she was talking did the look go.

"My father died soon after you left."

"God rest his soul!" said Hannah. "But was there no providin' for you? What drove you from the castle? Oh!" she burst out, "to think of strangers bein' where none but Desmonds ever lived!"

"Hush, Hannah! That looks as if we were flying in the face of God. Sad as it was it must have been his will."

"True for you, Miss Margaret. But what are you going to do now?"

"I have a little money—not much, it is true; but I am trying to learn from Sister Mary the art of illuminating, and I can work."

"Work! is it you to work, my own dear mistress?" exclaimed Hannah; "never while I have a bit of strength in my body. I'd give my heart's blood for you or yours. Never will a Desmond soil her hands while there's a MacBride to do for them."

Miss Margaret clasped the rough, red hand in both hers. She did not cry; she was too deeply moved for that. She gently drew Hannah toward her and kissed her once, softly, tenderly, with her heart on her lips.

"Who knows?" said Hannah, with a tremulous laugh; "we'll raise a new roof-tree over here some day, and you'll be our own mistress once more, though you're that to me now, Miss Margaret, and I'll never own to another."

Hannah's letter, with its precious enclosure, went on its way that night, freighted with love and hope and passionate gratitude from Margaret that she once more had within reach one of her own with a heart warm and true. And when Father John acknowledged the receipt of it and told how happy and thankful it made old MacBride, and how affairs were going wrong at home with the new master, who was so harsh with the old tenants, Margaret's heart ached with pain for herself, but all the more for Hannah, who suffered so much in her dear ones.

Month after month the precious letter that represented so much went on its way; but at length Miss Margaret had to read a letter to Hannah one day—had to inflict a blow on the brave heart that it nearly broke her own to give.

Her father was evicted.

All her little savings had been poured into a sieve. Bad crops, bad health, bad usage had accomplished more than Hannah had. Then he had been unfortunate enough to fall out with the new agent, who had shown no mercy to one who had received nothing but consideration from Master Desmond's hands. Father John had written this time with a heavy heart, and at the end had said: "Poor old MacBride! the only bit of land he'll ever own now is the six-by-two."

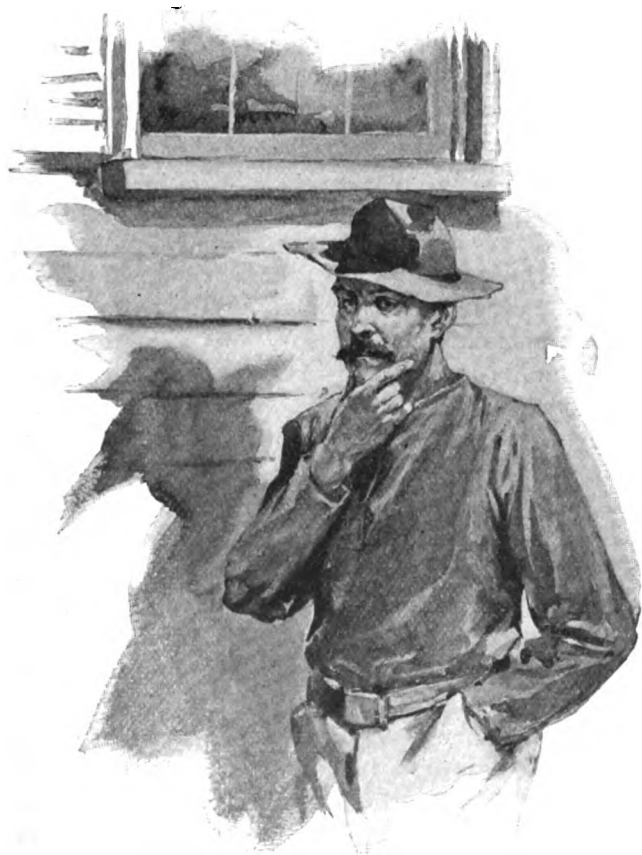
Hannah's tears were streaming while this letter was being read to her. Not once did she grudge the year's wasted work.

"Sure, he knows I've been faithful to him," she said, "and will be."

"Who does he know in Listowel, that he's gone there, Hannah?"

"A fourth cousin of my mother's, that has none too much for his own," she said. "O Mother of God!" she cried in agonized prayer, "to think of him being put out on the road—him whose head grew gray under his own little roof!" She wept passionately and refused to be comforted. For four weeks afterwards she did not return to the convent, and Miss Margaret, too ill to go and look for her, was fretting over her non-appearance when one day she came in.

It was a changed Hannah, though. Her step was languid;



"HE CAME INTO THE DAIRY TO SAY GOOD-BY."

her high color had nearly if not quite faded away; her eyes had a sombre look.

Each was secretly shocked at the change in the other. Hannah resolutely put away her own sorrow, and determined to devote more of her time and attention to her beloved Miss

Margaret. She was getting on in the world. It is seldom that such honesty as hers, such sincerity of purpose, are left unnoticed. She had received an advance in wages to fourteen dollars a month, and her heart was made glad by permission to go every Sunday to the convent to love and watch over and tend to her beloved mistress. With an instinctive delicacy she had never mentioned, even to the sisters, who Miss Margaret really was, and for years they thought the feeling between the two oddly assorted friends was just the common bond of "county love," that is strong enough in all classes to account for any demonstration of affection. That "one of the Desmonds" would care for her might detract from the dignity of the family in Hannah's eyes, entirely unconscious of the rare nobility of her own character that lifted her above all class distinctions.

Every Sunday after Vespers was the one "white hour" in Hannah's life, when she would steal into Miss Margaret's room to see if she were asleep. But she was always waiting for her. Always she brought a bit of green thing, if it were only a tuft of grass, "for fear the love of it might starve," said Hannah, whose sweet simplicity of soul was akin to poetry. Then she would pour into the thirsty heart beside her the tones, the accent, the sweet caressing love-words of the Irish tongue.

No one else ever got quite near Miss Margaret's heart—not even good Mother Catherine—for to no one would she expand as to her fellow-countrywoman. She had built a wall of coldness and reserve round about herself that it was impossible to break down. The prison might be of her own making, but it was none the less a prison. She envied Hannah her great strength, her youth, and above all her ambition.

"If I had even a sister to work for, I too could be of some use," she said sadly.

"Use is it, alanna? Do you call it no use to make one heart glad?—even though that heart's nothing but a servant's. What would I do at all but for you?" Then, changing abruptly, "Do you mind the day the two English officers came visitin' the town, and Peter Hoolahan gettin' up the wake for their benefit?" Then, encouraged by the hearty laugh at the reminiscence, Hannah would go on from story to story, each droller than the last, till Miss Margaret would forget her trials—forget to contrast her former lot with the present, and a little gleam of happiness would brighten the days till Hannah came the next Sunday.

Once a month the precious day was devoted to writing and laughing and crying over the regular letter home. Not once would Hannah consent to use the new address. "Never," she said, "while I can earn a dollar will I send it in any one's care but my own parish priest. How could I be sending letters to a strange place like Listowel, where none of my name ever lived or died? 'Tis no trouble, I'm sure, to Father John to see to it for me." And it wasn't. He even took the trouble to be the sender of all news good and bad, and soon again a bit of news winged its way over the sea to the two women, for Miss Margaret was as anxious as Hannah.

Father John wrote that Peter, her brother, was married, and to a "comrade girl" of her own.

"Now that's as it should be," said Hannah, "though it does beat all how young the fever catches them. But he's provided for, anyway. But oh! to think of it"—and her tears fell fast—"that he cannot bring home the bride to the old roof, but must take her to a strange place. That's what's making my heart ache to-night."

Poor Hannah was learning how much the heart can ache without breaking, for the very next month came the news "Your father is dead."

Margaret feared to tell her, but she took it in a strangely quiet way.

"Oh! sure, I knew he would never do a day's good after they drove him out of his own place. I knew 'twould come to this," she sobbed; "I knew it, I knew it! He couldn't *live* in a town at all. He wasn't like me," she said, remembering her own terrible experience during the first few months; "I have the strength; he had none, and in his old age *they turned him out!* God keep me from hatin' them that did it! May the Lord rest his soul, and keep me from committin' sin this day!" she added fervently. "But read on, Miss Margaret, dear; tell me, was Father John with him at the last? Don't tell me he had a strange priest over him!" she cried in agony. "Oh! I know, I know there's no difference; but Father John was part of our very lives. He married him, as you well know; he baptized us all; he buried my mother—O God of the fatherless, look down on me this day!" And the fatherless woman beside her threw her arms around her, and mistress and maid mingled their salt, bitter tears.

Again Hannah stayed away for two weeks, and again the refining touch of sorrow could be seen in the marked improve-

ment in her appearance. She wore a neat, well-made black gown that, with the narrow line of white at her throat and wrists, gave her a new air of distinction, while constant intercourse with her employer, who was most kind and indulgent, together with the companionship of the sisters and her loved Miss Margaret, worked a metamorphosis in the awkward immigrant of three years before.

She was learning to sew. Already she could demand much higher wages than she was getting for her skilled laundry work; but she preferred to remain with old Mrs. Cole, who had been so good to her, so patient with her greenness. For some little time she did not ask to have any letter written home, and one night she showed Miss Margaret a bank-book. To be sure it had only a pitiful little sum in it, but it was a beginning.

"My dear Hannah, I am glad you are beginning to think of yourself at last."

"An' do you think it's myself this is for?" she said, tapping the little brown book. "Oh, no, no! while there's one of my name that needs me I'll share my heart's blood with them."

Margaret felt shamed into silence.

"I'll not be denyin' that there's one at home that I'd be proud to be savin' for; but—"

"But?" and Miss Margaret leaned forward eagerly.

"There's Catherine. I'm thinkin' of sending for her."

"O Hannah!" exclaimed Miss Margaret, impetuously catching hold of the hand near her and drawing Hannah to her, "for once in your life leave Catherine out; leave every one out but yourself. Tell me, who is it?"

Hannah's beautiful Andalusian eyes grew misty as she looked into Miss Margaret's face, not seeing it. She dropped on the floor beside her and flung her strong young arm across the lap of the friend who had been so much to her.

"Miss Margaret, you've been an honest friend to me day in and day out since the day God put it into Sister Joseph's head to direct me to this room, and I found you, like a white lily, droopin' here. Do you mind the dairy at home at the castle? Often am I thinkin' of it with its cool earthen floor hard as a rock, its trellised sides, its rows and rows of shiny keelers, and the tall churn—don't cry, dear; oh! why am I rakin' up old scenes to you like this? But sometimes I think cryin' does us good; it eases the heart. Well, you'll not

remember, perhaps, when old Barney, him that had the tendin' of the creatures, was laid up with a broken leg? Yes? Well, there came one from Kenmare to take his place again the time he would be around. It's not many masters would pay the both of them, as your father—God rest his soul!—did. But that's neither here nor there. The lad that took Barney's place—I—I came to love him once and for ever. Not that he ever spoke a word to me, for he was that silent, and—that—well, he just couldn't. I wished no ill to Barney, but my heart sank the day he came round again. Jerry was to go that night. He came into the dairy to say good-by to me. I turned sudden-like and saw a look on his face that fairly frightened me. There was such pain in it, Miss Margaret—such dumb sorrow. My own face must have told on me, for the next thing I knew I was cryin' on his shoulder, and him holdin' me tight and sayin' the sweetest words a woman can hear. He could have had his pick of the lassies around Ballyvelly, but he took me that had nothing but a faithful heart. We were to be married that summer. Then all of a sudden came the wave of trouble and change for us all, and I had to put the ocean between us. We told no one of our love for one another at first, for we wanted our secret to ourselves—it was the sweeter. Miss Margaret, dear, it is three years come this day week since we met, but I can see the place yet where we trysted last. A fallen tree made a handy seat. The hedge was white with hawthorn, and the cowslips and little daisies with their pink tips made a bright carpet for our feet, and the long twilight—sure they have no twilights here—was like a solemn, sweet kind of ending to the day. I can see the look on his face as he talked of the bright days coming, of days when he would come to America and make his fortune. O Miss Margaret! many's the time I think of that mistake we make at home. All our lives it's nothing but America, America! Sure, if anything goes wrong, from a drought to an eviction, it's America we look to. An' small harm to us after all; as they're so fond of singin' here, 'It's the land of the free,' and until Ireland can say that of her own sweet sod this is the next best thing. But I can't help thinkin' if our boys stayed at home—Ah, well! my boy's at home, anyway, and all our plannin' came to naught. He's there workin' and slavin' for his poor old mother, for she's too old to leave, and she's too old to bring; 'twould be like pullin' her up by the roots; and it's myself that's doin' the slavin' at this end.

Oh! but it will be a proud day that'll see us together again. Not a word has passed between us since I left. I thought as long as we had it to ourselves from the first, we ought to keep it close to the end. I know he's true to me, for have I not been true to him? Many a time when my heart was achin' with longin' I had a mind to ask you to do the bit of writin', alanna; but I just couldn't bring myself to talk out the secret of my heart even to you. And I know he wouldn't like to ask any one to read the letter to him either."

Long, long Miss Margaret sat thinking that night after Hannah had left her. Here was a new element in Hannah's life, and one that would have to be taken into consideration. She had grown, in her loneliness and self-imposed isolation, to depend on the strong, warm heart beside her, and now to be cut off by Hannah's new ties would be like leaving home again, for Hannah was the very essence of home. But she could not complain. The hands that had worked so willingly for others should surely have some reward now.

She said as much to Hannah the next time she came. But Hannah was shut up like an oyster again, and would talk of nothing but Catherine.

"Do you mind the fine head of hair she had, Miss Margaret? All the gold she had was on her head, she had none in her pocket," laughed Hannah, as she produced her bank-book to be inspected—"just to see if it's straight"—and made Miss Margaret calculate how long it would take to save the passage-money for Catherine.

"She's young, you know, still, and she promised to grow tall, and your father said once it must have been from our Spanish ancestors we got our eyes—whatever he meant by that; but *her* eyes are beautiful, anyway, though I do say it as shouldn't."

An unexpected windfall of twenty-five dollars coming as a Christmas present to Hannah, shortly after she had nursed Mrs. Cole through a long, tedious illness, was the culminating stroke of good fortune, and soon the two exiles were watching every mail eagerly for the letter from Catherine stating the name of her steamer.

The day Hannah went down to Ellis Island to welcome her sister Miss Margaret thought she never saw her look so handsome. Her figure had filled out, light and color had come back to her face, and her eyes fairly danced. Going down in the train she looked so radiantly happy that many a one even



"LONG, LONG MISS MARGARET SAT THINKING."

in conservative New York had a desire to speak to the bright-faced lassie. That cold strangeness and aloofness was among Hannah's early trials. It was inexpressibly lonely to walk

along the crowded thoroughfares, and never once get a "God save you kindly!" or a "Top of the morning to you!"

But all that would be changed now that Catherine was to be with her. Over and over again she pictured Catherine's praise and astonishment when she took her to the little flat she had hired. For she determined, and Miss Margaret agreed with her, that Catherine's first days should be spent in peace and quiet; and then if everything went well, and Mrs. Cole would go to Europe next year, as she said she was going to do, she and Catherine would keep house in the little flat, with all its wonderful modern conveniences that would make Catherine stare as they had her; and perhaps—but this was a very remote hope—perhaps Miss Margaret would consent to come and live with the two of them.

Her day-dreaming had brought her to the Battery before she knew it. With wondering but intelligent eyes she took in all the details of the place. The registration of her own name and address, of her sister's name and that of the steamer, and the orderly arrangement of the big crowd who, like herself, had come down to welcome those who had been left behind some years before.

Not until Mr. McCool came up to her, leading a tall, pretty, fair-haired, gray-eyed girl, did she take in the fact that this was little Catherine. Oh, the heart-ache that embrace covered, the pains of years those tears washed away! All the way over on *The Rosa* Hannah would hold her darling at arm's length, and devour with her eyes the bloom on the young face, the Irish roses glowing in the cheeks.

And Hannah was as new to Catherine. This tall, fine-looking woman, with her neat cloth suit, her gloves, and quiet, pretty hat, could not be the ungainly girl Catherine faintly remembered. She felt she could not tell her secret to this unknown sister. But it had to be done.

"Hannah," she said with a downward look, "I did something just before I left home."

"What is it, Catherine, bawn?" heedless of the looks of the other passengers in the elevated train.

"I got married." She pulled at a string around her neck and showed a cheap wedding-ring attached to it.

"Put that on you this instant!" said Hannah. "An' what kind of a man is it you're married to that would let you do that with his ring? Who is he, pray?"

"Some one that came to work in Listowel after our

father died. You don't know him. Jerry Carberry's his name."

Hannah did not cry out, she did not faint, she did not move. Like all emotional natures, when stricken deepest she was dumb. Besides, her Irish Catholic reverence for the holy marriage tie forbade even a tear of regret. An absolute quietness settled on her face—not despair, not disappointment—only a sort of stillness that seemed to extinguish the light and glow of soft color, and to turn her dark eyes into two cold, shining stones. She went on asking questions about home affairs, not hearing the answers, her heart was throbbing so in her ears; and Catherine went on telling bits of news, complaining all the time to herself that Hannah took so little interest in the greatest bit of news she had to tell.

She was restless that night and could not sleep after the fatigue and excitement of the day; but she wondered if Hannah always lay like that when she slept—so straight, so still, as though she did not breathe.

The next day Hannah took her to the neat little flat and explained all its improvements to her, and said:

"This is your home. You'll go with me to-night to the good Sisters of Mercy, and wait there till your husband comes. There's one there will write to him for you, and you tell him nothing but that you have a home ready for him and he must come to you who bear his name."

Catherine was nothing if not obedient; but she would find it hard to be anything else to this stern-faced woman, whose face looked so different to the greeting one she had smiled into on the island the day before. Catherine was glad she was married, if hard work, even in rich America, did that to one.

Then Hannah expected her to be particularly nice to the pale, delicate woman whom she found in the parlor of the House of Mercy. She was told she was Miss Desmond; but that meant little to her who never had much to do with the castle, and only knew of the Desmonds by hearsay. She wondered if Miss Desmond knew aught of Jerry, she had started so when Hannah said she was married to him. She was glad to go off with Sister Joseph, and be made much of as Hannah's sister, and be shown her snug little corner where she was to wait till Jerry came.

It is doubtful if she would have been moved even had she seen Miss Margaret and Hannah clasped in each other's arms after she had left them; Hannah, dry-eyed and serious, sooth-

ing Miss Margaret, whose slender body was shaking with sobs.

"There, there! my darlin', don't take on so," she said. "I was never cut out for his wife, maybe."

"Hannah, you're well rid of such as he."

"No, no, Miss Margaret; I'll be fair and square to him. I have a pretty good idea how it was. He went to her at first to get some tidings of me; but being the quiet kind, he didn't know how to get around his errand. And then her pretty face did the rest; he's only a man, Miss Margaret."

And that was as near to a reproach as she ever got. She lived to see Jerry's children on another woman's knees; and she lived to work and slave for that same weak, pretty woman with more than a sister's, with a hero's devotion.

Years later when she was living with Miss Margaret, who had become a helpless invalid, and in rare moments would speak of that which lay nearest her heart, her deep charity could find no word against the two who had spoiled her little love idyl.

Once Miss Margaret said to her: "Poor Hannah! you have had all the pain of love and none of the sweet."

"You're wrong, dear Miss Margaret," she said. "Love saved me from greed of money and a hard heart. Love is good whether it runs its course or not." And she smiled bravely into the face of the one who had become dearer to her every day that they lived together under an alien sky.



AFTER THE CONVENTION OF THE IRISH RACE.



VERY great work was accomplished when representatives of the Irish nation came from every part of the world to meet representatives of the nation at home, to consider the divisions which were ruining the national cause. It does not matter what enemies say of the Convention. Mr. Redmond's paper, the *Irish Daily Independent*, assailed it unsparingly, it was sneered at by English papers, and the communications sent to America proved that there was a conspiracy to regulate the despatches to the press; but that reciprocal malignity of mutually hostile interests falls impotently in view of nearly three thousand delegates whose testimony concludes every question concerning the quality of the men present and the tone of mind they brought to their counsels. No doubt, it may be objected, they will speak well of themselves; but the reply is that it is no one's affair but their own and that of their constituents. No Irishman cares a straw what an English Tory or Unionist paper says or what an anti-Irish Irish paper says, whether it be the vulgar *Orange Mail* or that organ of chivalrous journalism which plays with libel as a gambler does with loaded dice. It is to be regretted that Mr. Healy was not there, for his own sake even more than for that of the convention; but his absence, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to the contrary, does not affect the character of the assembly and the authority of its proceedings.

UNIQUENESS AND AUTHORITY OF THE ASSEMBLY.

The home delegates were able to state in every corner of Ireland that a great parliament sat in the Leinster Hall, empowered to speak for Irishmen at home and abroad in a way that no similar body had ever done or could have done before. There were representatives in the strictest sense, accredited from abroad after selection and in pursuance of the deliberately concerted scheme of a pan-Celtic convention. This was the first time such a confederation of Irish provinces—for so we call Australasia, America, Canada, Africa, and Ireland—was attempted. The Irish abroad met on former occasions, and these were many—how many no one knows! unless perhaps a curi-

ous student has examined the British archives everywhere, and family libraries everywhere, in England and Ireland, and from the reports of spies or ambassadors saying that Irish officers in foreign service and Irish professors in foreign universities and seminaries were sending money or information as to what the Most Christian King, or his Most Catholic Majesty, or the Archduchess, or the Emperor, was prepared to do in a certain conjunction of circumstances. But such well-meant information, even though coupled with the remittances, did not make the writers a part of the body holding council at home. We will not lose sight of those exiled Irish to please persons who think the little they themselves have done is a great matter—or rather, because they have been put into a position of prominence by an accident, think that they are heaven-born statesmen and dictators by divine right. They were unknown until Mr. Parnell took them up, and if he had no indefeasible title to lead the country astray, they have none. If he might be deposed by the nation, so may they be.

But to return to the composition of the first parliament of all-Ireland, and what the delegates could carry home to those that sent them. The assembly was dignified and even austere in its regard for order, but wonderfully patient in hearing views, not always wise, not always expedient, but which plainly proceeded from hearts sick of the selfishness, jealousy, and insolence that have caused all the shame and scandal and defeat of the six last years. We have read the speeches, and they could be spoken of not only as evincing ability of no common order, but statesmanship of a high order. We understand that in such a report as we are describing it could with absolute truth be stated that a spirit of deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded the whole body, as though each man realized the greatness of the occasion and that he was assuming responsibilities which were not to terminate when the convention closed.

LIVING WITNESSES FOR HOME RULE IN BRITISH COLONIES.

What these have said or could have said throughout Ireland the American delegates could tell their own constituents, who possess in the great commonwealth a place as well secured and a share of authority as ample as if they were born under its flag; so can the Canadian delegates, enjoying as they do the blessing of self-government under the British crown; so can the delegates from Australasia, who in that continent share

loyally with their fellow-subjects the work of building up a great power out of the youngest of the nations; so can those from Africa, whose courage, energy, and resolve are the springs of lives of enterprise which, it is hoped, will revive the part Africa bore in ancient times in the production of wealth for all the world, and in achievements of the intellect for all time.

From that council for national reconstruction, from that great act of faith in the destinies of the Irish race, there is nothing wanting to make it the most memorable as it is the most singular gathering in history. We know of nothing like it in human affairs. The great empires of antiquity ruled from their capitals and only assembled the nations under them for war. Rome conceded citizenship to barbarian or manumitted slave of the ten thousand states and provinces she absorbed, but excluded him from authority. No one, unless he was descended from the Tribes or in some way had his household gods in the URBS whose shadow was cast over the earth, could possess high executive functions, exercise an independent command, sit in the senate, act in the comitia, have the privileges of tribune, practise in the courts, or rise through the gradations of public service from the quæstorship to the consulate. If kings and people came before Rome, it was to hunt down some Mithridates or as allies in the internecine wars of triumvirs. There was the cohesion of irresistible power and prestige; but no voluntary union, like the love which sends the heart from a Canadian farm-house to the graveyard round the old ruins of a church built in memory of a saint who died in Ireland fourteen hundred years ago; sends the heart to the house and garden girt with a row or two of poplars and a row or two of fir-trees where early days were passed; no voluntary union like the love which under the Southern Cross thinks and dreams and plans and prays for Ireland; no love like that which in America has as great a power upon the orator wielding at will the democracy of his adopted country as the laborer whose hard-earned dollar or strong right hand is at the service of that old land the thought of which is a prayer, a passion, a pain, an influence of never-failing might within him; no union like that love which sees in the white moonlight of South Africa, in the mysterious depths of her silent skies and the massive purple of her mountains, the April moon of Ireland, her skies of inaccessible height, and the green hills transformed by the magic of the heart and memory; no union anywhere or at any time like this

love which links to home these exiled hearts; links them to the cause of their fathers, to the vindication of their memory, to the atonement of the countless wrongs for the redressal of which they had lived and under the weight of which they died; nothing in time or land like this love of the sea-divided Gael for Ireland.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

In suggesting the holding of the convention the Archbishop of Toronto has been the means of eliciting an expression of loyalty and strength which goes beyond the bare purpose of the hour. The cause of Ireland is gained in a sense in which it was never won before. It is not four millions and a half of Irishmen within the four seas of Ireland, governed by the Castle and the Boards, the Great Unpaid and the police, that limit and impel the Irish question. It is not a subject of moods and recommendations, of pigeonholed reforms, of aims and schemes that never end; it is not the weather-glass of a fortune rising with the Liberal pulse and the growing fierceness of the people; falling with the people's apathy, or weariness, or distrustfulness at such time as the Tory's policy of hate is masked in smiles and his iron bracelets enveloped in flowers. This is the policy of killing Home Rule with kindness. How do his supporters among the Irish nationalist members like the picture?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SHALLOW TAUNT.

This Ireland at home weak and discontented, though a trouble through her deathless energy of nerve, does not express the whole of one side of the conflict. Mr. Chamberlain discounted himself when he declared that Mr. Redmond and his friends as well as the other Irish members lived on the subscriptions of the New York servant girls. These girls have brothers and fathers—there may be others under their influence as well—who could be made in certain circumstances a terrible weapon of the wrath and vengeance of three times four and a half millions. Those who profess to be statesmen should remember their responsibilities. Men like Mr. Chamberlain, with a hand-to-mouth policy or a policy tainted by prejudice, do mischief that the most profound sagacity can hardly repair. No stronger instance of the truth of this remark—and its truth needs no instance—is the attitude of Mr. Gladstone compared with that of the right honorable gentleman just named. Mr. Gladstone has succeeded in winning to the connection all the best ele-

ments of the Ireland at home and abroad. So strong is the attachment that it survives the desertion of Lord Roseberry, the ingratitude of certain Nonconformists, the malignant utterances of Mr. Chamberlain; but it can be killed by inexplicable delay. It is no explanation, in an honest sense, to say that the majority returned against Home Rule at the last election is due to dissensions among the Irish themselves. Either the concession of Mr. Gladstone's large county council, for the Home-Rule Bill was no more than that, is the embodiment of a just policy or it is not. If it be not, it should not be conceded under any circumstances; if it is, it should be conceded irrespective of the attitude of Mr. Redmond and his followers. Now, not one of the latter would dare to oppose the passing of such a measure if it were introduced to-morrow; nay more, having supported it strenuously in the House, they would go back to their constituents with the information that everything valuable in the bill was due to their exertions, while its shortcomings should be attributed to the Irish party and the ineptitude of Mr. Dillon.

BANEFUL RESULTS OF IRISH DISSENSION.

If the dissensions were anything more than personal, there might be some excuse for the falling back of part of the Liberal line from the cause of Home Rule. In reality they are only personal, but they afford a number of Englishmen who profess Liberal principles some ground for doubting that it is the best policy for England as long as powerful and wealthy interests in that country assert that it means the disintegration of the Empire. Englishmen support Home Rule because it is best for England and Ireland; unless they thought so there would be no honesty in their policy. What must be thought of the action of those Irishmen which renders English support a difficulty if not an impossibility? The dissensions lead to this; and so much in love are the malcontents with the quarrel they seem ready to reject every proposal for reconciliation. This alone can explain the insulting remarks about the status of the delegates from abroad. If some strange blindness had not possessed Mr. Redmond and his organ, they would have been cautious in dealing with men who came to Ireland in pursuance of a plan of national reconciliation advised by an Irishman, first of the exiles by his great office in Holy Church, his ability and his virtue. The person to whom his Grace of Toronto addressed the ever-memorable letter was not a member of his flock, but a Canadian Protes-

tant whose love of the land of his fathers was as strong as if he had been born in Ireland, and fittingly, most fittingly, addressed to him to show that a Catholic prelate knew of what metal Protestant patriots were made.

“What matter though at different shrines
We kneel unto one God,”

wrote the purest spirit that ever gave itself to Ireland, the Protestant, Thomas Davis. One is strangely moved in thinking of these things and reflecting how they are disregarded by men who presume to claim a leadership in Irish national affairs.

A SILLY PRETENCE.

The delegates from the British Colonies and the United States were, it appears, not known to the Parnellites when these visited America and the Colonies to seek aid for the Home-Rule cause. If a similar argument had been adopted at the time—if the exiles replied to requests for assistance that they knew nothing about Mr. Parnell and less about his agents, what would be the state of the Home-Rule question now? If there were a few holding the pretence of sitting in Parliament as Home-Rulers, it would be like students in a debating society playing at high politics. An annual bill or resolution would be introduced to amend the legislative relations between Great Britain and Ireland. Some constitutional law of little application would be stated with ability and exactness, a mass of parliamentary history would be reviewed, reflecting credit on the industry if not upon the practical judgment of the speakers; but no reply would come from the Treasury bench. Then the division bell would be rung, and from library and smoking-room and bar the big battalions, that had not heard what the Irish members said, would pour into the House and thence into the lobby, voting by twenty to one that no reform in the relations of the two countries was needed. That this childishness, or, it may be, this duplicity, is not still carried on is, we think, due to the exiles whom the Parnellites have subjected to such scorn and contempt, and upon one of whom at the least they cast reflections of a character so libellous as to surpass anything known in modern journalism.

A LIBEL WORTHY OF “THE TIMES.”

It was suggested in the *Irish Daily Independent* that an alderman from Ottawa, in the Dominion, the Chevalier Heney,

was a co-conspirator with Le Caron or Beach, the Fenian informer or spy who was produced before the commission appointed to examine into the charges against Mr. Parnell, his party, and others, for complicity in crime and outrage in Ireland. We have read the evidence of Beach in the edition published from the *Daily News*, and entitled a "Diary of the Parnell Commission." There is no reference made to Chevalier Heney in this report; nothing said which could in any way point to him; but we state now that he is a well-known citizen of Ottawa, thirty-three years an alderman, a large employer, a man of the greatest benevolence—nay, of heroic charity, and has received a decoration from the Holy Father. The indignation of his fellow-citizens at the publication was shown in the cablegrams from Ottawa to his fellow-delegates from the Dominion. No correction or retraction of this statement by implication has ever appeared in the *Irish Daily Independent*. It was not the less a libel that it aimed at destroying the man's character and outraging his feelings by innuendo in the form of a question. Mr. Redmond, from whom better things might have been expected, should have done what he could to show regret for an irreparable wrong.

A DISTINGUISHED PROTESTANT HOME-RULER.

Mr. Blake, to whom the Archbishop of Toronto wrote the letter recommending the settlement of differences by such a convention as that which met in Dublin, is a Parliamentary colleague of Mr. Redmond and the other Parnellite members. There can be no question either of his character or of his financial independence. He is a man of means who not only gives his services but his pecuniary aid to the national cause. It cannot be said of him that he owes all social consequence and whatever fortune he possesses to his employment in the service of the Irish people. As the recipient of his grace's letter his standing afforded a guarantee that the assembly would be one worthy of the cause, worthy of all that the name of Ireland means. Any other view degrades the Irish people. Notwithstanding their great number, both in Ireland and elsewhere, it makes them an unstable race, with the curse upon them that they shall not excel; despite the success which has marked the steps of so many in the highest pursuits of life in the States and in the colonies, it points them out to a wondering world as a people devoid of reason in any matter affecting the interests of their country. The perfect frankness with which these men came

from great distances, at expense, trouble, and loss of time, displays singular nobility of character; so that the more one thinks of the criticisms pronounced upon them in Ireland, whether by Mr. Redmond's paper or any other national organ, or by Irish speakers at political clubs or meetings of faction or revolt, the more astounded is he that such publications and such public men should possess one scintilla of influence, one shred of following in the country.

ONE OF IRELAND'S PATRIOT PRELATES.

The fact that the Bishop of Raphoe presided was another security for the dignity and value of the convention. He took the chair on the motion of Mr. Justin McCarthy—a man who, in certain respects, sacrificed more for the country than any one since the Young Irelanders ruined themselves in 1848. It is in the recollection of every Irish member, and of all people capable of understanding anything, that Mr. Parnell valued Mr. McCarthy's consent to sit in Parliament as one of the most important accessions he had received. It is painful to speak of these matters—painful that there should seem to be any necessity to do so; but when one finds that men who would be a credit to any cause are attacked in season and out of season, and when in this business of the convention it is implied that the four gentlemen named are, either directly or indirectly, parties to a fraud, such particulars must be repeated for the benefit of all in a way that there can be no mistaking.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

We reiterate the opinion that there was no honesty in the squeamishness that affected to think the delegates from abroad were nobodies. Suppose we went back a little and asked how could Mr. John Redmond have entered Parliament if the qualification abolished in 1856 were still required? At that time before a man could be member for a county he should possess a freehold estate of £600 a year, and before he could be member for a city or borough £300 a year. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was the person most instrumental in having this condition put an end to; it was he who gave the first great impetus to a movement opening the House of Commons to poor men. But Sir Charles, then Mr. Duffy, proprietor and editor of *The Nation*, could not have entered Parliament because he lacked the qualification, only that the maternal grandfather of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., conveyed to him the necessary estate and title

deeds. In doing this the grantor incurred the risk of losing his property; for there was nothing to prevent Mr. Duffy from closing upon it. He held the conveyance of the estate and the title deeds which disclosed his grantor's right to execute it.

Very possibly numbers of Irishmen who subscribed their dollars in this country and in Canada, who gave their money in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, recollected the time when Irish members of Parliament spent upon their elections large sums of money out of their own pockets or from those of their friends; remembered that in their earlier days it was never known that a man offered himself to the public service unless he was able to defray all expenses connected with it. The Repeal Rent is not in point; because O'Connell and his fellow-members possessed property qualification and had spent their resources on contests in the early days of the Repeal agitation, and to a large extent on contests to the very end of it. Moreover, at that time a contest for a county would cost as many thousands as one would hundreds now. The times, so favorable to poor men possessing talent and public spirit, in which we now live were reached by a journey of trial and suffering greater than any people ever passed through. Famine after famine, culminating in the awful visitation beginning in 1845 and ending in 1850-51, expresses the result of the policy under which government in Ireland was carried on. Estates were cleared of the occupiers with such effectiveness that Mr. Bright, visiting the country in 1849 and again in 1851, declared that "it looked as if it had been devastated by a great war." The *Times*, rendered fair-minded for a moment by accounts of how the public conscience of Europe was shocked, expressed its opinion that property in Ireland "was ruled with most savage and tyrannical sway. The landlords there exercise their rights with a hand of iron and neglect their duties with a front of brass." It soon awoke to its natural state of hatred of the Irish people when the census of 1851 showed that the population had fallen two millions* and sounded the note of triumph—"The Celts are gone with a vengeance!" Little did it know the indestructable vitality of that people. It was the same ignorance as that displayed by the councillors of Elizabeth who reckoned on winning a new England by those wars of extermination in which Mountjoy and Carew were

* The exact figures of each census are, for 1841, 8,196,597, and for 1851, 6,574,279; but it has been ascertained with reasonable certainty that the population had in 1845 risen to more than eight millions and a half.

leading spirits, which the latter describes with the formality of a vivisector, and whose effects the poet Spenser witnessed in "anatomies of death" he saw creeping on all-fours from wood and glen to feed on carcasses that the wolf and fox had turned from. They are not gone those Celts—between two and three thousand representatives of the race proved it the other day!

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE DELEGATES.

And these delegates have assumed responsibilities which they cannot allow to sleep. It is immaterial whether they live at home under the pressure of evil times—and such a pressure is sure to assume an ominous form on account of the badness of the harvest which has just passed*—or live in distant lands to which like pressure forced them—with that wrenching of the heart which only the exile feels; they stand between the past and the future as the guardians of all that the name of Ireland means—her immortal youth, her imperishable hopes, her inextinguishable wrongs.

They cannot lay down these responsibilities until the cause has triumphed. They acted history in those days of the first week of September, they now belong to Ireland and to fame. They are raised above local surroundings, they stand in the dignity of a high purpose, they are clothed with a memory the future will not let die. They must see Ireland in their hopes taking her place among the nations; the love of her must be a power to inspire them to generous deeds and to thoughts holy in their justice and wisdom; her image must possess them as it did her greatest son when in the last hour of her freedom, but with invincible belief in her destiny, he said to her:

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is on thy lips and on thy cheek,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

* Notwithstanding the land code, in which we include Mr. Gerald Balfour's act of last session, we do not hesitate to say that so far as half the number of tenants are concerned for whom this legislation was originally intended—that is, those tenants whose condition was the essence of its policy—it is of no benefit. This sounds strange after hearing of the quarrels among Irish members, but we say half of the tenants are at this moment, or may be at any moment later on owing to the bad harvest and the wretched prices for live stock, in the same position as if no land act had been ever passed. In a note in the *North American Review* for February, 1891, a statement with regard to this and other features of Irish land legislation made by Mr. Lecky in a previous number was corrected in a way to show the shortcomings of that act. The recent legislation has in no sense improved it in those important particulars.

A SPIRITUAL ULTIMA THULE.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE.



HAVE just returned from Chincoteague Island, Va. It is only when one is able to sit down and mark the contrasts between the intense activities of daily life in our great Northern metropolis and the quiet, simple, happy-go-lucky existence of the homely oystermen of Chincoteague that one is able to really appreciate the delights of a short stay in a place where there is no mad-rushing, loud-creaking, and heavy-snorting elevated railroad trains, no hoarse cries from leather-lunged hucksters, no signs of strained vitality on the faces of the inhabitants, no apparent care whether school keeps or not. Chincoteague Island is off the Eastern Shore, some six miles from the mainland, and it belongs geographically to Accomack County, Virginia. But in reality it belongs to no one but itself. The Chincoteaguer is a law unto himself, and as long as he minds his own business the birds of the air or the fishes of the sea are not possessed of more liberty than he is. He wants but little here below, and he gets that little in the shape of the juicy oyster from the generous sea. He has no difficult social problems to solve. He learns with supreme indifference of the corruption of city politics and the boodling of city aldermen. He has long ago changed all that by having no municipality at all. Although on an island something of the shape of Manhattan Island, but about one-half as large, there are nearly three thousand people, yet there is no mayor or any ruling power



"HE HAS NO DIFFICULT SOCIAL PROBLEMS TO SOLVE."

but the "deestricht" constable, and he is more than half the time out of a job; there is no street-cleaning department, for the tide comes in every day and washes clean the only



"THE HOUSES ARE NOT VERY PRETENTIOUS."

street that runs between the houses and the water; there is no comptroller's office, for there is no money to handle—the Chincoteaguer never has any taxes to pay; there is no street urchin to shout out the daily *News*, for there is not a printing-press on the island. Though there are none of the resources of civilization on the island, still I would venture to say that there is more solid happiness to the acre on Chincoteague than can be found in most any other place in the country. The sweet tones of the church bell divides with the lapping of the waves on the shell-strewn beach the office of breaking the monotony of the long evening while the native "hangs round" swapping stories and smoking his short pipe till the early bed claims him for rest. Even the tremendous wave of

politics that has swept over the rest of the country has left him undisturbed. If the financial problem were left to the six hundred registered voters on the island, it would be easily settled without any very great expenditure of oratory, for, as one of them remarked, "We never see any gold down here, and never expect to." It would be safe to venture the assertion that there are not two gold-pieces in the whole place. The postmaster showed me one as a thing of great curiosity, and it probably could not be matched in the community.

A witty parish priest once asked what kind of a parish had he, replied that he could best tell by saying that there was not a piano in the place. There was one piano on Chincoteague; I saw it. It was in the possession of a runner from Baltimore, and he was trying to dispose of it—with what success the future alone will reveal.

To sketch a mental picture of Chincoteague: imagine a low-lying sand-bar half a mile wide; one side protected from the ocean by the somewhat elevated and heavily-wooded promontory Assateague, and on the other side by one of those wide bays, running parallel with the ocean, so well known on the Atlantic coast. On the bay side, and skirting the shore, is the only street, on which the people live, move, and have their being. It must have been laid out in ye olden time before the new-fangled prohibition ideas invaded the place. It is quite certain that no surveyor's theodolite ever marked the line on which the houses are built. Some of the more important houses, like the hotel and the Red Men's Hall, are pretentious in their architecture, but the majority of them were built on the style not uncommonly known as carpenter's gothic. Some few of the houses were painted and surrounded by neat gardens, but most of them were innocent of any decoration. One house particularly we noticed was surmounted by high-reaching lightning-rods and surrounded by a very strong fence, but over the gateway was painted, in very large letters, "In God we trust."

Our business on the island was to give a non-Catholic mission. History does not record any positive effort made during the past fifty years to establish any Catholic church there, and the memory of the "oldest residenter" recalls only two or three visits made by a priest in any official capacity. Of course among the three thousand people there were no Catholics at all. Report had it, however, that two or three had been Catholics, and had fallen away. The last visit of a priest to the island was three years ago. Surely here was virgin soil into which it was given to us to sow the seeds of Catholic truth.



"IT WAS CHEERING TO SEE WITH WHAT AVIDITY THESE SIMPLE FOLK DRANK IT ALL IN."

As we took up our quarters in the hotel, kept by Captain Mathews, we introduced ourselves (there were two of us) as Catholic priests and announced our intention of calling the people together to preach the truths of the Catholic faith. Before our coming there had been little or no announcement of our purpose. We secured the Red Men's Hall, the largest in the place, and hired a colored boy to put up posters announcing the fact that there would be preaching there by two Catholic priests for three nights. We then kept ourselves very much in evidence during the rest of the afternoon, by parading up and down the main street, meeting some of the storekeepers, talk-

ing "shop" with the oystermen, and inviting all we came in contact with to come to the meeting at night.

It was evident that in the beginning we were a puzzle to some of the matter-of-fact folk. If we had charged an admission fee, our purpose would have been easily comprehended; we would have been classed among the second and third rate shows that float into these out-of-the-way places. But why two men should come from afar, paying all expenses, renting a hall, living at the hotel, and hoping to get nothing in return—this they could not see through. I believe it was this, far more than anything we said or any tract we gave away, that made the deepest impression on the people.

The first night, whether it was we were not sufficiently advertised or whether, being strangers, they were a little suspicious of us, our hall was not filled; and they who were there were, with only two or three exceptions, men and growing boys. Why the women absented themselves did not reveal itself till the next day, when we were asked on all sides if women were allowed to come in. Some very wide-spread impression prevailed that only men would be admitted.

But to the crowd that did come we preached with all the force of earnestness we possessed. We told them of the soul and its importance, and that life was more than meat; and of the God-man dying to save sinners; and it was cheering to see with what avidity these simple folk drank it all in. Even the boys, who were stretched out on the back benches eating peanuts, rose up on their elbows as the preacher warmed up, forgot their munching, and listened with the greatest attention. What a tremendous dramatic power there is in the oft-repeated story of the redemption!

We had a good opportunity to study the varying phases of human nature. The men before us were, with scarcely an exception, men who spent their lives on the water, made their living out of the generosity of the sea. I believe that living so close to the heart of nature, surrounded by a vast expanse of sea and sky, and being dependent on the bounties of tide and wave, does develop the religious nature in a man. This may be one reason why our Lord selected his apostles from among fishermen. Anyhow, as these hardy men, with their peaked faces, and leathery skin, and lanky necks, and shoulders rounded as a spoon—as they listened a new expression came into their countenance and a new light into their eye that seemed to transform them, and so eager was their look and so intent their gaze that it was quite evident

that they were interested as never before. When the sermon was over they were loath to go; they gladly took the literature we had to give away, and left us intending to come again. We felt that we had secured an audience.

As usual, we placed in evidence the question-box, and as the interest in our work developed we found that even in this out-of-the-way place the human heart had not been unvexed by the deep questions of the soul. Many of the inquiries touched on the teaching of the church in regard to the next world, particularly the doctrine of purgatory. It seems passing strange that the idea of a place of purification has lodged itself so firmly in the non-Catholic mind when the tendency of all religious teaching outside the church has been to ignore it. The testimony of the question-box at all these missions is that the religious mind, in spite of adverse teaching, has convinced itself of the existence of such a place, and wants to know what Scriptural reasons there are for it. The same



"SEARLE'S 'PLAIN FACTS' WERE READ AT HOME WITH GREATEST INTEREST."

may be said of an official tribunal for the forgiveness of sin. There is no more universal fact than the existence of sin. That a man feels that he is a sinner is the very soil in which the seed of religion takes root. When a man becomes con-

vinced that he is sinful, his next idea is how can he be made clean; so the universal religious mind is sure that there must be a God-given way of absolution from sin, or the work of a redeeming God is incomplete. It is because the strong common sense of the religious mind has got thus far in its reasoning that so often is asked the questions, How does a man claim to forgive sin? What reason have you for the confessional? etc.

We were much entertained by the question of a one-armed Jew peddler whom early during our stay we met on the road with his pack over his shoulder, and whom we afterwards saw in the audience. We give it in full, warts and all, even to the peculiar spelling, just as it was dropped into the question-box:

"Question. As we have plenty of churches and there was another one built not long ago, and the people strained themselves and went in debt for it and we could have made out very well without it and could have taken that money and built a nice school building and get a few more good teachers and learn the children some sence, and how to support a family when they grow up to be men, and not to stuff them full of religeon and such nonsense,

Would it not have bin better to have something in this town for poor people to make something then to have to go out in the bay, I do not mean old people but young people can work in the bay, Let me know how many poor people have strained themselves to pay for your coming down hear to preach or stuff us full of catholic foolishness, Take my advice and look after poor people and help them to make a living and if that does not take you to heaven catholicism will take you to hell."

The poor fellow in his daily trudging over the dusty roads had spent not a little time turning up and down in his mind some very important questions of social economy. Anyhow it gave us an opportunity to tell what a good mother the church was, how she looked out for the daily needs of her children even in things of this world, and with no little emphasis we asserted that it was a good way to demonstrate her divinity by showing how she assuages the ills of humanity. The usual vicious charges against the church appeared here—like the existence of cells under churches, the immuring of nuns, and the church's opposition to the public schools; all of which went very far to show that lies travel with fleet wings, while steady truth has but a leaden heel. The answers were listened to with bated breath, and at the close of each evening's dis-

course we gave out to all who came copies of Searle's *Plain Facts*. These and the tracts were taken home and read with greatest interest.

Three days did we spend here. Our Mass was said privately every morning in the room we occupied in the hotel. We placed the altar-stone on the bureau, and, with a towel over the mirror and the necessities for the Holy Sacrifice in their places, while one was altar-boy the other celebrated the great mystery. Though the entourage of the great church with dim religious light was absent, yet probably a deeper devotion compensated for the lack of these churchly surroundings.



"THEY CAME FROM NEAR AND FROM FAR TO ATTEND."

The following nights our crowd increased until the closing service, when even several counter attractions—sensational shows—in the main street could not draw our interested people away. They came from near and from far to attend, and stayed until the last word was said, and shook us warmly by the hand as we departed.

A peculiar settlement at one end of the island, of what was known as the "Sanctified People," interested us much. It was one of the many vagaries of the Protestant theory of grace to imagine that the Lord had so taken hold of

one that there was no further possibility of falling from his friendship. It is but a logical step when one begins to think he can do no wrong to persuade himself that everything he does is right. The class of people that settled here had come to this state of mind, and under the cloak of religion the worst vices were rampant; immorality stalked openly in the streets; but when they began using firearms and the lives of the helpless were in danger, the people rose up and drove them out. Old Marm Jester, who remembered vividly the scenes she had gone through, said it was far worse than the "fever 'n' ager."

Our visit to Chincoteague was not without its results. It is quite sure that a better idea of the true church was implanted in the hearts of the people. With people who live a simple life and have few distractions ideas received are readily

retained. If any attempt should be made by any calumniator of the church to vomit forth his lies here he will get a very short shrift from these folk. They have learned what the truth is and it will be no easy matter to disabuse them of their well-grounded notions. Whether converts will be made will depend largely on the possibility of future work.



"IT WAS FAR WORSE THAN THE FEVER 'N' AGER."

RATIONALISM ENTHRONED AT CANTERBURY.

BY JESSE ALBERT LOCKE.



ORD SALISBURY, in the exercise of his prerogative as prime minister, has just given a new head to the Anglican Church. The appointment is an interesting one. A High-Church weekly complained recently that the appointment of Anglican bishops generally meant the elevation of "innocuous mediocrity." The choice, dependent in England on political favor and in the Episcopal Church in this country on compromise between clashing parties, is apt to fall (so this authority stated) on some "safe" and moderate man, not too High Church, not too Low. If that be so, the present instance is an exception to the rule; for Dr. Temple, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, is a man conspicuous for ability and force of character.

Then, too, in view of the strenuous and persistent efforts of Lord Halifax and other amiable gentlemen to persuade the Holy Father and the Roman Commission on Anglican Orders that the Church of England holds and teaches the Catholic faith, it becomes of more than passing interest to learn what conception of theology and the nature of the Christian Church is represented by this new archbishop, whose office is already beginning to be looked upon by many of his flock as a sort of Anglican Papacy.

The Archbishop of Canterbury in the Established Church of England holds a position of legal importance both in civil and ecclesiastical affairs. He is regarded as the first officer of the crown, and takes precedence directly after the royal family at all social and state functions. In Catholic days the archbishop (who is still styled the "Primate of all England") was also the Papal legate, and Henry VIII. transferred to the jurisdiction of the Protestant primates some of the matrimonial and other cases formerly sent to Rome. At present, when a vacancy occurs in the see, the prime minister selects a candidate (of whom Her Majesty always "graciously approves"), and then the queen issues to the dean and chapter of the cathedral church a *congé d'élire*, naming the candidate to be elected. The

dean and chapter meet, pray for guidance, and then solemnly go through the empty form of a free election. If they dared to elect another than him whom Her Majesty has been pleased to name to them, they would become liable to imprisonment and deprivation, and, it is needless to say, they never brave such a fate.

BRIEF SKETCH OF DR. TEMPLE'S LIFE.

Frederick Temple, born in 1821, is the son of Major Temple, formerly lieutenant-governor of Sierra Leone. He graduated with honors from Balliol College, Oxford, in 1842, and was ordained in 1846. In 1858 he became head-master of Rugby. In 1868 he took an active part in the support of Mr. Gladstone's measure for the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. This brought him into political favor, and the following year Gladstone made him Bishop of Exeter. In 1885 he became Bishop of London, and now he has been transferred from that position to the more important one at Canterbury. As Bishop of London he has been very pleasing to the High Churchmen. Though not believing at all himself in their teaching or practices, he looks upon a national church as an institution which should be comprehensive, including varied forms and beliefs, and so he has not harried the Ritualists for their infringements of the legal limits of ceremonial, as some of his predecessors did.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

His personality is a strong one, and those who come in contact with him officially are conscious of a vigor and energy which bring him some criticism as well as praise. He is accused of being too brusque. A recent writer in the *Saturday Review* complains that his training at Rugby, where he "bullied and birched at his pleasure," has led him to treat his clergy "like fourth-form boys when these are interviewed in the head-master's study." He grants him, however, one strong virtue: "Everybody knows that the archbishop-designate has the courage of his opinions."

There are certainly many things about him which all must admire. He has been for twenty-five years a consistent advocate of temperance and a total abstainer. He evidently has a strong sense of justice and fair-play, or he would not have thrown himself with enthusiasm (and contrary to the example of nearly all the other Anglican clergymen of the time) into

the struggle to free Ireland from the incubus of a Protestant Establishment which represented such a ridiculously small fraction of the people. As Bishop of London he has shown great energy, visiting each corner of his diocese and making stirring addresses on foreign missions, temperance, and church reform. He handled the latter subject without gloves in an address at Enfield in October last. He spoke first of the scandal of the possession by private persons as private property of the right of next presentation to livings. In the case of about half the livings in the Church of England the right of presentation is frequently in the market for sale. Other points of church reform for which he contended were, that it should be easier to remove incompetent clergymen from their cures, that the laity should have a voice in the appointment of their pastors, and that the laity should have some control of the services. The clergy were too autocratic, and they should not be able to make changes in the services of which the parishioners did not approve.

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE'S THEOLOGY.

But let us pass to a higher sphere, to the thing of chief importance. What sort of theology has been enthroned at Canterbury? What idea of religion does he hold and teach who now occupies what Anglicans like to call "the chair of St. Augustine"? Fortunately for our inquiry Dr. Temple's views on religion are easily accessible. He was the first essayist in a volume published in 1861 and entitled *Essays and Reviews*. This book was the signal for a blaze of controversy. Its authors were clergymen of the Church of England, and its teaching was the frankest, boldest rationalism, which emasculated religion of the supernatural and reduced it to a purely humanitarian basis. Orthodox, Evangelical Protestants—pious but illogical—were deeply shocked. A few quotations will give an idea of what the essayists taught on some important subjects.

THE ULTIMATE BASIS FOR RELIGION.

Dr. Temple, in his opening essay, "The Education of the World," plants himself squarely on that fundamental Protestant principle of which rationalism is the necessary and legitimate fruit. The ultimate basis for religion, he claims, is to be found only in that "inner voice" which should guide every man. There is nothing external which can be an authority over him. The Bible is not such an authority; neither is the church.

"The Bible," he says, "in fact is hindered by its form from exercising a despotism over the human spirit. . . . This it does by the principle of private judgment which puts conscience between us and the Bible, making conscience the supreme interpreter, whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it can never be a duty to disobey" (*Essays and Reviews*, p. 53). Again: "When conscience and the Bible appear to differ, the pious Christian immediately concludes that he has not really understood the Bible." That is, his private judgment is certainly right and the Bible must be made to conform to it! This reduces religion to the purest individualism; makes as many different religions as there are individuals to hold them. And all are equally right! Suppose this principle applied to the law of the land, each man assuming that the law had no other interpreter than his own "inner voice"!

INSPIRATION.

After this impugning of Scripture as an authority, the descent is easy to the views of inspiration and prophecy put forth in the succeeding essays. In the fourth essay we find this position taken: "The word of God is contained in Scripture, whence it does not follow that it is co-extensive with it. The church to which we belong does not put that stumbling-block before the feet of her members" (p. 211). Again: "It has been matter of great boast with the Church of England, in common with other Protestant churches, that it is founded upon the 'Word of God,' a phrase which begs many a question when applied collectively to the books of the Old and New Testaments, a phrase which is never so applied to them by any of the Scriptural authors, and which, according to Protestant principles, never could be applied to them by any sufficient authority from without. . . . Even if the Fathers have usually considered 'canonical' synonymous with 'miraculously inspired,' there is nothing to show that their sense of the word must necessarily be applied in our own Sixth Article." Dr. Rowland Williams, in the second essay, considers it absurd to speak of the sacred writers ("who were not passionless machines") as "inspired," and then to refuse that title to Luther and Milton.

PROPHECY.

In the same essay (on "Bunsen's Biblical Researches") the main purpose is a rationalistic explaining away of the Messianic

prophecies. It is a "distortion of prophecy" to apply the familiar Messianic passages in Isaiah to Christ. The "man of grief," the "rejected of his people," do not apply to Christ but to some contemporaneous Jewish hero or deliverer, or perhaps to collective Israel.

DOGMA AND THE CHURCH.

Naturally enough, writers who take their stand upon individualism try to belittle the importance of theology, and to them, of course, the church is not a divine but a purely human institution. Dr. Temple tells us that it seemed at first as if the study of theology were to return with the Reformation, but fortunately an era of toleration commenced instead, the tendency of which is "to modify the early dogmatism by substituting the spirit for the letter and *practical religion for precise definitions of truth*. This lesson is certainly not yet fully learnt" (p. 51). This idea is still more fully expanded by the fourth essayist, whose subject is "The National Church."

"Jesus Christ has not revealed his religion as a theology of the intellect; nor as an historical faith, and it is a stifling of the true Christian life, both in the individual and the church, to require of many men a unanimity in speculative doctrine which is unattainable, and a uniformity of historical belief which can never exist" (p. 246). The author thinks that a national church should include all the people of a country who are born into their membership in the church as they are into their civil rights, and that the church, therefore, should be concerned chiefly with the ethical development of its members, requiring no doctrinal tests of clergy or laity.

THE SACRAMENTS AND THE PRIESTHOOD.

The sacraments, as means of grace, and the priesthood, as anything more than of human appointment, naturally go down in this wholesale dismantling of the supernatural. As to baptism: "The first Christians held that the heart was purified by faith; the accompanying symbol, water, became by degrees the instrument of purification. Holy Baptism was preceded at first by a vow in which the young soldier expressed his consciousness of spiritual truth; but, when it became twisted into a false analogy with circumcision, the rite degenerated into a magical form and the Augustinian notion of a curse inherited by infants was developed in connection with it" (p. 102). As to the priesthood: "Priesthoods have always been products. . . .

If all priests and ministers of religion could at one moment be swept from the face of the earth, they would soon be reproduced " (p. 203).

These are the views of religion for which the new archbishop stands. There was the usual statement in the preface that each essayist was responsible only for his own essay. But they are all in substantial agreement, all take the same rationalistic point of view, and their association, of course, was the result of choice, not chance. Moreover, neither in the storm of denunciation which greeted the first publication, nor at any time subsequently, did Dr. Temple repudiate the teaching of this book. On the contrary, when his appointment as Bishop of Exeter was challenged on account of these heretical opinions, he still stood by them. The quotations given here are taken from the twelfth edition of *Essays and Reviews*, which, as published eight years after the first, amounts to a reiteration of belief.

THE BAMPTON LECTURES.

At a still later date, 1884, he gave utterance in his Bampton Lectures to ideas even more sweepingly destructive of supernatural religion. His view of our Lord's life on earth is purely humanitarian. Christ is the "Leader," the "Master," the great example, but nothing is said of his priesthood or sacrifice. The voice within commands us to believe that good is supreme over evil. "To obey this command and to believe this truth is Faith. This is the Faith which supplies perpetual strength to the hope of immortality."

MIRACLES.

As to miracles, those of the Old Testament, he tells us, could never be proved. "The times are remote; the date and authorship of the books are not established with certainty; the mixture of poetry with history is no longer capable of any sure separation into its parts" (p. 206). In the New Testament, he adds, we must admit that some unusual occurrences took place which struck the disciples and other observers as miracles, though they need not necessarily have been miracles "in the scientific sense." "For instance, the miraculous healing of the sick may be no miracle in the strictest sense at all. It may be but an instance of the power of mind over body, a power which is undeniably not yet brought within the range of science, and which nevertheless may be really within its domain" (p. 195).

Our Lord's miracles of healing may have been simply the result of this power and "due to a superiority in his mental power to the similar power possessed by other men. Men seem to possess this power over their own bodies and over the bodies of others in different degrees" (p. 201). Even our Lord's resurrection from the dead is reached by this destructive criticism. "Thus, for instance, it is quite possible that our Lord's resurrection may be found hereafter to be no miracle at all in the scientific sense. It foreshadows and begins the general resurrection; when that general resurrection comes we may find that it is, after all, the natural issue of physical laws always at work" (p. 196).

CUI BONO?

If we ask, What, then, can be the object of miracles? Dr. Temple has his answer ready. If these events, though not really miraculous, have "served their purpose, if they have arrested attention which would not otherwise have been arrested, if they have compelled belief," then they have accomplished their true end. In other words, they were "pious frauds" impressing a people naturally credulous and easily deceived as the best way of conveying ethical truth to them. The Protestant tradition persists in giving to the Society of Jesus the possession of "The end justifies the means" as a principle of conduct, but Dr. Temple goes farther still and carries the charge back from His faithful servants to the great Master Himself!

He is almost as hazy as was Charles Kingsley concerning the personality of God and in his reluctance to admit the possibility of a true miracle, as well as in his view of the province of prayer; he ascribes to nature an immutability which seems to make it independent even of God. "The prayer to the fetich for rain is as contrary to true religion as it is contrary to true science" (p. 131). By parity of reasoning the Christian's prayer for rain is equally contrary to true science.

REUNION WITH ROME.

Suppose, now, his Grace of Canterbury to become possessed of Lord Halifax's kindly hobby and, fired with zeal for the reunion of Anglicanism with Rome, to seek, like the noble lord just named, an interview with the Pope. Leo XIII. does his expected guest the compliment of perusing his published works beforehand.

"Are you really," he asks of Dr. Temple, "the head of the same church to which Lord Halifax belongs?"

"Most certainly."

"But perhaps these opinions of yours are personal ones which your church would condemn?"

Dr. Temple hastens to enlighten him: "On the contrary, not only have I, holding these opinions, been elevated to the highest office which my church can give, but twice has the Church of England been formally asked to condemn these views as contrary to her doctrine and teaching, and twice has she, through her highest courts, refused to do so."

"Strange," muses the Holy Father, "that the noble lord who is in communion with such heretics can fancy himself a Catholic! To condone and allow errors such as these is simply to destroy the Christian religion."

Dr. Temple departs, disappointed and unable to see why the Pope cannot give him the right hand of fellowship, agree to disagree, and live in full communion all the same. Anglicans are willing to do that sort of thing.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE AS A PROPHET.

In a preface to a volume of essays which appeared in answer to *Essays and Reviews*, Bishop Wilberforce became a prophet, prophesying more truly than he realized himself. The false doctrine of *Essays and Reviews*, said the bishop, must be condemned promptly by authority as not allowable for any honest man to hold and teach in the Church of England. This was absolutely necessary "to prevent the very idea of truth, as truth, dying out amongst us. For so indeed it must do if once it be permitted to our clergy solemnly to engage to teach as the truth of God a certain set of doctrines and at the same time to discuss whether they are true or false." But authority, when it did act, took just the opposite course. It was sought to have the more heretical propositions of *Essays and Reviews* condemned by the ecclesiastical courts as inconsistent with the doctrines of the Church of England, but the verdict declared each and all of the charges unsustainable.

Again, when Dr. Temple was appointed Bishop of Exeter his election was challenged on the same ground, but after counsel on both sides had been heard the election was unhesitatingly confirmed. In the Gorham judgment the highest courts declared that a clergyman of the Church of England might publicly deny the doctrine of baptismal regeneration; or

he might teach it if he so wished. In the case of Sheppard *vs.* Bennett the decision was given that a clergyman might preach the doctrine of the Real Presence or he might deny it, just as he happened to choose.

THE AGNOSTIC OUTCOME OF ANGLICANISM.

So the very result that Bishop Wilberforce feared has come to pass. It has been formally decided that absolute contradictories, truth and non-truth, may both be taught with equal authority in the Church of England; and such is the actual case to-day. So also is the bishop's prophecy being fulfilled; "the very idea of truth as truth" has largely died out amongst Anglicans. It is the fashion to denounce the earlier Evangelicals because they persecuted the Ritualists. But if they were honest men believing that they had the truth, what else could they do but "persecute"—*i. e.*, try to drive out soul-destroying errors from their church? What has happened to their successors, the "Neo-Evangelicals"? Finding that they could not drive out the Ritualists, and that continual fighting was both unpopular and tiresome, they gave up the attempt and adopted of themselves boy-choirs and some of the other pretty things of ritualism. But they dropped the warfare only to fall back into latitudinarian indifference. It may produce peace to feel that it does not matter much whether one thing be taught or another, but it just as certainly produces also a blunted sense of truth and of the importance of a right faith.

The Ritualist, in his young enthusiasm, often starts out to be a David who, with sling and stone, will destroy all the heretical enemies of the Lord. But he finds that those who deny what he considers to be of faith cannot be driven out of his church, and insensibly he loses the keenness of his zeal for truth, looks on unmoved while the most tremendous heresies are broached all about him, and hobnobs most amicably on ecclesiastical and other occasions with those who deny nearly all that he holds dear. Anglicanism as a system tends to destroy the sense of the immutability of truth. Ritualists claim that the Thirty-nine Articles "need not necessarily have a Protestant sense." The Rationalists claim (as in a quotation already given above) that they need not necessarily have an orthodox sense. And so both live together in the same communion, juggling with words—the one affirming, the other denying—and both possessed of equal official authority. It is not, as the High Churchmen would fain persuade themselves

and others, "simply a lack of discipline." What their new archbishop teaches is destructively anti-Christian; but he is not defying the authority of his church, for she has twice formally allowed his teaching.

The High-Anglican loss of a keen sensitiveness to doctrinal truth is well illustrated by two recent examples. First, by Mr. Gladstone's naïve proposal that policy, not truth, should guide the decision on Anglican orders. Breathing the Anglican air of mutual toleration of truth and error, he was unable to perceive the preposterousness of making such a suggestion to the Holy See. Not long since one of the most widely known Ritualistic clergymen in England said to a friend of the writer's, "I believe all that you Roman Catholics do except one thing—the infallibility of the Pope. But as to that, I consider it unimportant whether it be true or not." The doctrine of the infallibility may be true or it may be false, but conceive the idea of truth one must have to say that it is *unimportant* whether such a doctrine be true or not true!

The negative result, the agnostic death of faith which the opposing sects of the Protestant world are producing in the modern mind by their contradictory assertion and denial of positive doctrines—this equation equalling zero—is more vividly represented within the Anglican communion than anywhere else, for there the opposing forces are in closer juxtaposition and the end is, if possible, more logically certain.



TINKERING THE RAINES LIQUOR LAW.

BY ROBERT J. MAHON.



THE best the control, by legislation, of a numerically large portion of the commonwealth is beset with difficulties. It requires a degree of foresight and an exercise of wisdom not commonly found in the average statute-maker. Even when devised and guided by earnest and able statesmen, it is at most an attempt to forestall the ingenuity, craft, and evasion of those whose interests or pleasures are directly affected. Touching the Liquor Tax Law of New York, the difficulties of the subject matter do not seem to be so numerically important as they are serious and harmful in result.

Perhaps no fairer test of the comparative merits of the old excise statute and the new is available than the actual operation of both. Tried by this test, it is apparent that the law so bravely heralded as rigorous and severe has been proven by actual results to be the most deceptive weakling within the general legislative experience. All competent observers of the working of the two statutes are fairly unanimous in the opinion that the old law, as enforced by the Roosevelt *régime*, showed far better results than can now be credited to the Liquor Tax Law. Then Sunday closing was the feature, while at present open general traffic is the special result. Though some saloon-keepers close during the prohibited time, their obedience to the professed spirit of the law is scarcely noticeable in view of the deplorable results from the open saloons. Again, the indirect opportunities for the viciously inclined, left open under the express provisions, or rather "definitions," of the liquor law, is a gross menace to the public order. Tacking to a liquor regulation a privilege to the proprietor who annexes sleeping-rooms to his saloon is not calculated to increase urban virtue. On the whole, it is serious matter for regret that the measure for which so much was promised has proven so dangerous and disappointing in its actual results. The prediction that it would bear hard on the more disreputable part of the liquor trade has not come to pass; and it has in it a grain of mercy, if not of tenderness, capable of wide development. It

is even said that the brewing and wholesale liquor trade expressly favor it as beneficial to their interest—that the business is taken “out of politics.” But there will be no surprise in well-informed circles should it be developed that “politics,” so called, are constantly in touch with it.

Of course no one will deny that the requirements as to exposure of interiors of saloons, high taxation, and other good features deserve commendation. But we seriously urge the point that good features are unavailing if the main feature be harmful. In effect, the new law has proven to be rather in aid of Sunday opening, and with annexed opportunities for immorality.

These views are based on the assumption that the liquor law has been reasonably well tested by enforcement. Whether it has been fairly and actually enforced is another matter. But citizens interested in civic improvement do not care much whether the blame lies with its legislative, executive, or judicial officers. The main desire is to eradicate the fault, and incidentally to mete out something for the derelict official. However, the one impression of the people is, that the sham clubs and hotels attached to saloons for Sunday traffic deceive none but those in official life.

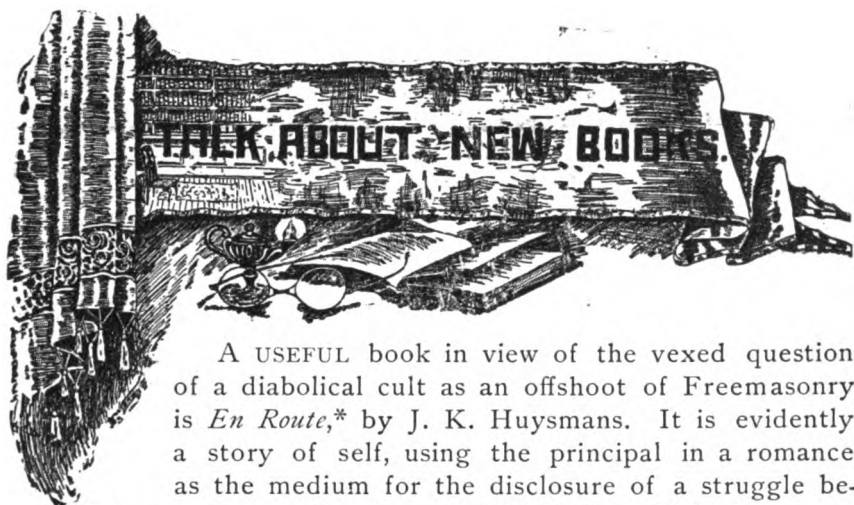
The Senate Committee recently sitting in the metropolis has witnessed a pitiable condition of official lethargy in some departments. Magistrates have told how they transferred, without action, plain cases of violation to some other official. Building department men have confessed that they did not inspect sham hotels, though so required to do by express statute; they had so much else to do. Grand juries have indicted and their indictments have proven weakly ineffective. In fact, the general official desire to shove responsibility in other directions has been so generally prevalent that it warrants the doubt whether an honest concerted effort has been made to enforce the statute. When magistrates shunt plain violations to other officials equally willing to do further shunting; when prosecutors draw indictments that do not fit the crime, or the evidence of it; nonchalantly take a haphazard jury and try the case perfunctorily to an acquittal; when building supervisors wholly fail to inspect that which is notoriously apparent; there is at least reasonable ground for doubt as to enforcement.

The present situation is somewhat a controversy between the author or authors of the law and the administrators, whether the chief fault lies in the law or in its defective en-

forcement? Police officials seem to have done their utmost, but have been foiled in their efforts by the courts. Careful observers, who look below the mere surface of affairs, drop a shrewd hint that the blame should be divided. And if we should hazard this opinion, the many amendments suggested by a variety of experts will fall short of the desired cure. Multiplicity of, or accuracy in, definitions will not prod official lethargy into action. It would be only another sad illustration of a statute striving for automatic enforcement.

Some changes, of course, will have to be made. The present condition is a mockery of the self-governing power of the commonwealth; and public opinion demands some amendment. It is likely that more rooms will have to be added to saloons before they can be dubbed "hotels"; and actual club-houses may have to omit dispensing liquor on Sundays. The theory that clubs are "homes" will probably be abolished by express legislation. The extent of these changes will show whether Sunday closing is sincerely intended. The ten-room "hotel" is a point in the statute that has developed much suspicion as to the earnestness of the law as a reform measure, and as to the credulity of the average senator. As to other changes, the removal of all partitions in saloons and kindred features, they are so plainly decent as to make unnecessary legislative deliberation, in or out of committee.

One feature of the statute has won many admirers among that growing class taught by experience to avoid slow-moving officials. That is the civil remedy by injunction to restrain illegal traffic. Yet it is modestly urged that this remedy will bear extension, in the direction that a suitable fine be recovered by civil action by any tax-payer against any official failing to perform his duty, directly or indirectly affected by the statute. This would be open to the general disfavor in which informers and meddlers are held. But individuals or organizations of good repute and known standing would have a very available remedy.



A USEFUL book in view of the vexed question of a diabolical cult as an offshoot of Freemasonry is *En Route*,* by J. K. Huysmans. It is evidently a story of self, using the principal in a romance as the medium for the disclosure of a struggle between the soul and the forces of infidelity which girdle and crush it back to what it seeks to rise from. Mr. Kegan Paul, who has translated the work into English, endeavors in his Introduction to prevent any assumption of this kind, but his reasoning is not convincing. He cites the case of Sir Walter Scott, and asks does any reader imagine that the novelist had any idea of depicting his own character in such a creation? The illustration is not relevant. Scott's novels deal chiefly with strifes very different from those of the mind and intellect. Those rude struggles of course had their metaphysical and spiritual springs of action, but it was with the outward accidents of the warfare and its picturesque results that Scott mainly troubled himself. Religion, no doubt, played an important part in many of his creations, but only in the way that lime-light is used in a theatre—as an artistic tool or servant. It is much more probable that the general belief in the quasi-personal character of the disclosures in *En Route* is based upon the precedents afforded in some of the works of Georges Sand, George Eliot, Benjamin Disraeli, Byron, and others, who seemed to have constantly written in front of a mental mirror reflecting their own lives and inmost thoughts.

Mr. Paul has an apologetic word for English Masonry. He was in his callow days a Mason himself. This was, of course, before he joined the Catholic Church. In England Masonry, he says, and truly says, differs widely from the rite as it is practised in other countries. He may have no difficulty in persuading us that there it is more of a social and convivial

* *En Route*. By J. K. Huysmans. Translated from the French, with a Prefatory Note, by C. Kegan Paul. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

institution, with a weakness for baubles and haberdashery, but he cannot make us forget that it often serves as a cloak for shocking scandals, and a protection for villany against the outstretched hand of justice. Such facts are too well known.

We may say at once that this story of a spiritual conflict resembles in no particular such a one as the clean-hearted Newman had to reveal. The conquering, merciless logic with which he argued his own mind on to the light of ultimate truth is not to be found here—at least under such calm and dispassionate forms. There is logic, no doubt, and irresistible reasoning; but it is French, morbid, fantastic, sometimes horrible in its forms, mingled with Walpurgis night phantasmagoria.

The temptations which assail the vacillating soul struggling for emancipation from the fetters of the flesh and the false world are presented with a frightful vividness. Such passages are strongly suggestive of the opium-bowl or the absinthe glass—or rather, the reaction from their effects—only that we know that exuberance and hysteria are very often the strong characteristics of some of the French schools of literature.

In the erudition and the comprehensive survey of the various types of Catholic Christianity discussed in this work, there is, however, much that offsets what we must certainly term its repulsive side. Certain outward manifestations of Catholicism are objectionable even to Catholics themselves, and one of the nicest offices of the church is in so adjusting the compass of religion that its point shall always be in the direction of pure truth and the way of perfect faith. *En Route* is a remarkable book in many ways, but it settles little while it discusses much. It is a symptom of the moral fever which now rages in France, more than a piece of philosophy. From the pen of one who was a Freemason, and therefore a deadly enemy of the church, it is truly a remarkable piece of testimony to the power of the spirit over the flesh.

In a new novel, entitled *Palladia*,* we have the first symptom of the reaction from the flood of decadent literature in England. It is a novel of action—as full of it and startling sensation as an old-time melodrama of the type called Transpontine. The writer is a lady who has already won some repute by a book of a totally different character called *The Brown Ambassador*—one intended for the instruction and amusement of children, Mrs. Frazer. She has a sparkling style, has seen much of the world, if one may judge from her writing, has a vivid

* *Palladia*. By Mrs. Hugh Frazer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

imagination, a taste for the sensational, and a faculty for picking up slang, gipsy, English, and latter-day American. This slang she puts into the mouths of dukes and duchesses and English aristocrats, girls included, with a frequency calculated to make one believe that it is the current coin of the highest society in the Old World. The state of morals among the ruling classes there are presented in such striking ways as to make us admit that they justify the attempts of the anarchists whom she introduces into her story very effectively in getting rid of the order of things which these villanous aristocrats represent. Indeed, the criminals of the wealthy class whom she depicts are of a far more atrocious type than the comparatively unsophisticated enthusiasts who desire to reform society by the aid of dynamite. Two of her leading characters—a noble lady named Demetria Mouravieff and a Shah Jehangire—are criminals of so horrible a type that any anarchist might easily persuade himself that he would be rendering a distinct service to society by stepping in where the hand of justice was rendered impotent by the rank of the criminals or their own ingenuity in evading human penalty for their atrocities. The Lady Demetria is a loathsome creation.

In Palladia, the title character, we have the foil to this repulsive picture. The theory on which she has been evolved is that *liaisons* between hereditarily immoral gipsy females and very cunning old German barons produce the highest type of physical and moral perfection in the feminine offspring—as diamonds are produced from charcoal intensely overheated. At least five of the leading male characters fall violently in love with this prodigy of the bar sinister, and it requires two fatal dynamite explosions by the anarchists and a most horrible murder to contrive that Palladia get off by marrying only two of them successively.

The style of the work is what is usually called “rattling.” The descriptions are excellent, and in parts the book is sprightly. It suggests a bold attempt to reconcile the theories of Miss Braddon with the style of Offenbach. As regards its moral tone, there is not much to mark it out for special condemnation save a scene where the Lady Demetria sets to work to capture a husband and succeeds. Oriental ideas are also woven into the book, in several chapters, with a freedom suggestive of the Midway Plaisance at the World’s Fair. The open animalism of Zola is preferable to the *decolleté* and audacious suggestiveness of this method.

It is rather hard on Captain Marryat that his *Phantom Ship** should be called up for judgment when most people had forgotten it. It is harder still to have a sort of Hamlet's "instruction to the players" delivered to the author when he has been so long past the power of profiting by it. Mr. David Hannay, who writes the preface to the new edition which the Messrs. Macmillan have just produced, expatiates very learnedly on the way it might have been written, and ought to have been written, in his opinion. Still we might smile at this lecturing of the unconscious dust were it not for the cruelty of telling the world that those scenes which might be most relied on for selling the book should another "No-popery" wave set in—those describing the Portuguese Inquisition at Goa—were not only irrelevant but pirated from Dellon's unreliable work on the Santa Casa. We have too much sense of obligation to Marryat for many hours of real entertainment to feel sore over this piece of literary weakness. He was in need of money when he yielded to the temptation, and he wrote for a market more than for a reputation, under its spur. Save for the strong anti-Catholic element in it it is a work which by no means diminishes Marryat's reputation, but quite the contrary. It exhibits his creative and weirdly imaginative powers, and his wonderful versatility in a field so unusual to seafaring men as that of literature. The work, no doubt, has its faults from an historical and philological point of view, and so, no doubt, grates on the senses of the exacting realists of the present day, who care little what moral blemishes a book may have so that it describes the kitchen crockery and gives the local patois or dialect photographically and phonetically. But it will be read when the whole series of *Nanas* and *Dodos* and *Yellow Asters* and *Heavenly Twins* are relegated to the dust-heap or the Chandler's counter.

Passing Shadows† is the title of another of the new American Catholic Authors' series now being produced by the firm of Benziger. It is not an ambitious work, either as to construction or literary treatment, yet it is in many respects a remarkable performance. Without any incident above the merest commonplace, it engages the reader's attention and maintains it pretty well to the end. It is a chapter of ordinary life in the East Side of New York City, but it spares us the remarkable

* *The Phantom Ship*. By Captain Marryat. Illustrated by H. R. Miller. With an introduction by David Hannay. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *Passing Shadows*. By Anthony Yorke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

English grammar and idiom of that swarming and polyglot quarter. It settles for ever, in our opinion, the feasibility and propriety of discussing the theme of love in the Catholic novel, inasmuch as it is a double-barrelled love story from start to finish. It establishes once for all again the old truth that everything depends on the mind of the writer. Purity and good taste will enable any theme to be handled well and presentably by a capable author. This is the whole test of the problem of love in the Catholic novel.

Notwithstanding the objections of the purists in juvenile education who would banish fiction and myth from the infantile curriculum, fairy tales and talking beast stories are likely to have a long life. Amongst the best of these old classics are those gathered by Andrew Lang. His annual gift-books for boys and girls are cordially welcomed, not indeed so much for the excellence of the dress in which they are invariably presented as for the admirable form in which their various parables, as we may style them, are presented. This year he publishes a volume called *The Animal Story Book** which must at once establish itself as a favorite in the world of youth. The stories are not all by English writers; there are some by such famous French authors as Dumas and Théophile Gautier. There are some surprising tales by a very remarkable Irish gentleman, Baron Wogan, some of whose ancestors had as much romance crowded into their single careers as a regiment of ordinary knights-errant. It is a pity that Andrew Lang did not think fit to give some of the exquisite tales of the early saints and their birds and animals—Columbanus and St. Francis, for instance. Perhaps in his next essay into this region of romance he may take this hint. The *Animal Story Book*, we may add, is illustrated in capital style by H. J. Ford.

A delightful colored picture-book—full of droll pictures in colors and quaint fancies in verse—is *The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club*, by Florence K. Upton and Bertha Upton. Its drollery is somewhat in the line of that of the late Eugene Field, and its pictorial style that of the classic "Darktown" school. The Messrs. Longman are the publishers.

We are glad to observe that the Messrs. Benziger have produced an enlarged edition of Father Finn's excellent volume

* *The Animal Story Book*. Edited by Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of short tales, *Mostly Boys*. This makes a capital gift-book, as it is well bound, nicely printed, and is partially illustrated. As for the literary contents, they are the most admirable of the class produced in our day—just the style of writing to attract the ardent and active minds of the golden youth of to-day.

A little volume of devotional lines, entitled *My Crucifix, and other Verses*,* by Caroline Harris Gallagher, is amongst the seasonable publications. The verses show much religious feeling, but they are such as most devotional young ladies might easily write. The book is presented in a very chaste and elegant binding.

It appears to be a delusion of those who plunge into the Bacon-Shakspeare riddle-maze that the reading public have time and patience to follow them all through their fanciful meanderings. To our mind the canals in Mars are a comparatively practical subject beside the cipher theories of the Baconians. We are invited now to follow the anonymous author of a volume entitled *Fair, Kind, and True*† into a labyrinth of erudite reasons in order to convince ourselves that the author of the enigmatical Sonnets of Shakspeare was Bacon—in fact, that for literary purposes Shakspeare and Bacon were one and the same. All things considered, the game is hardly worth the candle.

A literary "Round Table" of eleven capital stories, from representative Catholic authors, comes bound in one volume,‡ and accompanied with admirable portraits and biographical sketches of the authors given. The production of the book is all that could be desired by the most exacting. The authors selected are for the most part old favorites whose merits have long been recognized, and some more recent comers who are rapidly working on to a similar plane. It seems to be forgotten by some critics that Catholic *littérateurs* have a mission the fulfilment of which imposes restraints upon them which they cheerfully accept. They can rarely hope to attain the pre-eminence which authors who write solely for money and fame can readily achieve. They write under the restraint of conscience, and cannot lay themselves open to the slightest suspicion of seeking insidiously to appeal to perverted tastes or jaded literary

* *My Crucifix, and other Verses*. By Caroline Harris Gallagher. Baltimore, Md.: Gallery & McCann.

† *Fair, Kind, and True*. By Junius, Jr. Scranton, Pa.: Scranton Republican Print.

‡ *Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Authors*. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

appetites. They may possess and reveal the highest ideal in the pursuit of this object, but that ideal will never command the world's highest admiration. They know this full well when they enter the field of Catholic literature, and are prepared to work under the condition. It is often a noble sacrifice, and always one that never can be appreciated here. To institute comparisons between their work and that of writers bound by no such obligations is therefore misleading and unjust. Brilliancy in literature is too often produced at the expense of charity and truth; and the stealthy gratification of private malice in the depiction of known people under thin disguises. Many a cynic has been confirmed in his cynicism by finding his sentiments crystallized in the sentences of a master of epigram. Such a result as this is by no means one of the objects contemplated by a school of Catholic literature. Stimulation of our better nature, not the cultivation of our saturnine tendencies, ought to be the ultimate aim.

I.—THE DEITY IN PROTESTANT THEOLOGY.*

A work by the Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University deserves attention both on account of the position of its author and also—so far as that is possible among Protestants—of its representative character. The subjects treated of are very wide, embracing presumably the complete course of theology as studied at Yale. The first part is of God as the Absolute Being, the second of God the Creator, the third of God the Lord of all in Providential Government, the fourth and last of God the Lord of all in Moral Government. Under these heads are embraced discussions on the Holy Trinity, on sin and redemption, on moral character, on law, on the nature of civil government. In such a wide field it is clear that we cannot in the space at our disposal give a fair estimate of the manner in which so many subjects are treated. We must content ourselves—for the present at all events—with a somewhat more particular examination of a few pages, and those at the very beginning. Possibly we may return to the subject, as a work of this kind is useful, if for nothing else, as affording something tangible in the midst of the chaos of ever-shifting opinions to which Protestantism has reduced religious doctrine.

The first chapter is entitled "The Intellectual Element in

* *God the Creator and Lord of All.* By Samuel Harris, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. Two vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

Religion," and we notice with pleasure the clear and emphatic enunciation of the truth that theology is the intellectual apprehension of what God really is in his relations to the universe; that consequently, as Dr. Harris further on insists, it is not a matter primarily of feeling and emotion. But very soon the light cast by this clear affirmation becomes somewhat dimmed by the declaration that Fundamental Theology is the expression of the result of the operations of the human mind attaining and declaring the answers as to the relations of God and man, although as contributing to this result God's revelation of himself is a factor, and by the condemnation passed by Dr. Harris on the term dogma as a misleading and opprobrious word, because it denotes a formula of belief imposed by authority, not a doctrine which claims assent *only* as the result of careful investigation and on reasonable evidence. But if God has made a revelation are we not to accept it on his authority? or is each man to submit it to the test of his reason, and then to accept it if it stands that test? The answer to this question is not very clear so far as appears within the limits to which we are confining our inquiry, for while Dr. Harris gives a place of honor to the Sacred Scriptures, he seems to co-ordinate with them the religions of the world and their sacred books, as well as what he looks upon in practice as "right" developments. And right developments in practice, it would seem from his criticism of Dr. Newman, preclude our taking St. Paul as a guide for all time, for his praise of celibacy was only in view of a distress which no longer exists; the church—that is, the Protestant church—having, as is only too true, made peace with the world. It would seem, therefore, that anything which comes on authority—all dogma—is to be rejected unless it can make itself clear to reason; if it can do this it may be accepted, not as a dogma but as a doctrine; that any number of men who, after earnest and prayerful consideration, agree in their conclusions may form themselves into a church, and that this church has the right of excluding from the number of its members any one who does not see as the rest see. "A creed," according to Dr. Harris, "is simply a statement of doctrines held for true by persons united in an association for a specified purpose. A church declares the belief of its members; that is, it declares itself a Christian Church." This declaration of what Christian truth is, and what the Christian Church under Protestant auspices has become, contrasts unfavorably with a wise

utterance of Bishop Brooks quoted just before by Dr. Harris: "No exhortation to a good life which does not put behind it some truth deep as eternity, can seize and hold the conscience"—a truth deep as eternity, not the current persuasion of the moment of a body of men more or less numerous, learned, or sincere, is required, and with the declaration of our Lord that the Church is not man's work but His own: "On this rock I will build *My* Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against *it*." Christ knew nothing of a church which declares itself to be a church as the result of the investigations of its members. He knew only of *the* Church which he was himself to build and which was to last for ever, secure upon the foundation which he himself laid. We fear that Dr. Harris by his disparagement and misrepresentation of dogma has rendered himself unable to afford the real support for truths that are to seize upon the conscience, for that real support is the very word of God Himself, infallibly known to be such. At the same time we are glad to find much that will help to that good result, and if we had had space would have been glad to indicate more in detail those certain excellences his work possesses. Whatever defects it may have, it demands the attention of all serious students of theology in this country. Among these defects we cannot refrain from indicating the disclosure of unlooked-for ignorance in the disparagement he seeks to make of the middle-age theology when he says: "In the time of Alexander of Hales . . . it was debated whether the angels had a higher degree of intelligence in the evening or in the morning." If Dr. Harris had been well versed in the works of St. Augustine he would have recognized that the expressions he ridicules were metaphorical, and that they refer to the knowledge which those who have the vision of God have of created things—those things they know both in God—*scientia matutina*—and in themselves—*scientia vespertina*; and that St. Augustine himself discusses the question as to which knowledge is the clearer; and because the latter is the dimmer (*decoloratior*) he gives it the name of *vespertina*. So it is not the middle ages that are to be blamed, but St. Augustine. In fact neither are to be blamed, as Dr. Harris would himself admit, if the Protestantism of which he is the victim had not undermined the established principles of reason on lofty subjects; for the discussion indicated is the natural outcome of any right apprehension of some very elementary principles of natural theology.

2.—SONS OF ST. DOMINIC.*

The next greatest pleasure to that of invention is, we think, the pleasure of imagining one's self an inventor. And so we are never surprised when we perceive the unmistakable satisfaction of some one who is pushing through a *new* scheme of, say, poor relief.

This thought came with the reading of Augusta Drane's new book on *The Spirit of the Dominican Order*. All the public to whom the lady is familiar will welcome this posthumous publication of a series of papers addressed some forty years ago to her sisters in religion, and teaching the community spirit by anecdotes illustrative of Dominican sanctity, special devotions, and daily life. It was a chapter on active work among the poor that suggested our opening reflection, for how many go about on similar errands now imagining themselves to be initiating "reform." And how many facile theorists trip into magazine pages and phrase about bridging the social chasm, about right of association and love of humanity, fruit of a new era inaugurated by the immortal Revolution and its heaven-sent *sans culottes*. In the Dominican tales are ancient instances of women invading city slums in the interests of the unfortunate, that recall at once to-day's blessed movement in that direction. God forbid that we, or any one, should discourage workers; only it is foolish to imagine that we are the discoverers of man's rights and duties. And we dare say this work was none the less carefully done in olden time, nor less thankfully acknowledged, even though its inspiration was divine and supernatural, rather than the practical outgrowth of a humanitarianism as vague as it is kind. But lest our speech seem controversial let us sorrowfully own that nowadays we sometimes find the children of this world quicker than the children of light to love their fellow-men—in other words, Catholic lay-folk do not occupy their due pre-eminence as the friends of the lowly.

They prayed as they went about their work, those old Dominican jewels; often they saw the Lord Christ present in their neighbor, and his love prompted them to what we call extravagances. It may matter little that we do not imitate their practices of humiliation and denial; it is our heavy loss

* *The Spirit of the Dominican Order illustrated from the Lives of its Saints*. By A. T. Drane (Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D.) New York: Benzigers; London: Art and Book Company. 1896.

that we retain little of the generous spirit that inspired them. We may smile when we think of our own shoulders and a discipline—but have we the strong affection, and the self-control, and the appreciation of pain's uses?

The reader who rejoices in the modicum of faith possessed by ordinary mortals may not always retain his wonted gravity in the conning over some of the wonderful tales this book has gathered from the archives. At all events their vast number and varied character help to recall the power of the writer who produced her magnificent *Life of St. Catherine* in a few weeks; for the present volume, despite the omnivorous reading it must have required, came from Mother Raphael's pen but two years after her profession. But while thus commenting on the anecdotes, we cannot refrain from defying any one to peruse the chapter on "Happy Deaths" without being charmed by the beauty of some stories, the very prettiest of which is that, elsewhere related, about the death of the Blessed Imelda, whose thanksgiving on her First Communion was the rendering up her innocent soul.

3.—ORIENTAL DEMONOLOGY.*

The object of this book, in the author's own words, is "to present a truthful statement of facts (of demon possession), confident that from such a course nothing but good can come to the cause either of science or religion." Dr. Nevius was a missionary (Protestant) in China for forty years prior to his death in 1893.

He mentions thirty-two cases that he met with, though strange to say his testimony is not first-hand, as one would naturally expect. On the contrary, he admits that he had to depend "almost exclusively on Chinese evidence, not on personal examination" (p. 136). He gives three reasons for this:

1st. These phenomena occur in country out-stations which the missionary visits but two or three days in the course of the year;

2d. The native customs prevent the frequent visits of the missionary to private families; and

3d. The repugnance of the missionary himself in "encountering, or even encouraging, these manifestations."

Still the evidence given is said to be that of eye and ear

* *Demon Possession and Allied Themes.* Being an inductive study of phenomena of our own times. By Rev. John L. Nevius, D.D.

witnesses; there is no reason to suspect fabrication or misrepresentation; the events related are public, etc.

The fact that the author went to China "with a strong conviction that a belief in demons and communications with spiritual beings belonged exclusively to a barbarous and superstitious age" (p. 9), speaks but poorly of his acquaintance at that time with the history of the past nineteen centuries—poorly of the appreciation of the facts related in the Gospels.

About a hundred pages are given to the examination of the different theories invented to explain away the facts of possession as found in the Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, etc. They are five in all: the imposture, the odic force, the evolution, the pathological, and the psychological theory.

He shows very well that while some supposed cases of possession can be accounted for on the theory of imposture or disease, there are other cases—and their name is legion—which can only be explained on the fact of demoniac possession. In our century we are somewhat used to these frail hypotheses of the scientific dogmatist, which die only to give birth to others still more frail. Dr. Nevius shows that their explanations do not explain, for they do not meet *the facts*.

His exposition of the Scriptural texts relating to his subject is sound, although it is no addition to Scripture exegesis. The same objections have been answered time and time again by divines both Catholic and Protestant. The ordinary Catholic text-book on dogma treats them in the tract *De Angelis*. He says well: "Actual communication with unseen spirits; their influence on the acts and destinies of individuals and nations; and demon possession are taught clearly and unmistakably in both the Old and New Testaments. . . . The Bible recognizes not only the material world, but a spiritual world intimately connected with it, and spiritual beings, both good and bad, who have access to, and influence for good and ill, the world's inhabitants" (p. 243).

The fall of the angels is with him only "a common opinion," so that there is room for "the ingenious hypothesis of Rev. James Gall that Satan and the demons who are his subjects are the disembodied spirits of a pre-Adamic race, who once lived on this earth." We have the certainty of Catholic dogma as put forth by the Fourth Lateran Council: "Diabolus et alii dæmones a Deo quidem natura creati sunt boni, sed ipsi per se facti sunt mali."

The Bibliography of the subject prepared by Mr. Rankin is

very poor and unscientific. Demonology, angelology, witchcraft, ancient and modern spiritism, apparitions, etc., are some of his headings. Many books are mentioned which are worthless from a scientific point of view, and others treating these questions from an historical, dogmatic, or apologetic stand-point are utterly ignored. What of a bibliography on angelology which omits the works of the great scholastics, Peter Lombard, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas, Suarez? What of a biographical list which says nothing of the lives of St. Hilarion, St. Anthony, St. Pachomius, St. Victorinus, St. John of God, St. Colette, St. Catherine of Siena, the Curé d'Ars? What of a list of authors which passes over such names as Thyrée, Delrio, Sprenger, Nider, Grillaud, De Castro, Binsfield, Schott, Bodin, De Lancre, Boguet, Görres, Bizonard, Ribet, Mirville, Pailloux, etc., etc.?

The position taken in regard to spiritism, that it is partly imposture and partly referable to demons (pp. 315, 332), is the view generally adopted by Catholic writers on the subject. Impure and anti-Christian are other adjectives it well deserves.

The general critique of this volume would be that there is little or nothing new said on the main theme of demon possession, though new facts are given us; the treatment of the "allied themes" is necessarily meagre and unsatisfactory; and therefore the bibliography is all the more to be found fault with, because it does not direct us well enough to the fuller sources of information.

4.—RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE.*

Two volumes which have been lately issued introduce us to the personality and the works of a man of whom little notice has hitherto been taken. This man is Richard Rolle. It is true small portions of his works in prose and verse have been edited by Dr. Morris and Rev. G. G. Perry; and the Catholic Truth Society, we believe, has this year edited the *Lay Folks' Mass Book*; but, when these are compared with the bulk of his writings, it would seem that only too little attention has been given by us to him who was the first, to any great extent, to write in our own language. The fact is to our discredit. Some of the best work in the study of Early English manuscripts, as in the case of Anglo-Saxon and Gaelic litera-

* *Yorkshire Writers: Richard Rolle of Hampole, an English Father of the Church, and his Followers.* Edited by C. Horstman, late professor in the University of Berlin. 2 vols. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co.

ture, has been done by German scholars, and this is so in the present instance.

Richard Rolle was born about the year 1300. After his home education he was sent to Oxford, then in the height of its glory, and where, only a few years before, the great Duns Scotus counted many thousands as his pupils. The character which was to stamp his future work immediately asserted itself. He could not bear with the dialectics in philosophy and theology as practised in the schools; his heart, his feelings, rather than his intellect, was his ruling power. At the age of nineteen he fled from Oxford to his home, shortly to become a hermit. The description of his departure is amusing (2, vi.): "One day he procured from his sister two kirtles, a white one and a gray one, and a hood of his father's; cut off the buttons of the white frock and the sleeves of the gray, donned the white one next his skin and the gray one over it, put on the hood, and so, in the semblance of a hermit, ran away from home, frightening off his sister, who raised the cry that he was mad."

He appeared at a church near John of Dalton's estate. There, on the following morning, he sang at Matins and at Mass, and after the gospel, "having first obtained the benediction of the priest," he preached a sermon that brought tears from the eyes of his listeners. Mass over, John of Dalton, after overcoming the humility of the young man, induced him to take dinner with him, and learning of his desire to enter upon the hermit's life, promised him a cell upon his own estate, and the necessary means of sustenance. Richard was happy, and he entered upon that life of contemplation and mysticism for which he so much longed.

To explain the genesis of such a mind as Rolle's in the time and place in which the mystic lived, the writer of the introduction works out for us the progress of scholasticism and mysticism. In general his statement of the case seems fair and historically true, but we think there is left a false impression, namely, that scholasticism withers the heart and dries up the wells of sanctity. Nothing could be farther from the truth. For, to the well-balanced mind increase of intellectual knowledge means a growth in the love of God. We realize that in man intellect and will must be cultivated, and it was in view of this that the distinction arose between scholastic and monastic theology. One is speculative, the other contemplative. The perfectly poised character requires the elements of both. One

deals indirectly, the other directly, with the spiritual life. The defender of scholasticism need not be opposed to mysticism. If Richard Rolle was a mystic and a poet, it may with profit be recalled that the greatest of the schoolmen, the Angelical Doctor, asserted that he received all his knowledge at the foot of the crucifix; and that to him literary critics of the highest calibre have accorded the praises due a true poet. On the other hand, St. Bonaventure, Hugo of St. Victor and his pupil Richard, whom Professor Horstman regards as the masters of Rolle in the mystical school, did not entirely reject the methods of the scholastics. If St. Anselm could formulate the principle of the schools as "*fides quærens intellectum*," the first of the Victorine duo does not hesitate to say that, in some things at least, "*fides ratione adjuvatur et ratio fide perficitur*."

Professor Horstman does not seem to realize the liberty of the individual in Catholicity. Yet this very instance is a proof of how far individuals, one in doctrine and discipline, may otherwise differ. The harmony is not disturbed. Catholicity remains in all its splendor, fully verifying the idea of beauty as defined by the schoolmen themselves—"unitas in varietate."

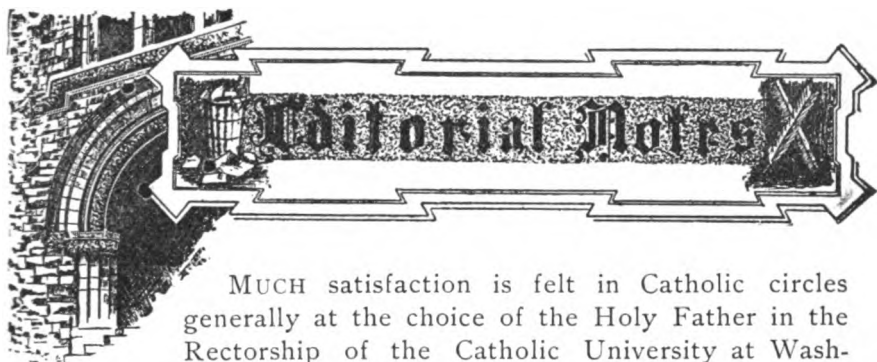
We note one blunder in this exposition. In the question of the "universals" our author's division is inadequate. Admitting two theories only, he ascribes to the scholastics one which they did not hold, and totally ignores their true position. Neither Nominalism, which found its culmination in the teaching of Roscelin, nor Realism, which found its extreme development in the expressions of William of Champeaux, was the accepted theory of the schools. Both were equally condemned, and neither found favor with the church. The scholastics held a middle doctrine between the two, as expressed in the formula "*Universalia acti sunt in intellectu sed fundamentaliter in rebus*."

Naturally, in propagating his teaching Rolle met with opposition. He attacked the moral state of society, lay and clerical, and for his pains he was visited with the condemnations of his countrymen. They could not understand him. As the mob of Assisi, hooting the ragged St. Francis, cried after him that he was mad, so Rolle was styled by many of his contemporaries a madman and a fool. But he exhorted and wrote in spite of all opposition. Probably on account of this spirit of reform exhibited by Rolle, Professor Horstman in more than one place asserts that Rolle was the predecessor of Wic-

liffe, Savonarola, and Luther. But, with his pure and gentle mysticism, his whole system of love and progress in love, Rolle would have been compelled to regard with abhorrence the dark and hateful doctrines of necessary evil, of predestination to damnation, of a moral necessity, as later advanced by his fellow-countrymen or by the German ex-monk. While his ideas of pure love of God, in contradiction to love of the world; his perhaps exaggerated appreciation of a life of chastity as opposed to the married state, would have caused him to turn from the conduct and life of Luther in simple and honest disgust. He was their forerunner in that he tried to reform the moral and social conditions of his time, in that he spoke freely and severely against the abuses of his day, but in no other way was he their counterpart.

Richard Rolle died, in the village of Hampole, in the year 1349—when Chaucer, who has always been venerated as the "Father of English Literature," was about nine years of age. The works which he has left are of a varied character, Latin and English, prose and verse; but all treat of the rules, the methods, the beauty of the contemplative life of the spirit.

The scholar who has gathered these works together has done a noble work; but there is room for a further labor in which, perhaps, the student of manuscripts would not be interested. It is to profit by our treasure; to modernize these works sufficiently to bring them within the grasp of the people in general, for whom especially the Yorkshire hermit wrote. We have such a work, and so adapted, in Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, and the Catholic Truth Society of England has published within the past year *The Lay Folks' Mass Book*, one of the pieces contained in the volumes before us.



MUCH satisfaction is felt in Catholic circles generally at the choice of the Holy Father in the Rectorship of the Catholic University at Washington. Dr. Conaty's temperament and sympathies are all that could fit a scholar for an exalted and difficult post and all that could endear a priest to a devoted laity. His learning, his passionate zeal for the spread of education, his scholarly tastes, and the practical proofs given of his ability to realize his educational theories, all show a mental and material equipment which is singularly felicitous. His profound attachment to the land of his adoption, in which nearly the whole of his life has been passed, makes the choice especially acceptable to the great body of American Catholicism. We rejoice that the Holy Father has once more shown his love for America and its institutions by selecting so typical an American priest as Dr. Conaty for this distinguished position. His Holiness possesses the rare and valuable gift of discernment in men that characterizes the true statesman. We do most cordially congratulate the new Rector on his appointment, and the University on its good fortune at a period when its destinies to outsiders seemed to be passing through a crux; and we may add the expression of our hope that the reign of the new Rector may be as long as we are sure it will be brilliant.

All the fair promises of a settlement of the school difficulty in Manitoba, as a result of the late election, have proved to be mirages. A settlement has been arrived at which appears to have settled nothing but the ability of the Orange majority in the province to impose its own will despite of everything. What shadow of concession has been wrung from the intolerant masters of Manitoba must be a poor solace to the Catholics who supported the Laurier administration against the late one. They have got no separate schools, no religious instruction in the common schools. Only, contingent upon certain conditions, religious instruction may be given for half an hour after school-time, either where a specified number of parents

petition for it, or a majority of the board of trustees of the school authorize it. But even this meagre concession is clogged with the condition that the settlement be accepted by the minority in the province as decisive. An easily contented minority they must be, indeed, were they to be satisfied with such a simulacrum of justice. Anxious as they are for a quiet termination of the dispute, they could hardly be weak enough to barter their rights for so small a mess of pottage, or rather workhouse soup, as this. Their indignation has already found voice. A vigorous protest was promptly made, on the first authoritative publication of the "settlement," by the Archbishop of St. Boniface, and it found an immediate echo in the utterances of bishops, priests, and the Catholic press all over the province. Too much insistence cannot be placed on the parallel case in the Quebec province, where the Catholics are in the majority. Were they to use their power in the brutally unscrupulous way they see the Orange majority doing in Manitoba, we can easily imagine what storms of wrath would follow. But it seems that for such folks as the Manitoba majority the principles of the Sermon on the Mount do not apply. "Thy neighbor" means to minds like theirs either a master or a slave.

The most disastrous military enterprise of modern times has been the Italian attack on Abyssinia. Begun in discredit, it has ended in failure and disgrace. It is all over now, for a treaty of peace has been agreed upon by the representative of the Italian government and King Menelek, and as a result the prisoners taken by the latter's forces are to be restored to their homes. This would have been done long ago by the pacific Menelek had the Italian government kept faith with him; but, as he has pointed out in a letter to the Holy Father, while they were negotiating for peace they were still committing acts of war upon his territory and subjects. This letter, which was written in reply to one sent by the Holy Father through Monsignor Macaire, was characterized by expressions of the deepest reverence for the Holy Father, and sincere desire to comply with his appeal for mercy. French was the medium through which this remarkable correspondence took place.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

REV. EDWARD F. X. MCSWEENEY, S.T.D., is one of our writers whom Father Hecker's generous enterprise introduced to the public, granting him the hospitality of the columns of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. The magazine had started as an eclectic, but the Apostle of the United States felt that if we were to advance in literature it would be necessary to develop the talents of our own thought-recorders, and determined to encourage home authors.

Dr. McSweeney claims as his birthplace Cork, the literary capital of Ireland, where he was born in 1843. The patronymic Mc-MacSwiney (or MacSwiney) is a sacred literary name; Father J. Marquess of Bute, assisting the Marquess of Bute in his editing of the *Roman Breviary*, Sweeney's own father's side being descended for scholarly profession back. A cousin of the Hartnett, wrote poems.



REV. EDWARD F. X. MCSWEENEY,
Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md.

Sweeney's early

acquaintance with letters, however, was made in New York, where he attended first the public schools, then the Christian Brothers at St. Mary's, Grand Street, and finally the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier. Here he remained six years, and was graduated in 1862. In October of this year he went to Rome and entered the world-college of the Propaganda, succeeding his elder brother, and being himself, later on, followed successively by two other brothers in the Urban College. Taking the degrees of doctor in philosophy and theology, he was ordained in 1867, and returning home became assistant to Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, at St. Stephen's,

land, where he was born in 1843. The patronymic Mc-MacSwiney (or MacSwiney) is a sacred literary name; Father J., assisting the Marquess of Bute in his editing of the *Roman Breviary*, Sweeney's own father's side being descended for scholarly profession back. A cousin of the Hartnett, wrote poems.

Dr. McSweeney's earliest acquaintance

New York. He was afterwards stationed at Newburgh, N. Y., and in 1873 was appointed pastor of the newly-established parish of St. Mary, Poughkeepsie, retaining this charge for ten years. When the parish was fully equipped with a parochial school, priest's house, and a large surplus in the treasury for the erection of a new church, he decided to follow the inclination he had always cherished for college work, and accepted an invitation to take charge of the seminarians and teach sacred science in Mount St. Mary's, Maryland. At this writing he is still at the "Old Mount," evidently enjoying the society of kindred spirits, loving his calling and revelling in the beauties of the Blue Ridge and the Monocacy Valley, as well as the social freedom of the Land of the Sanctuary.

Dr. McSweeney delights in travel, and has several times revisited Europe.

Besides his accounts of foreign lands and our own continent, he has, during the past twenty-five years, contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, to the *Sun*, the *Independent*, and the *Catholic Review*, of New York; the *Mirror*, of Baltimore; the *Columbian*, of Columbus, O.; the *Citizen*, of Milwaukee; as well as to the *Catholic Quarterly*, of Philadelphia; the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the *London Tablet*, and other periodicals, many essays on social and scholastic subjects, in addition to papers on the lives of the saints, the school question, and the relations between the Church and the Republic. Amongst the most characteristic may be named the "Lady of Erin," "We Catholics," "Life on the Country Missions," "The Priest and the Public," "The Lent at St. Canice's," etc. He is also the author of the first Word-meaning edition, 1892, of the Baltimore Catechism. Dr. McSweeney's writings are noted for close observation of men and things, deep study of principles, originality of view, and fearlessness in expression.

JOHN J. À BECKET is one of the few writers of short stories in this country who has realized that excellence in this most difficult form of literary art depends not merely upon ability to construct ingenious plots or to spin out bright dialogue, nor yet, as so many seem to imagine, upon the power of weaving into stories something new or strange, some unfamiliar dialect, some picture of life in a distant region, some startling theory of the occult. Mr. à Becket knows well that the greatness of a fiction-writer depends upon his truthfulness to life, upon his convincingness, and he therefore seeks to

portray not what he imagines but what he knows, the life which he has lived, where there are no telepathic marvels and where people speak tolerably correct English. He finds enough of pathos and humor and tragedy in the happenings about him, in the loves and jealousies, the struggles, the sufferings, and the vanities of human beings, who, whatever their surroundings and conditions, live their lives, for better or for worse. To observe these lives, to understand and interpret them, is the work Mr. à Becket has set himself to do in his story-telling, and that is the work he is doing with distinguished success.

It follows that the man who leads such a life of keen scrutiny upon develop a delicacy, a charac- blended a justice and a broad à Becket is as a conver- unusual charm, wit; a keen and occasional satire. A man appearance, a er with a future him up.

et was born and manhood in the Portland was and the family



J. J. à BECKET.

his fellows must lightful person- ter in which is tice of observa- kindliness. Mr. widely known sationalist of with a ready sense of humor, flashes of biting of distinguished thinker, a writ- — that sums

Mr. à Beck- grew to young State of Maine. his birth-place, remained there

for a number of years, suffering serious reverses in the great fire of July 4, 1865. His grandfather was an Englishman, while his grandmother was a White, a descendant from the Pilgrim Fathers. But both his parents were Americans. In his studies of life Mr. à Becket has lived in most of the leading American cities, and has also travelled extensively in Europe.

In his boyhood Mr. à Becket, as well as his mother and sister, became converts to the Catholic faith, and at one time Mr. à Becket had aspirations to the ecclesiastical state; but after much thought and struggle it became clear that this was not his vocation. Entering ardently then upon his chosen work of writing, he threw himself into newspaper work, and was connected for several years with one of the leading New

York journals. About four years ago, however, he found his leaning toward fiction so strong that he gave up journalism to devote himself entirely to story-writing. Since then his work has been seen frequently in the leading magazines, among his best short stories being "The Roses of the Señor," "The Song of the Comforter," "The Faith of Miss Roland," "Two Captains," "Love's Handicap," "A Woof of Providence." Mr. à Becket has for some time been planning a novel of American life.

Mr. à Becket has made unusually thorough studies in belles-lettres and philosophy. For several years he was professor of belles-lettres and rhetoric in St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City; Georgetown University; the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., and Loyola College, Baltimore, Md. He has the degree of doctor of philosophy from Georgetown University.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

"ALBA" (MADAME ELIZABETH GAIGNEUR), although bearing a French name, of the Land of fact which had do with her *de-plume*. Edinburgh-place, and educated, her the Modern of a kind to de-love of litera-fine arts. Dur-of the Catholic land she, at a age, embraced faith; a step taken by her a deacon of the munion, who became a priest. The other members of the family—six in number—followed after a few months.



ELIZABETH GAIGNEUR ("ALBA").

is a daughter Heather; a something to choice of a *nom*-burgh was her there was she surroundings in Athens being velop a great ture and the ing the period revival in Eng-somewhat early the ancient which was also elder brother, Anglican com-subsequently

The literary life of "Alba" has been a busy if a retired one, and much of its best work is yet to be presented to the public. A few lyrics and an essay ("Glimpses of Lourdes"), brought out in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and a story ("Poor Little Ninette"), and an allegory ("The City of Terror") which appeared several years ago in a Canadian Catholic

weekly, are about all of her works which have as yet found their way into print. The late Rev. Father Sylvester Joseph Hunter, S.J., who read the last-named while in manuscript, was good enough to pronounce it "excellent both in treatment and in style." He also spoke very highly of a more important work (poetical), a manuscript copy of which he kindly accepted for the Jesuit library at Manresa House, Roehampton, England. "Alba" has embodied a portion of her experiences in a work of fiction, which will probably be of special interest to outside sympathizers.

Her two sons are members of the Society of Jesus, the elder a priest and professed father, the younger a scholastic. They are her only surviving children.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS, New York :

Caliban. By Ernest Rénan, member of the French Institute. Translated by Eleanor Grant Vickery. With an Introduction by Willis Vickery, LL.B.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York :

The Abbé Lamennais and the Liberal Catholic Movement in France. By the Honorable W. Gibson. *Shakespeare's Macbeth.* Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by John Matthews Manly, Ph.D., Brown University. *Tennyson's The Princess.* Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by George Edward Woodberry, A.B., Columbia University.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York :

Notes on Christian Doctrine. By the Right Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D.D., Bishop of Nottingham. *Controversial Catechism.* By the Rev. Stephen Keenan.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York :

Clare Vaughan. By Lady Lovat. New edition, with original illustrations and some hitherto unpublished letters.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago :

The Mastery of Books: Hints on Reading and the Use of Libraries. By Harry Lyman Koopman, A.M., Librarian of Brown University. *First Year in German.* By J. Keller, Professor of the German Language and Literature in the Normal College of the City of New York.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOOK COMPANY, New York :

The Catholic Family Annual, 1897.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27-39 West Sixteenth Street, New York :

Almanac and Calendar of the League of the Sacred Heart, 1897.

D. H. MCBRIDE & CO., Chicago :

Science and the Church. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, Ph.D., C.S.C.

H. L. KILNER & CO., Philadelphia :

The Secret Directory: A Romance of Modern History. By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren.

B. HERDER, St. Louis :

The Queen's Nephew. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J.

WILLIAM DILLON, Rand McNally Building, Chicago :

Requests for Masses for the Souls of Deceased Persons. By William Dillon, LL.D.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

"THE BREWING OF THE STORM."

(*Dr. Goldwin Smith in the Forum, December.*)

"THAT every one should have a fair start and a free career, do what he could, and get as much as he could for himself, was the principle of the American communities. It worked well so long as every man with two hands and a will to use them could be sure of getting bread enough, with good hope of getting more. That time has passed. There is now a proletariat. There are multitudes who have little hope of rising; too many who cannot be sure of bread.

"The great financial crisis of three years ago, too evidently was the liquidation not only of mismanagement but of something worse, especially in the department of railroads, which was the scene of the grand crash. So we were told in the strongest possible language by the American press. How is it possible to upbraid the wretched inmates of a tenement-house with their schemes of socialistic plunder, when gigantic fortunes are being made by watering stock, wrecking, cornering, bribing municipal awarders of contracts, and all the other predatory devices the employment of which by high commerce has been revealed. It is true that these are the incidents of a preternaturally rapid development which has stimulated almost to frenzy the passion for growing suddenly rich. It is true also that gambling and fraud are the exceptions, and that American commerce in general is sound. But the effect produced by these scandals upon the mind of the people is that of being ruled commercially by rapacious dishonesty, and the revolt which ensues is natural, however misguided in its aim. Not a few of the people must have been driven from their callings and deprived of their daily bread by the collapse of the vast edifice of fraud. Confiscation of railroads and telegraphs, which is apparently a part of the socialistic programme, would be barefaced robbery, so far as the innocent stockholders are concerned, and would be the signal for a general reign of legislative rapine. But the managers of the roads, or many of them, it must be owned, have surely done their best to provoke confiscation and to justify it in the eyes of the people.

"Wealth can no longer rest on a supposed ordinance of the Almighty distributing the lots of men. It can no longer rest on unquestioning belief in natural right. It is called upon to justify its existence on rational grounds. It must make itself felt in beneficence. It must avoid that ostentation of luxury which is galling to the hearts of the poor. It must remain at its post of social duty. If rich Americans in the hour of peril, instead of remaining at their posts of social duty and doing according to their measure what Peter Cooper did, continue to crowd in ever-increasing numbers to the pleasure cities and haunts of Europe, or spend their money at home in selfish luxury and invidious display, a crash will come and ought to come. The French aristocracy before the Revolution left their posts of social duty in the country to live in luxury and frivolity at Versailles. The end was the burning of their *châteaux*. American plutocrats who leave their posts of social duty for the pleasure cities of Europe will have no reason to complain if their *châteaux* some day are burnt. Unfortunately warnings are seldom taken by individuals and almost never by a class, each member of which looks to the other members to begin."

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON ON SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

(From the Literary Digest.)

PROBABLY no scientific man is to-day more prominent as a defender of religious faith than Sir J. William Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., late the principal of McGill University, Montreal, and at one time president of the British Association. Sir William, in addition to his scientific attainments, is a student of Hebrew and Greek. In a recent issue of the *Christian Commonwealth*, London (one of the few religious weeklies that avails itself of that modern invention, the interview), appears an article by him on "Science as the Handmaid of Religion" and an interview with him touching lightly on numerous important points, such as the Biblical account of creation, the origin of man, the extent of the Deluge, and miracles. Sir William was asked if there is any real discrepancy between science and Genesis. He replied:

"In my judgment, none. I maintain that so far as an inspired record can be compared with what is at best a record we work out for ourselves, the correspondence between the two is marvellous. I have held that view since 1856, when I published my book *Archæia* (since replaced by another, *The Origin of the World*), and I think the proofs of its soundness are multiplying daily. To my mind the first chapter of Genesis, in the way which it has anticipated discovery and still holds the ground as something that cannot fairly be cavilled at, is itself a remarkable proof of the inspiration of the Bible. Those who attack Genesis either do not understand it or wilfully misrepresent it."

"Then you think the first chapter of Genesis represents solid fact?"

"Decidedly. It represents the order of creation, but from a special point of view, that of a writer who wishes to show that the things that were objects of idolatry to the ancient world are really the works of one Creator. The aim of the writer and of the spirit of God in guiding him is distinctively religious. In early days men did not distinguish between the creature and the Creator, and the object of the first chapter of Genesis is to show that the Creator is the absolute and eternal spiritual Being and that everything in the world and the universe is his work."

On the origin of man the interviewer elicited the following:

"I know nothing about the origin of man except what I am told in the Scripture—that God created him. I do not know anything more than that, and I do not know anybody who does. I would say with Lord Kelvin that there is nothing in science that reaches the origin of anything at all. That man is a product, a divine creation, is all that I can say. So with the first animal, it must have been a product of absolute creation. With man something new is introduced into the world—a rational and moral nature, of which there is no trace in the animal kingdom. That is why in the first chapter of Genesis man is said to have been 'created,' an inferior term, 'made,' being usually used in the case of the animals."

IS IRRELIGION INCREASING IN FRANCE?

(From the Evangelisch Lutherische Kirchenzeitung of Leipzig.)

IT is incorrect to claim that France is becoming irreligious. Even the fact that in Paris fully twenty-five per cent. of the burials are conducted without religious services is no evidence that the people as a whole are drifting into irreligion. In the country any neglect of religious observances is unknown. All marriages and funerals are under direction of the church; almost without exception all children are baptized and are thus officially members of the church. It is true

that the state schools exclude religious teachings, substituting in their place a "non-religious morality"; but then it must be remembered that the religious schools of the church are crowded to the utmost. France is to-day, as was the case thirty years ago, in the hands of the clergy. The aristocracy of Paris as well as the bourgeoisie in the country are on the best of terms with the priests, and the great mass of people in the rural districts have never been estranged from the church. None can deny that here and there in the larger cities groups of atheists or individual unbelievers manage to create a good deal of a stir in France; but this element constitutes a phenomenally small minority.

The people of France have in recent decades been charged with atheism and materialism chiefly on account of a number of journalists and politicians, who had a personal interest in creating a public sentiment of this kind. The greatest card they can play at all times is the spook of clericalism, in the well-known words of Gambetta: *Le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!* And the Frenchman, who is always anxious to be regarded as an independent thinker, is determined not to get to clericalism. Yet these same Frenchmen, who are personal enemies of the priests, are not therefore anti-religious. Thus, *e. g.*, the *littérateur*, H. Taine, the positivist philosopher, entrusted the religious training of his children to a Protestant pastor. Other freethinkers in Paris, who are loud in the declaration of their principles, send their children to church schools. And when the one or the other of these men happens to secure a high position in the government, he finds it impossible to carry out his previous ideas, such as the separation between state and church. He very rapidly discovers what an immense power religion is in the public sentiment of the nation. It is for this reason that the proposition of a severance between state and church so often proposed has never been realized. Indications of this power in the hearts of the people are the pilgrimages to the Lourdes shrine and the Heart of Jesus cultus so extensively in vogue in France. Ever and anon leaders of anti-Christian thought are made to feel the power of Christianity and of the Catholic Church in that country. Thus the "spiritualistic" agitation among the students, headed by Professor Lavissee, has entirely disappeared. The outcome of all such contests is that the hierarchy must continue to rule and that Rome will speak the last word.

In the last week of August there was assembled in Rheims a convention of some seven hundred French priests, called together by Abbé Lemire. This congress was regarded by some as signifying an emancipation of the lower clergy from the government of the bishops and the Pope. A number of prelates looked with terror on this convention. But little of what was done has reached the ears of the public, as the deliberations were carried on behind closed doors; but what has been reported shows that its purpose was anything but a declaration of independence on the part of the inferior clergy, but aimed rather at strengthening the church throughout the republic. Abbé Lemire declared in his opening address that this was not an assembly of democrats, or socialists, or malcontents, but a body that in every respect submitted to the Pope. One of the resolutions of the body makes it the duty of the priests to get nearer to the heart of the people, also, by engaging in social enterprises for the uplifting of their economic condition. In short, the whole convention turned out to be *ad majorem ecclesie gloriam*. Signs like these go to show that the Church of Rome continues to be the all-controlling factor in the public life and thought of France, and that it is a superficial view to judge from the radical utterances of a few that the French people as such are becoming irreligious.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

CATHOLIC Reading Circles have had as a central and dominant object the study of the literature representing the best minds among Catholic workers past and present. By the federation established through the Summer-School movement the members of Reading Circles were made acquainted with the leaders of thought in many departments, and had opportunities of meeting specialists with their rare treasures of knowledge from our Catholic educational institutions. While it is true that the formation of the Reading Circles led the way for the Summer-Schools, it is also true that the union of forces has brought into prominence the intellectual strength of Catholics in the United States. The recognition given to Dr. Conaty will strengthen still more the union of forces already established. His appointment by Pope Leo XIII. should give new courage to his fellow-workers and associates in the Champlain Summer-School, who were the first to appreciate his eminent ability in the advancement of higher education.

Cardinal Gibbons received from the Pope the official registered letter informing him of the appointment of the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass., as Rector of the Catholic University of Washington, to succeed Bishop Keane. The letter from the Pope is as follows :

" To our beloved son James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, Leo P. P. XIII.

" BELOVED SON : Health and apostolic benediction.

" It is with much pleasure that we have received the letter which you sent us from the meeting held in Washington to designate another president of the university, evincing, as it does, your eager desire to provide for the welfare and success of the great seat of learning. Yielding to your request, we have considered the names of the three candidates whom you have proposed as worthy to discharge the office of rector. Of these we have deemed fit to choose, and by our authority we do hereby approve, the first on the list, namely, Thomas James Conaty, heretofore parish priest in Worcester and president of the Summer-School.

" Both the learning and the zeal for the advancement of religion which characterize this distinguished man, whom you, by your joint suffrages, recommend, inspire us with the well-grounded hope that his efforts will not be without abundant fruits in watching over the interests of the university, as well as in enhancing its lustre. How dear to our heart is this matter cannot but be well known to you, for you are aware how untiring was our solicitude in founding this institution, that we might deservedly reckon it among the works which, in the interest of religion and science, we have, out of our loving affection, undertaken for the furtherance of the glory of your country, and which we have, with God's help, been able to bring to a happy issue.

" Meanwhile, as an earnest of heavenly graces, and as an evidence of our official good-will, we most lovingly in the Lord impart to you, our beloved son, to the new president of the university, and to all its faculty, the apostolic benediction.

" Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 23d day of November, 1896, the nineteenth of our pontificate.

" (Signed)

LEO P. P. XIII."

The connection of the Rev. J. A. Doonan, S.J., so thoroughly identified with the Reading Circle work in Boston and the Summer-School work generally, gives a special interest to the Loyola Circle of Philadelphia, whose director he is. The regular meetings of this Circle are held on the second and the fourth Sundays of the month, and on the afternoons which thus far have brought together the ladies of the Circle warrant has been given, in the thoughtful and critical papers read, that the lines of study projected for the year will lead to most excellent results.

Three parallel courses of study are to be followed: one in Sacred Scripture, a second in church history, and the third in English literature, the pre-Elizabethan era being the starting point.

The Loyola Reading Circle has a membership of twenty-two members, and in addition to the president, Miss Mary C. Clare, has the following officers: Miss Maria T. Reville, vice-president; Miss Mary MacDevitt, secretary; Miss Martina di Pierra, treasurer; and Miss Marguerite MacDevitt, librarian.

The Hecker Circle of Everett, Mrs. F. F. Driscoll president, is devoting a portion of its meetings to the study of church history, and a portion to current literature. It is taking current literature in the form of magazine articles principally, a method which it found interesting and helpful last year. At a recent meeting two excellent papers were given—one on *The Early Martyrs*, by Miss Maggie McDonald, and one on *The Early Heresies*, by Miss Mary Crowley. The magazine articles were Henry Austin Adams's article in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* on Bishop Potter and Anglican Orders, and one of Father Francis J. Finn's *Messenger* stories, *Round Christmas Footlights*, which was very entertainingly read by Mr. F. F. Driscoll, who has shown an unfailing interest in the growth of the Champlain Summer-School.

The Notre Dame Reading Circle holds its regular meetings at the Convent of Notre Dame, Berkeley Street, Boston. The members have formed an interesting acquaintance with St. Francis of Assisi. Essays were read by Misses Mary Carney and Mary E. Dodd, respectively, both following the Circle's present line of work, which lies in the thirteenth century, and Longfellow's *Golden Legend*.

The Fénelon Reading Circle of Charlestown, Mass., has begun its fifth season. At the roll-call of the opening meeting each member gave the name of one or more heroes, and the reasons for the appellation. Interesting papers, entitled *My Vacation*, were read by Miss Angelique De Lande, Miss Mary Mitchell, Miss Annie Kelly, Miss Mary Riley, Miss Caroline Meade, Miss Annie Dilworth, Miss Katherine Roughan, Miss Ella Howard, Miss Patricia Gleason, and Miss Katharine Sweeney.

The St. Gregory Reading Circle of Haverhill, Mass., has taken up the study of American history and American literature, the history of the Catholic Church, Catholic authors of note and their works. The following is a specimen programme: Quotations from James Russell Lowell; Sketch of Lowell's Life, Mary F. Brogan; Discussion of article on Lowell in *October Reading Circle Review*; The Renaissance, Nellie E. Hurley; Portuguese Discoveries and the Northmen, Mary L. Roche; The Sagas, Julia F. Sullivan; The Establishment of Christianity in Greenland, Mary E. Desmond; St. Brendan—A Modern Ulysses, Margaret J. O'Brien; The Virginia and Massachusetts Colonies, as they affected American literature, Teresa G. Roche; European Civilization during the Seventeenth Century, Elizabeth T. O'Brien.

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Members of the Ozanam Reading Circle held their first public meeting of the season on Friday evening, December 4, at De La Salle Institute, New York City.

They had issued invitation cards to a large number of their friends, and as this meeting was to be devoted to the interests of the Summer-School, the list included all the residents of New York City who attended the last session of the school at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain. All associate, active, and honorary members of the Ozanam were requested to be present, and judging from the large audience which assembled the invitations met a very general and cordial response.

The leading feature of the programme was an address by Miss Helena T. Goessmann, Ph.M., of Amherst, Mass., who gave a charming talk upon her impressions of the Catholic Summer-School, chiefly based upon what she saw and heard during a pleasant stay at Cliff Haven last summer. Miss Goessmann is a graduate of the Academy of the Sacred Heart at Elmhurst, near Providence. She has had superior educational advantages and environments from her childhood. With that eager zest for knowledge which characterizes the average New-Englander, and with innate gifts of intellect and imagination which have not been allowed to lie dormant, Miss Goessmann has already won a place among those who rank high in literary attainments, and in general culture. She has contributed several notable and scholarly papers to the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, and she stands not only as a defender of higher education for women, but as a bright exponent of the cause she advocates.

Her address was an exposition of facts, not theories. She dilated upon the advantages which the student gained by spending a vacation at Cliff Haven; dwelling upon the mental stimulus furnished by the lectures; the pleasures and profit of meeting at close range so many bright Catholic men and women from all sections of the country, personalities which when brought together in the delightful social communion which characterizes the camp and cottage life of Cliff Haven, form a society into whose precincts it is a joy to be admitted. Contact with these students and cultured men and women is a lasting benefit to the seeker after knowledge.

Miss Goessmann cited some facts which came within her own observation to show in how many different ways the Summer-School proves helpful to Catholics. Her address from its practical stand-point was heard with undivided interest. She received very hearty plaudits from her audience, who felt proud as well as pleased to have heard a Catholic lady defend so ably and convincingly a cause with which all present were in cordial sympathy.

Brother Justin, president of Manhattan College, followed with a pleasing contribution to the subject from another point of view. The chief impression which he carried away from the Summer-School, he said, was the great number of clever people he met there, representing the best intellectual life of the whole country. The favorable opinions of the school entertained by the clergy were due to the superior kind of people represented at the yearly assemblies.

The closing address was made by the director of the Ozanam, Rev. Thomas McMillan. His remarks were in the form of suggestions looking to a more wide-spread interest among Catholics in the work and success of the Summer-School, and the ways and means of bringing a more numerous body of people together at the next session. He thought much good would be effected if local committees were formed in New York City and elsewhere to call together, in the same manner as the Ozanam Reading Circle had assembled their friends, the people who had been at the Summer-School and who could urge its advantages the more eloquently because of this experience, and to have these people prepare lists of names of their friends and acquaintances to whom documents could be forwarded by the officials of the school. The officers of the school rely upon their

friends among the laity to make the coming session more successful than any of its forerunners.

* * *

Brother Potamian, F.S.C., whose title of Doctor of Science, obtained from the London University, brought him into prominence among the scientists of England, is now located in New York. Many of the Summer-School students attended his recent course of lectures at De La Salle Institute, Central Park West, on the general subject of electric discharge at high and low pressure. In the first lecture the learned brother spoke of the electrical pioneers, Gilbert of Colchester, Benjamin Franklin; dual nature of all electrification; conductors and insulators; fundamental laws of electrics and magnetics; limitation of the law of the inverse square; the electric field; lines and tubes of force: Winshurst machine; electrostatic phenomena; effect of points and flames; condensers; best working form of Leyden jars; seat of electrostatic charge; Cavendish (Biot's) experiment; Faraday's ice-pail and butterfly net; case of steady and alternating currents; oscillatory discharge; electric waves; Maxwellian theory and work of Hertz.

The second lecture proved most entertaining and instructive. Brother Potamian treated of experimental study of the discharge from a Winshurst machine and from an induction coil; its energy, sinuous path, report, luminosity; experiments to show duration of discharge; atmospheric electricity; recent work of Lord Kelvin; physics of a lightning flash; summer lightning and some phenomena of vacuum tubes; popular fallacies about lightning; physical and physiological effects of lightning.

The third and concluding lecture of the course was devoted to the study of high and low vacua; Hittorff's experiment; Crooks' low and high pressure bulbs; radiant matter; material nature of the cathodic discharge suggested by numerous experiments. Work of Lenard and Röntgen; physical properties of X rays; their probable nature; Becquerel's discovery; radiation spectrum, from X rays to electric waves; investigations of Lodge, Fitzgerald, Perrin, J. J. Thomson, and others; shadow pictures; X-ray focus tubes; radiography.

* * *

Mary Elizabeth Blake, president of the Boston Catholic Union Reading Circle, has written some excellent poetry, which is described by a writer in the *Catholic Columbian* as replete with gentle, tender, Catholic faith and hope and love. Her poetical tributes to Ireland, the land of her nativity; to her friend, John Boyle O'Reilly; to Justin McCarthy and Wendell Phillips are well worth reading and remembering. She does not fly to heights beyond ordinary vision, but writes in a domestic strain that cannot fail to touch the heart; and after all, is this not one of the charms of poetry, that it can place in sweet lines of rhyme beautiful thoughts that are ours, but only the poet's power can so clothe them? Mrs. Blake has done in her day, among Boston's literary coterie of women, what Boyle O'Reilly accomplished among men—disarmed bigotry and by her pen made a Catholic literature that claims attention and receives honor from all classes. God give us a host of such writers who can bring before the reading world the beauties and glories of our grand old church!



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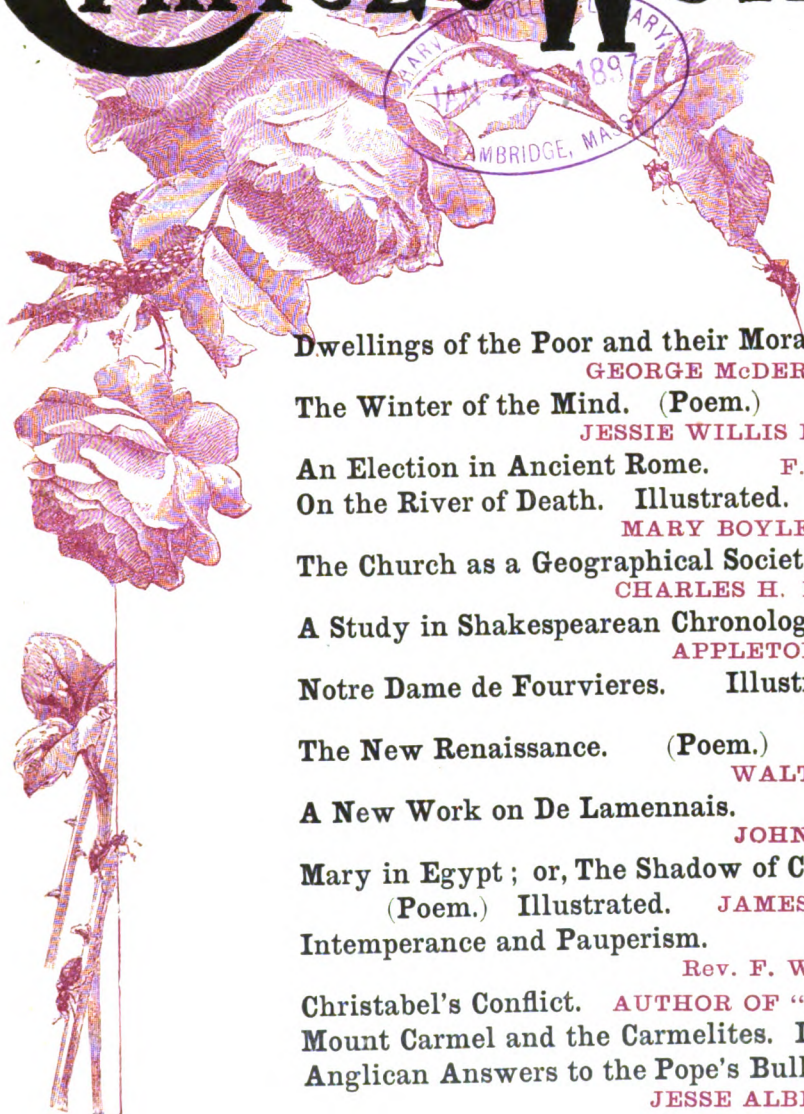
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VOL. LXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 383.

DWELLINGS OF THE POOR AND THEIR MORALITY.

BY GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



MOVEMENT in European towns and cities during the whole of this generation to provide good and convenient dwellings for the laboring classes has proceeded mainly from the conviction that a great deal of the vice and crime among them was in some way connected with the quality of their abodes. It was observed by those who mixed a good deal with these classes that there was a considerable percentage, which they characterized as the "residuum," which seemed to have no self-control, or very little. There was no thought for the morrow in this section; it lived for the present moment only. This describes the prominent characteristics of the type, of course, rather than identical tokens by which all who were included in the term "residuum" were set apart as by a brand. Men of all classes are units; there is no exact resemblance between the individuals embraced in any class; and in this section or percentage one will find such differences as lie in the long line between prodigal generosity and extreme selfishness.

THE HAPHAZARD LIFE OF THE AIMLESS.

But the type is there, all the same. The reckless fellow who flings away his earnings in treating others while his wife and family are starving and in rags, and the selfish spendthrift who reels to his miserable room when turned out of the public house, and finishes the night by beating his wife and children, have a like indifference to the future and a past, like in this, that there was no development in it: all was aimless, and

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went on as though it were a succession of accidents. Mistakes, follies, offences that escaped or that may not have escaped the vigilance of the police followed each other on the thread of pretty constant employment, offering a strange analogy to those novels in which incidents are hung together on the merest outline of a story, or rather the pretence of a story.

This product of industrial life aroused the sympathy of the humane and the anxiety of those who took a serious view of the future of society. It was seen that in the parts of East London where vice and poverty were most rife the gin-palaces flourished. Men like the late George A. Sala, with a sorrow veiled in cynicism, were fond of pointing to a sharp contrast. In a street of ruinous houses where the windows were broken and the places of the panes filled with rags or covered with boards, and on the door-steps of which dirty women and children were to be seen all day long, there would be one house showy and imposing as if it were some sort of public institution. This was the gin-palace. At night, when all the other houses were black, the broad front of this one blazed with light, and through its swinging doors were for ever passing and repassing half-starved, ill-clad men and unsexed women. With reference to the hideous fact that people earning barely enough to supply the necessities of life should squander the greater part of it, a consensus of opinion, the value of which cannot be questioned, offered as an explanation the condition of the abodes in which these thriftless beings lived. This was the experience of clergymen of all denominations, newspaper reporters, temperance advocates, and men of public spirit who inquired into the circumstances of the poor in large cities, because it was a social problem that required settlement, has borne testimony to this. Assisted emigration or transportation to the colonies was no longer practicable, and some other outlet must be discovered. Indeed, at no time was either of these two last-mentioned ways of getting rid of the most hopeless part of the residuum very successful. Transportation, when it was lawful to impose it, was the sentence for felonies or misdemeanors of a kind to which hardly any one of this particular class would be liable. It is quite possible that there were some transported for larcenies committed while under the influence of drink and for crimes of violence which amounted to felony; but they were hardly numerous. The plan of assisted emigration would not be generally in favor with these good-for-nothing people; but it seems certain that some in the qual-

ity of out-door paupers who had come upon the rates were shipped off to the United States. It cannot be disputed that governmental and quasi-governmental agencies in the United Kingdom, and particularly "that part of it called Ireland," deliberately sent paupers and pauper families to this country in order to relieve the rates, and sent persons and families who could not fairly be brought within that description—having been deprived of their means of support by the technical operation of certain laws—in order to be freed from a responsibility that might become a danger. Since 1831 the State of New York has been endeavoring to prevent this kind of immigration, which really in effect was transportation to the United States, and which survived the penal transportation to the British colonies.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CO-OPERATION FOR IMPROVEMENT.

But a way has been found in Great Britain to reach this class, and with satisfactory results, by the organization of societies to provide recreation and means of cleanliness; and side by side with such voluntary exertions the action of the governing bodies, such as the County Council of London, to undertake large social schemes recommended by approved experiments. This County Council entered a few years ago upon a large building enterprise at Bethnal-Green to construct model tenement-houses for the accommodation of several thousand persons. Perhaps as important a matter to the citizens of New York is, that private capital has been largely invested in London and other cities and towns in improved habitations for working-people. Almost in every part of the city named there are great model tenement-houses built, it is said, on the most improved plans, so as to secure the maximum of air and light, and yielding four or five per cent. on the capital expended. Unhealthy districts have been swept away, and with them the vice and crime which seemed indigenous to the soil. In the enterprises of a similar character started in the towns and cities of Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe the dividends returned prove that such undertakings are good investments. There has been an epigram framed to express the effect of such a combination of good will towards the poorer classes and the return derived from the money invested. It has been fitly called "philanthropy and five per cent." However, this profit, which seems from a comparison of the enterprises everywhere to be about the average—that is, five per cent.—is a decidedly large return from property held and employed under

the conditions as to security of title and system of management of these undertakings. The tenure and the system guarantee in normal circumstances the maintenance of that rate of dividend at the very least.

EVIL PRE-EMINENCE OF NEW YORK.

If this be true—and there seems no room for doubt—something ought to be done to put New York at least on the level of European cities in this respect. There is no city or considerable town in the Old World which shows anything like the density of population in large areas of this city. As if to mark this serious circumstance, the Tenement-House Committee of 1894 reports that there is only one part of one city in the world—a part of Bombay—which approaches to the density of sanitary district A of the Eleventh Ward of New York. There were in June, 1894, in this district A of New York City 986.4 persons to the acre—the district being 32 acres in extent. There is a small section in the city of Prague which is the densest section of any town or city in Europe. It contains 485.4 persons to each acre of six acres, or a very little more than six acres; so that in a space in New York five times as large as the Josephstadt of Prague there are more than twice as many fastened on each acre as on each acre of the Josephstadt. The density of Paris, which is the highest in Europe for the whole city as distinguished from a small section, is 125.2, while New York for the entire city below Harlem has a density of 143.2 to the acre. There are considerable spaces in this extent not occupied or very sparsely occupied; so that the condition of things in the congested areas must be scandalously bad.

It is plainly put in the report of the committee, when it says that in the tenement-houses, as commonly understood, overcrowding has evil effects of various kinds. Children are kept up and out-of-doors until midnight in the warm weather, because the rooms are almost unendurable; cleanliness of house and street is difficult; “filling the air with unwholesome emanations and foul odors of every kind; producing a condition of nervous tension; interfering with the separateness and sacredness of home life; leading to the promiscuous mixing of all ages and sexes in a single room—thus breaking down the barriers of modesty and conducing to the corruption of the young, and occasionally to revolting crimes.”

It would be idle to press on the attention of our readers these weighty words. What has been said with regard to that

section of the working-people and quasi-industrial poor of London known to certain students of social science as the residuum is confirmed in every particular by this passage, allowing for certain differences in the quality of the population of both cities in the influence of social opinions and characteristics and the effect of the conditions of climate and locality in both. Yet there is a type in America—the tramp—which seems to be some singular differentiation from what I may call the “residuum” of this country. There does not seem to be anything like him in Great Britain or the European continent. In the Old World the inhabitants tend to aggregation according to certain affinities. No one ever hears of a wanderer on the earth without aim or object, living on what he may chance to get, and regarding work of any kind as something to be shunned, as an evil worse than imprisonment. Some aid to the question of how far the quality of the dwelling has shaped the character of the less provident part of the industrial classes might be derived from knowing the life-story of some dozen tramps that had been brought up in different cities of the Union.

FAVORABLE CONDITIONS FOR ATTEMPTED REFORMATION.

However, the inference I draw from the existence of this peculiar product of misfortune is that “unsocial” qualities—I use the term in its sociological acceptation—are clearly not transmitted in America, whatever may be supposed to be the case in the Old World. If this be correct, the work of reformation of the criminal and degraded classes in this country offers a more hopeful field than it has in Europe; but in Europe the advances made have surpassed the expectation of all except the most sanguine. For instance, in London and Glasgow there are families with inherited pauperism and crime woven into their moral fibre, but this cannot be said of any family in New York; though possibly there are families in the lower parts of New York some member of which has been concerned in crimes of a worse character than can be traced to the member of any “criminal” family in either of the other cities.* Even this is evidence of the abnormal. This is to say that the crimes of Glasgow and London among those classes are in accordance with a species of law—not in any sense of the term a law of heredity, but a usage of calculated lawlessness in which the constable and the judge are figures to be taken into account, whereas in New York there is no account or hardly any

* Brace, *Dangerous Classes of New York*.

account taken of them. The crime committed by a New York criminal may be more brutal and wanton—that is, more disproportioned to the motive—but it takes place more from a wild recklessness of temper than from systematic villany. Surely spirits of this kind are more amenable to salutary influences than those that had been fashioned from the cradle to their boyhood by precept and example ingeniously contrived to efface anything that tended to social good, and to replace it by a rule of conduct whose object was the advantage of the criminal commonwealth of which they were to be members. Even in the most perverted systems there is a recognition of certain qualities inseparable from human nature. Fidelity, obedience, zeal, industry in the discharge of commissions assigned can be looked for in a fraternity of swell-mobsmen as well as in the police whose duty is to hunt them down. “The honor of thieves” is a proverbial phrase that affords evidence of the influence of a principle of loyalty to association which if displayed in the interests of society would receive universal praise, instead of being taken as a sign of incorrigible depravity. It seems to me “honor rooted in dishonor” in a more generous and hopeful sense than Launcelot’s; for in truth even in such perverted instances of life there is borne a testimony to the beneficence of the power that created human nature—borne by that very nature itself. No one need despair of man; his good qualities come from Him who stamped them upon him, his evil ones are for the most part due to ignorance, bad example, to a host of circumstances over which he had no control.

THE WANT OF SYMPATHY BETWEEN THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES.

One obstacle to social amelioration in America was in the want of sympathy between rich and poor. Nowhere except in Ireland, so far as I know, has there been so sharp a line of distinction between the higher orders of society and the industrial classes as in this country. No one would certainly desire to see the resemblance of relation between employers and employed in the United States, and of landlord and tenant in Ireland, perpetuated; for no one would like to see in the States what Mr. Disraeli would call two nations leading by their hostility up to the time when destructive conflict would be inevitable, or disaster from abroad would end the life of a nation endowed with great qualities in her people, with illimitable riches in her territory, but so guilty in her betrayal of trust

and faithless to her destiny as to be made a warning and a wonder to all generations yet to come. It has been stated by way of explanation of the readiness with which wealthy Americans in London sympathize with meetings of London working-men, pity the sufferings of the poorer classes there, manifest interest in the charitable organizations of that city, while they have no pity for their fellow-citizens loaded with far weightier burdens—it has been stated by way of explanation, that their hearts are moved by the sight of the honest Anglo-Saxon faces in London, while no such appeal to the sentiment of race comes in the faces of New York artisans and laborers.

I shall only observe that the London poor is of a very composite origin, and the face called Anglo-Saxon—if there be anything in the notion at all—very probably belongs to the descendant of one of the Hanoverian followers and servants that accompanied the first two Georges, and that continued to crowd to England in the reign of George III., and whose Hessian neighbors were heard of during the War of Independence. The explanation is not the true one; but it is offered to account for an inconsistency of a very remarkable character, whose source is to be traced not to the sympathy of race, but to the snobbery of new wealth which dreads contact with living memories. This is unworthy of a class that ought to aim at the realization of an aristocracy in the genuine sense of the term—the best morally. It is in their power, by taking an interest in the welfare of their poorer fellow-citizens, to effect a union of classes which will preserve the state against dangers from within or from abroad.

THE TENACITY OF POPULAR GRATITUDE.

It is only a few months ago that the death-rate of infants in a part of this city was three hundred and twenty-five in the thousand. The application of wealth to remove such a crime and its stigma would win for its owners the respect and gratitude of the people, and insure to their descendants that authority which public services have always commanded. In the gratitude of the people and their respect for the memory of men who had done well for the state, influence has long held its ground even when descendants generation after generation had done everything to forfeit it. Notwithstanding the degeneracy of great stocks in European nations, when some scion of a house displayed the great qualities of the ancestor venerated by the nation he astonished nobody—the heart of the

country went out to him and in its joy regarded him as worthy of his name and blood. In such a title as this to popular attachment is the true security for family possessions found, and not in a selfish isolation which recognizes no claim of humanity, no law but of the pound of flesh.

CONGESTION MORE DEADLY THAN PESTILENCE.

In the report of the Tenement-House Committee, which has been already quoted, there is a class of tenements characterized as "veritable slaughter-houses." Public meetings of influential citizens should be convened to elicit opinion on a state of things which might be intelligible in Bombay or in the cities of the Levant, those fever-nests and cholera-beds of Europe and the East, but which no one can understand in the most advanced nation in the world and her greatest city. Some little restrictions have been enacted by the legislature to prevent the construction of tenements for the future possessing the most flagrant evils of the old ones—with regard to the health of the tenants—but these will accomplish very little; and in the meanwhile as many lives will be lost, which could be saved, as would fill a considerable city or change the fortunes of war in a battle of the Wilderness. In the same report we are informed that in an area of 66 tenements, containing an average population of 5,460 between the years 1889 and 1893, 1,253 died. That is to say, that in a period of four years nearly a fourth of the population died. It would require a prodigious immigration to keep pace with that mortality if it were general; but there is in this specific return the pregnant fact that the high death-rate for a succession of years is exclusively owing to unsanitary conditions, and is not partly accounted for by any modifying element from another cause. In regard to some other areas where the death-rate is high, some qualifying circumstances have been introduced to divide the responsibility with the heartless selfishness of the owners of such property. For instance, nationality, habits of intemperance, and bad or insufficient food are mentioned as elements of more or less value in determining the death-rate, but to what extent is not and doubtless could not be suggested with any degree of trustworthiness. It may be said that some of these qualifying circumstances themselves are in a very distinct manner connected with the unwholesome character of the dwellings. It has been stated already that proneness to excessive use of stimulants is traceable to a considerable extent to the nervous

strain caused by the atmosphere, and I may add even the depressing influence which the filthy appearance or the gloom of these places is so calculated to produce. To some little light finds its way, to some none at all; in some cleanliness is a difficulty, in some so degraded have the occupants become that it is not thought of ordinarily.

That this is no rhetorical exaggeration appears from the more eloquent figures of the report already referred to. It tells us that in one district of the City of New York 27,952 people lived in dark rooms and 34,586 lived in badly ventilated ones. It must not be inferred that the dark rooms were well ventilated because they are classified as dark rooms. On the contrary, they are so placed because God's daylight, which brings health and healing with it, was shut out; the air was shut out because all the rentable space was needed by the landlords. These are only a few facts concerning the lives of the industrious poor of this city, but they raise the question of the housing of the poor out of the level of mere civic amelioration into the plane of national politics.

PRIVATE RIGHT THE PUBLIC WRONG.

Society cannot tolerate such crimes against it. Its existence is at stake. Immorality, recklessness, infectious disease, menace it from those unholy abodes constructed in the religion of Mammon. The public have shut their eyes too long, but they cannot pretend to ignorance with the information supplied by so many agencies as are now at work in the amelioration of the laboring classes. Reform must be of the most sweeping and searching character; areas of the city must be cleared to let in light and air, and this without regard to proprietary rights. In the interests of the people such a reform stands on the authority of a matter of police, and nothing can be offered against the passing of an enactment which shall make it an effective one. Such an enactment should vest in the local authority powers at least equal to those possessed by the London County Council for the government of what is called London County—that is, the district outside the city proper extending into the adjoining counties and forming in fact the real metropolis of England.

The acquisition of property for improvement purposes is within the power of the council in a direct way in certain cases without any restriction at all, in an indirect way in all cases with the restriction of an appeal to the Local Govern-

ment Board and the Privy Council, and in matters of a quasi-legislative character with the necessity of obtaining additional powers from Parliament. It may be said that this last fetter will probably be removed when the city proper shall be included within the council's jurisdiction. In that event the council will have power within the limits of its delegation to do all things that Parliament can do. The city of New York should possess powers like these. They could not clash with those of the State legislature, no more than forces moving in different planes can come into collision.

THE DILEMMA OF TRUSTEES.

The importance of the local authority being so fortified will be seen by the resistance offered by the trustees of Trinity Church to the enforcement of a law requiring an adequate supply of pure water on each story of an occupied house. There is no reflection meant to be cast upon the defendants by taking the case as an illustration of the views I am submitting. It is quite probable that they were discharging their duties as trustees, and it is quite conceivable that if they had not resisted on the line they took that some one representing the *cestuis que trust* would demand an account in equity, or whatever proceeding in this country is analogous to that course in England. Such powers as I suggest would override any such questions, and their possession by the local authority seems to be the only method of making New York a city in keeping with her magnificent situation, her place in the commercial world, and the energy of her inhabitants.

The expropriation of owners is, of course, not in itself beyond the competency of the legislature of a nation. Their lands are taken for public purposes or for private purposes under powers conferred by the legislatures of the world every day in the year. To confer on a railway company compulsory powers to enter land for "lock-spitting," or marking, a line and to acquire it afterward, is compelling a private owner to surrender his rights and to sell them and so much of his estate as may be required to a private purchaser. What is required in New York, I apprehend, is a public opinion strong enough to support public-spirited men in the State Legislature in obtaining for the local authority such powers as have been spoken of above, powers of city improvement to be exercised irrespective of sanitary considerations, trade interests, proprietorial rights, complications of title, or any restraint on such acquisition.

THE WINTER OF THE MIND.

BY JESSIE WILLIS BRODHEAD.



THERE blows a soft day o'er.
the frozen earth.

The top-most crystals graciously
relent,

Rush into rippling smiles of merriment
Under the west wind's captivating mirth;
Gather in tiny rills, and, hand in hand,

Carry warm messages to sleeping seed;
Search the hushed music of Pan's frozen reed,
And wake spring harmonies throughout the land.

The little rills of liberated thought
Quicken to life once more the stagnant mould
Of heart and brain. Their songs enfold
The yearly miracle their love has wrought,
Of gentleness in conquest over might,
Of tenderness to set thought's soul a-flight.



AN ELECTION IN ANCIENT ROME.

BY F. W. PELL.



IN view of the great contest, which has just closed, for the election of a President of the United States, it may not be inappropriate to give a brief sketch of the elections which used to take place in Republican Rome. We shall, of course, find many differences both in procedure and in aim, but, on the other hand, the similarities are so close as to be positively laughable at times. Human nature is slow to change, and accordingly, in an election of more than two thousand years ago, we can trace with no uncertain hand the humors, the wiles, and even at times the veritable public issues, which sway men in the nineteenth century elections.

Let us, as briefly as may be, cite a few instances in proof of our assertion :

I. And first a word as to *election tactics*. The modern politician may start at the suggestion. He may, perhaps, have been under the specific notion that election tactics were autocratic, and sprang up within recent years upon American soil, and that they are to be credited to the inherent "smartness" of the party to which he belongs. Such, however, is not entirely the case—they had reached the perfection of a fine art in days long antecedent to the fall of the Republic.

To give a case in point: It is extremely desirable that the modern candidate should be a "church-member" of some religious organization. During the weeks preceding an election he is expected to attend church once a week, and his attendance is duly chronicled in the journals of the day. Even here the venerated Roman is not to be outstripped. Cornelius Scipio whilst at Rome "went ostentatiously every morning to pray in the Temple of Jupiter, on the Capitol." These pious observances of his rendered him immensely popular with the people, and secured him high office.

With candidates for office, alike in old politics and in new, a few preliminary requirements were sometimes exacted. Either he, or his friends, or his party, were expected to provide a little ready money for campaign purposes. Of course, theoretically, no *bribery* was ever done. The laws against corruption were too severe. It was, theoretically, impossible. Still, in

ancient Roman elections we find some suspicious characters. There were some people, called *interpretes*, whose business was to bargain with the people for their votes. The *sequestres* held the cash, and the dividers (*divisores*) duly divided the amount, often without pretence of concealment. Even the immaculate Cato approved the practice in order to defeat his special foe. History repeats itself sometimes.

It is not a thing unknown that when a man is "nursing" the district which he wishes to represent he should wax beneficent. He endows a ward in a hospital, presents a park to the public, or otherwise marks his public spirit. But ancient Rome is not to be outdone. Gradually it came to pass that greater and still greater largess was demanded, and the would-be official finally had to bear the expense of the public games. A modern gentleman, with presidential aspirations, might be a trifle appalled if he knew that, for a specific time, he had to bear the entire expense of Buffalo Bill's show—yet the analogy is not overstrained.

And now we must prepare to accompany our candidate in his walks abroad, and gather still further insight into the methods of canvassing. The aspirant to public office, like other Roman gentlemen of station, has a few slaves—perhaps fifty or so, according to his wealth. His *cubicularius*, otherwise valet, attends upon him and brings him the robe which is so artistically whitened that from it he gets his name of candidate. No tunic or fancy waistcoat must be worn to-day, in order that the candidate may the better bare his breast to display the wounds acquired in the service of his country. After duly submitting himself to the hands of another slave, his barber, and after partaking of a slight but dainty breakfast, he is ready to go forth. It is market-day and he must show himself to the people, or he must go to the polling place (the Campus Martius), or pay a visit to the Forum.

On going abroad he must be accompanied not only by his supporters, but by a few of his personal slaves. They do not all accompany him upon the occasion. His cook, for instance, for whom his master had to pay more than for his doctor, or even for a learned professor, must stay at home in order with the other slaves, his satellites, to prepare toothsome morsels for the candidate and his guests on their return from the fatigues of the day's canvass. As becomes the dignity of the occasion, his *scurra*, or buffoon, will *not* accompany him, but, on the other hand, no self-respecting candidate would wish to show himself without just a few of his attendant slaves.

The services of the sedan-chair men (*cathedrarii*) to the number of six will be required. It is when speaking of these that Juvenal says nasty things, and even hints at peculation:

“When through the midday glare,
Borne by six slaves and in an open chair,
The scoundrel comes who owes his blaze of state
To a wet seal and a fictitious date. . . .”

The sedan chair, however, was a necessity of locomotion—the “hansom” of the old city.

It is a warm day—elections take place in July or August—and our candidate will also need his fan-bearer (*flabellifer*), perhaps even his umbrella-holder (*umbrellifer*).

His running footman (*cursor*) must be there; also the lackey to announce his coming (*anteambulo*), and his messenger (*viator*). These would find ample occupation at such a busy time. Very necessary, too, would be the *amanuensis*, or secretary. But even a more important personage amongst his slaves must be there too: this is the *monitor* or *nomenclator*, who judiciously prompts his master with the name and standing of the elector advancing to meet him. An official of this kind will explain much that is otherwise marvellous in the memories of royal or presidential personages.

Horace, *more suo*, satirizes the performance:

“Mercemur servum qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui fodiat latus, et cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere. . . .”

And he goes on to tell us what information the monitor gives his master: “This man has great influence with the Fabian *gens*, that one with the *gens Velina*. He can give office to whom he will.” And he instructs the candidate to address men as “brother” or “father,” according as age shall demand.

One more slave attendant we may mention, whose presence is necessary to the great man at so critical a time. This is his doctor (*medicus*), who may administer a mild drug to his master should occasion require (the conjunction of the stars having been duly observed), or who may bleed him, if he see fit, on his return home.

Arrived at the Forum, or Campus Martius, as the case may be—where, to be sure, his arrival has been duly heralded—our candidate comports himself with much dignity, and at the same time with exceeding affability. He is immediately surrounded by a host of political supporters and by his clients. It is a great

thing for a public man to have a number of clients, either hereditary or acquired. It adds immensely to his dignity.

At present he is the hero of the hour. He shakes hands laboriously with everybody. He has a kind word for all. He remembers names with marvellous facility and shows an encyclopædic knowledge of each man's family concerns. That the people may not be disappointed in having a look at their candidate, he posts himself on some mound or elevation. Nay more, such is his urbanity, he even starts upon a house-to-house visitation of the voters. We are not told whether he kisses the babies, but every other art of modern electioneering we feel sure that he employs.

II. Nor, if we inquire, shall we find that the *election issues* were so very different from modern days. Some of the topics sound wonderfully familiar. The tariff is, as with us, a favorite plaything of the legislator. Mighty promises are made by the incoming official, and, broadly speaking, we may say that the burden was gradually shifted from the shoulders of the poor until, by common consent of all parties, they were practically exempt from taxation.

Another favorite topic, not without its analogies in this country, was the pensioning of veterans. This was done with all the lavishness of a generous people, proud of the men who had shed their blood in their country's service.

Another fruitful source of debate was the *ager publicus*, the land which had fallen to Rome by conquest. Like our Indian reservations and other public lands, disinterested syndicates of wealthy Romans would fain get hold of them—for the benefit of the public, of course. Mighty were the contentions over these public lands. On the one side we find the orators declaiming with feeling as to the reasons which should guide public distribution. Plentiful allusions to the "fine old conservative" instincts which had made the country what she was, to the martial glories already achieved, and to the beauty of the present system of oligarchic rule, would not be wanting.

Or we listen for a moment to the orator on the other side. He is a dangerous person, a demagogue, possibly with a touch of socialism in him, possibly even, in modern parlance, an anarchist—if any one knows what that means. He proposes to sell the *ager publicus* and with the proceeds buy land near Rome for the poor. Perhaps he goes further: talks of throwing open all offices to the *plebs*; perhaps even, seeing the aggregation of property in the hands of a few, dares to propose limitations. A dangerous fellow this—a very dangerous fellow!

The battle is fought out in the public assemblies, and the senate reverberates with the thunder of exalted eloquence. Sometimes a little piquancy is given to debate by the impeachment of some governor who has returned, not without riches, from his province. For, strange as it may seem, politicians in ancient days became suddenly wealthy, just as in other lands, and in more modern times, politicians, by some occult process, are known to do.

Or, it is the voice of the demagogue again. (That man will assuredly come to a bad end!) He is now proposing that, inasmuch as the great mass of the people are becoming hopelessly involved in debt, the interest paid should go towards the extinction of the principal—and that interest should not exceed five per cent.! Was ever impudence like his?

III. One word more as to the *method of election*. Originally *viva voce*, it was finally by ballot. The magistrate sat in his curule chair and explained the object of the assembly. Each division took up its allotted place, under the direction of a herald. A small voting-booth (*ovile*) was erected in each case. The voter passed by a narrow passage (*pons*) to the elevated booth. At the entrance of the *pons* each citizen received his ballots, on which the names of the candidates were inscribed. Certain officials (*custodes* or *rogatores*) from each party were present to guard against fraud. The magistrate declared the result, and after a solemn prayer, and an oath to properly discharge his duties, the candidate was pronounced duly elected. Then, with much pomp and jubilation, he is escorted to his home.

Having duly arrived at his house, he proceeds to indulge in his daily antepandial luxury, a bath. A few of his slaves assist him. The *balneator* (bath-room man) rubs him down; the *unctor* anoints him; the *cinerarius* curls his hair, and now he is ready for dinner. A few friends, not more than nine, have been asked to join with him in celebrating the occasion, and our wearied politician may now take his ease. The waiters (*ministratores*) announce dinner. It consists of two courses (*mensa prima* and *mensa secunda*), the first of meats, the second of fruits and sweetmeats.

After a preliminary appetizer, our friend falls to with zest. Beginning with a few eggs, he toys with a trifle of peacock (a great Roman luxury), pheasant, nightingale, ducks, geese, stuffed boar, mullet, oysters, or other inviting delicacy. A cup of old Falernian causes him to forget the anxieties of the day, and he is now in a position to say with a more modern wit: "The world cannot injure me: I have dined!"

ON THE RIVER OF DEATH.

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.



HE stone-girt island stands in mid-current of that strange, mile-deep stream which was named by the men who knew it best, and feared it, Saguenay—River of Death. Its scant five acres harbor but one home, and St. Alexis fishers dropping down with the tide for a night's eel-fishing in the waveless bay of Tadousac cross themselves hurriedly as they drift by, and whisper to each other—the Idiot's Isle.

On the tiny beach to leeward lay the chunky boats and the drying nets of the island's inhabitants—the two Gabriels, as the village shore-folk called them, Gabriel the orphan boy of eight, and Gabriel his grandfather, who at three-score years and ten was once again a child. Time was when the old man's shiftless son made one of the little household, but after his mother's death he too had drifted down to the river-men's camps at Tadousac, leaving the Gabriels to till the little farm alone, or fish for food and pastime. For protector they had only their faithful hound, Chasseur, grown old and half blind, but perhaps still as wise as either.

"If you would only answer me, Chasseur," the boy was wont to say, stroking the silken ears, while his grandfather sat by the hearth talking to himself in eerie fashion. At times the monologue was of his dead wife; of Jean, the wayward son, or of Gabriel's mother. Again, he would murmur of Notre Dame, or *bonne Ste. Anne*, and smile as if he saw some sweet and gracious presence. Years since he had told the wondering child of the white spirit who had his little soul in charge. From that day "*Mon Ange*" became an unseen companion, as real to the boy as Chasseur's sympathetic muzzle thrust into his palm. At first Gabriel tried to steal a peep over his shoulder at the celestial guardian, but growing older it seemed more practical to talk with *Mon Ange*.

"When I say anything, grandfather," he told the old man, "*Mon Ange* answers inside my ears, only I don't hear like when you speak."

"Eh bien, my Gabriel, but if you did sin *Mon Ange* would weep."

"What is doing sin, grandfather?" questioned the child.

But the other did not seem to hear.

At the farthest point on the island from the home of the Gabriels stood a gaunt gray ruin, roofless and windowless, half hidden in a wooded dell. A century's years had passed since the valley censitaire watched stone-laden bateaux put out for the island from the northern shore. In those long-distant days a wondering whisper ran from lip to lip that Axaux Courcelli, a famous coureur du bois, with the king's price on his head, was building a towered stronghold far from the ever-watchful eye of Louis de Buade, Le Sieur Comte de Frontenac, governor of all New France. The fame of the forest rover's prowess, of the beautiful Algonquin who shared his troubled lot, and of the hidden treasure which had been diverted from the coffers of the Royal Trading Company, spread through the Canadas. But one night Iroquois canoes sped noiselessly from Pointe de Tous les Diabls, and in the morning no one was alive to tell the tragic story of the little island set mid-stream in the River of Death.

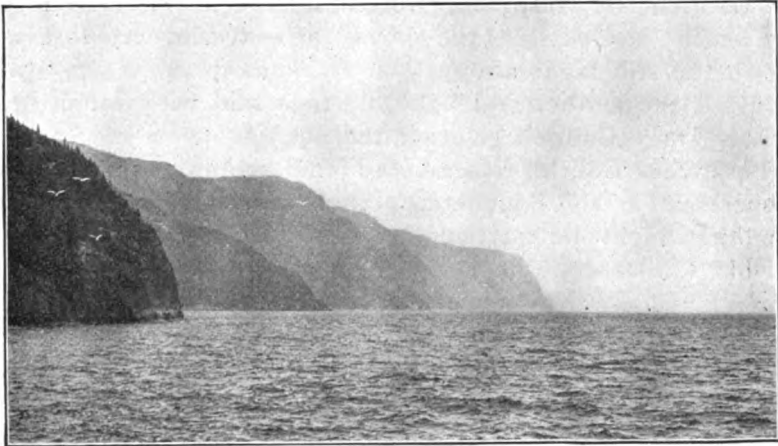
Much of this Gabriel had never heard, nor would he have understood its varied meaning. His Uncle Jean had once told so graphically of the coming of the Iroquois that the little boy lay wakeful for hours months after, waiting their second advent. That the power of the Five Nations was gone never to return he did not dream. He only knew that the lonely tower was resonant with the whirr of countless wings, while in the court-yard, flanked about with a verdant palisadé, hundreds of wild doves strutted and plumed themselves. A century before a single cote had been the pets of the murdered Algonquin girl; these were their progeny, made fearless by generations of safety.

Gabriel and Chasseur loved to sit with their backs to the old wall, and watch the shimmer of purple, gold, and green on supple necks, as the doves flitted hither and thither through the sunlit air.

One day, made venturesome by inactivity, Gabriel clambered up the vine-clad walls onto a coping, while Chasseur, gravely disapproving, watched him from the ground below. All trace of stair within the tower had long ago disappeared, and the floors sagged dangerously. Fearless and agile, Gabriel darted across the creaking planks, smitten on every side by a cloud of startled birds. The bright sunlight streaming through a case-ment showed him a high, carved mantel-shelf such as he had never seen before. Below on the hearth, where it had fallen

from its hiding-place, lay a metal-bound box. The boy dragged it out, and found it heavy; he raised it, and heard a faint clinking sound. With exhausting effort he got it to the window, and thence to the ground. Once home, both the Gabriels bent their energies to prying the cover off, and laughed gaily at sight of the yellow coins they found. Before them lay the treasure which the Fourteenth Louis, urged by Mme. de Montespán, had sought in vain. The ill-gotten sum was multiplied marvelously by report that the king's ships carried across the sea.

Now the Gabriels let the coffered treasure lie by the hearth in the little kitchen until the novelty and pleasure of its possession had passed away. The old man had quite forgotten its existence when Gabriel, with a vague stirring of



WHERE THE TOWERING TWIN CAPES BROKE THE SKY-LINE.

worldly craft, carried the iron-bound box into the open and hid it in the butt of a dead tree. Then he too forgot, and only Chasseur, the wise one, remembered, going sometimes to inspect the hiding-place.

It was just after the removal of the treasure trove that the boy found his first real plaything—a baby seal, soft and round and fearless, caught with his hands as it paddled about in a shallow of the blue St. Lawrence. For days the grandfather and Chasseur watched him attentively. It almost seemed as if they thought it natural that two young things should find their pleasure together. This almost human pet started a train of half-wistful questions that were often none the less puzzling for an answer given.

"Grandfather," he began one day, "do little seals ever grow to be salmon?"

"Yes, yes," said the old man, nodding wisely.

"But their fur, grandfather—what about their soft fur?"

"That's to keep them warm when it's cold."

"Then why," and Gabriel sprang up, one hand on the seal's sleek, dark head—"why did I never see a salmon in the weir with his fur on?"

The old man only laughed softly, bending over a broken net.

Late one night Gabriel was started into wakefulness by a hand upon his arm.

His grandfather knelt by the trundle-bed, a strangely impressive figure in the wan moonlight, with upraised hand and disordered white hair.

"Gabriel," he whispered, "listen; do you hear?" From the tiny beach just outside the house a quavering cry rose and fell on the still night air.

"It is the mother seal," the old man said with infinite tenderness; "my Gabriel, give her the pet."

For weeks Gabriel remembered the sobbing breath of the mother seal as she floundered across the stretch of sand; and from that night he was content to play only with the doves and old Chasseur.

"Why doesn't grandmother come for us? Why did she go away?" he asked next day.

"She is there," said the older child gently, pointing to where the towering twin capes broke the sky-line across the river. Till his lids grew heavy Gabriel lay upon the floor beside Chasseur, idly watching a misty moonbeam strike silver from the fish-scales by the door as he wondered how long it would be before he could climb Cape Eternity and find the grandmother who had left them long ago. "I don't see how she got up there; even Mon Ange does not know," he whispered to Chasseur.

The slow months wrought no change in the boy's singular solitude. Nearer neighbors than the passing fishers there were none, and for these the elder Gabriel showed an aversion that was parried by their superstitious fear. For miles up and down the river the gray and white laurentian hills opened only on lonely valleys where deserted homes crumbled to their decay. But while the little lad grew toward boyhood, happy and ignorant as any bird, at times a great longing came upon him for something he could not define. Once the silent, state-

ly sailing of a square-rigged timber-ship bound for the Philippines brought a choking lump to his throat and a sudden mist of tears to his bright eyes. When one night a Quebec steamer sped past the island all ablaze with light, the ponderous throb, throb of her engines mingling in solemn rhythm with the piercing sweetness of violins, Gabriel flung himself upon the ground beside Chasseur, sobbing as if his heart must break. The aged child watched the outburst anxiously, a nameless fear showing in his bleared eyes, and a spasmodic trembling stirring his placid face.

"Is it the pain, petit?" he whispered; "sometimes I too have the pain here." And he touched his forehead.

In a dim way Gabriel knew that his grandfather had not always been thus, and that his affliction had come upon him suddenly, not with advancing years. Instinctively he connected the all but fatal accident with the log-drivers and their dangerous work, because of his grandfather's feverish excitement as on each succeeding spring the winter's harvesting of timber came down the swollen river till the current was gorged with the floating wealth. Then, too, Chasseur, the wise, he of the longest memory, grew strangely restive and growled viciously at the first crunching noise of the drive. The old man would cower down in the little kitchen, his troubled eyes on the two, his withered face sunk on his open palms. For hours the air resounded with the sharpened swash of the fretted waters, the savage grinding and butting of the logs, and the short, hoarse cries of the river drivers. Then it was over, and the elders of the trio became once more their silent, peaceful selves; but the little boy pondered for weeks together on the untold story. And again Mon Ange was reticent.

It was an autumn day, clear and sharp, with a sparkle of frost in the air, and the Gabriels, with Chasseur, went out with the ebb to fish in Atlantic tide-water. When they came homeward it was late afternoon, and the hush of the waning season lay on the river. Here and there in the sun-flecked waters, that are black from the sap of hemlock forests, a snow-white porpoise played fearlessly, the only life in the fishless stream. A heron with trailing legs rose from the farther bank, and, crying twice or thrice, disappeared in a wild ravine. No sound came from the wind-bent trees crowning the Laurentides, where they towered a sheer thousand feet in air. For many minutes Gabriel sat motionless, the useless oars unshipped, as the boat

glided upstream on the strong tide. Never before had he felt so keenly the strangeness of his home. The older Gabriel was watching the younger, a meaningless content written upon his face.

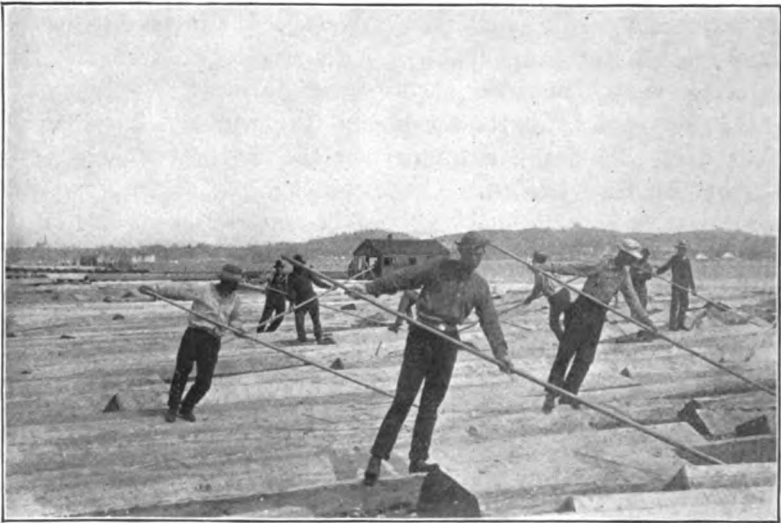
"Grandfather," began Gabriel, breaking a long silence, "who made all this? The hills and the river, I mean."

"Le bon Dieu, my Gabriel," said the other softly; "have I not told you?"

"Bien sur; but who is le bon Dieu?" insisted the boy.

A swift, beautifying smile flashed across the wrinkled face; then was gone, and instead grew a look that was almost pain.

"What was it, petit?" he asked, and Gabriel repeated the question. For a little while the elder child murmured to him-



THE LOG-DRIVERS AND THEIR DANGEROUS WORK.

self, then his voice trailed away into silence. A shadow fell on the boat, and looking up Gabriel saw that the current had brought them to the Capes de Dieu, whose bay no line can fathom. Before the black front of Trinity two bald-head eagles wheeled on wide-spread wing before their airy nest. A mile beyond Eternity a ribbon-like flight of southward-speeding birds was flung across the sky. All these wild things could come and go at will, while only he of all the world was left so strangely lonely that he did not even know the men upon the river. A sob rose in his throat; but Chasseur, wise and loving, laid his handsome head across the boy's knee, a comfortable murmur rumbling in his deep throat.

"Gabriel," said the grandfather next morning, "what did you say?"

"I only called Chasseur to come and eat," answered the boy.

"No," cried the old man, his bronzed face working pitifully in his effort at memory, "it was in the boat—you said, you said—"

"Oh! I asked who is *le bon Dieu*?"

"V'là," exclaimed the other. "In the night it made the pain; now we will go to see."

Chasseur, listening with his head cocked knowingly, barked his satisfaction, and followed to the boat. Gabriel's eyes were shining with excitement as their bow swung upstream toward the hamlets in Ha Ha Bay. Never before had they gone so boldly into the world of men. A little fishing fleet had just reached home, and half the village of St. Alphonse were gathered to watch their landing. But of this the elder Gabriel seemed unaware. His dim eyes saw only a tall, slight figure, made noticeable by the black soutane, standing just beyond the crowd. Chasseur, suddenly become a jealous guardian, kept the curious at a distance while the two Gabriels approached the curé. Some long slumbering memory carried the old man's trembling hand to his cap; and Gabriel, ignorant but adaptable, also bared his head. The curé looked from one to the other in a grave, kindly way that belied his youthful face.

"What may I do for you, my friends?" he asked at last, seeing that neither spoke.

Again the smile, swift, sweet, apologetic, swept across the patient face. "Gabriel," he said gently, "what did you say?"

"I said," began Gabriel obediently, "I said—that is, I asked who made the Laurentides."

The priest looked down at his small questioner, no trace of surprise in his glance.

"Eh bien," he said, "I think I can tell you. Will you both come home with me?"

"Ici, Chasseur," cried Gabriel, and the islanders followed their guide to the small rectory. A wealth of late white asters bloomed in the little garden, and to these the aged child went instantly. Chasseur stretched himself at the old man's feet, watching the stranger and his little playfellow with unblinking eyes. For a long time they talked, slowly, quietly, but Gabriel's sun-browned cheeks were hot from excitement. Without warning he had come into a new world, and the earth he knew was of a sudden peopled with the unseen.

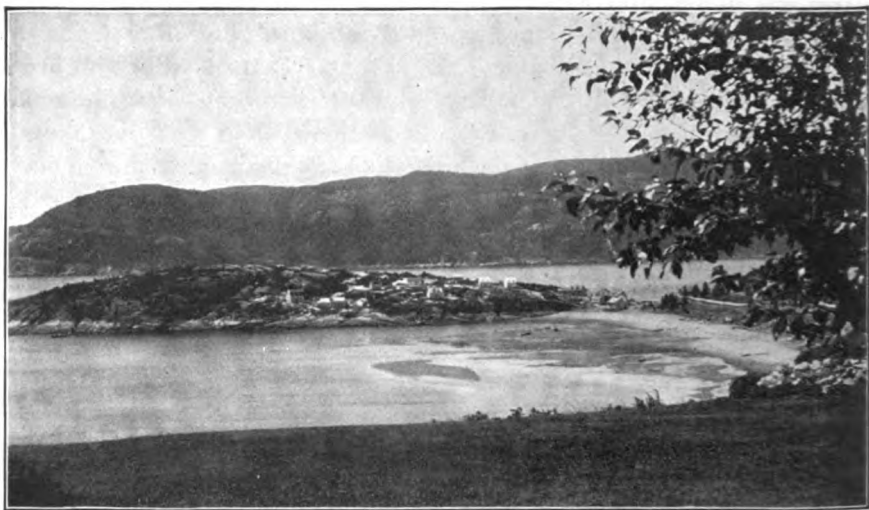
"Enough for to-day," said the curé, rising at length; "let us go to your grandfather."

A dozen steps and they stood beside the quiet figure and its half-suspicious guard.

"Bon Gabriel," said the priest, "do you not know me, Julien Damast?" But the old man only smiled, and felt uneasily for his cap.

"Do you know, grandfather?" cried Gabriel, amazed; but the curé motioned for silence.

"Bon Gabriel," he said again, and the boy noticed with quick perception that he spoke very simply and slowly, "will you not bring the child again before many days? Yes? That is good. Enfin, I will go with you to the boat."



THE ISLANDERS WENT BACK TO THEIR ISLAND.

So the islanders went back to their island, having furnished a day's gossip to the habitants of St. Alphonse; but through the haze that clung about the elder Gabriel one trenchant fact had cleft its way. The boy must go again to Ha Ha. And go he did, his grandfather and Chasseur attending.

The weeks passed, and the chill winds swept down from the north, freezing the river; but still the curé of St. Alphonse said always, "Bon Gabriel, will you not bring the child again before many days?" And the old man murmured an affirmative.

"Are you never lonely on the island?" the priest asked the boy.

"Oh, no, mon père! We have fine plays, Chasseur, Mon Ange, and me."

"Who is Mon Ange?" questioned the other.

Gabriel laughed merrily.

"Why I thought *you* would know Mon Ange," he answered, and then told all that he could explain.

When the ice stretched strong and unbroken from shore to shore Gabriel went alone to St. Alphonse on skates or snowshoes, and now he even carried a ragged book.

"Gabriel," said the curé during one lesson, "is your grandfather never better than when I saw him."

"Never, mon père," answered the boy simply. He was still too new to worldly ways of thought to realize the immensity of his elder's loss. A sudden brightness as of unshed tears rose in the other's eyes.

"My child," he said sadly, "I knew your grandfather far otherwise. Shall I tell you? Yes. Lay down the book. This is the greater lesson. It was over a dozen years ago, up the river at Chicoutimi. Your grandfather was strong then, and still skilful on the cribs. Alors, one spring when the logs came down there was a deadlock that piled up forty feet, halting the current. It lasted for days, and we that were boys—heedless ones—played on rafts in the shallow pools at the foot of the incline. Our last day's sport was broken early one afternoon when suddenly the water began to rise. They had pried the key-log free, and loosed the jam without warning! A little more, and we boys on our frail raft would be ground to death *bien sur*. On the shore they screamed. Then they cried out on seeing your grandfather. He had sprung on a great square timber and was dashing it toward us by means of a driving-pole. To-night I can even remember that a young dog crouched by his feet, a dog like your old Chasseur. Perhaps it is the same. Who knows? Not you, nor I. We could hear the barking of the great sticks when your grandfather jumped on our raft. Next minute we were safe in shore—safe all save our rescuer. As we leapt, the light raft tipped and sank, carrying him under. Before he could rise the logs came thundering down. They dragged him out, and he lay as one dead for weeks. When he grew strong the injury still remained. He was our hero. Alas that great deeds are so soon forgotten! Your grandmother was a proud woman. She could not bear that any one should point the finger of scorn at her husband, so she went to the island. Voilà! you have the story. Now it is time you went home."

As Gabriel sped through the vast loneliness of the northern night the fitful flashes that stream from the unfound pole lightened the gray-white sky. But for the snap of frost-riven branches, or the echoing boom of a bursting tree on the wooded shores a great silence brooded over the River of Death. Beneath his feet a slow, ponderous heaving of the ice told that the thaw was at hand. A little later and the mounds and floes would rush down to the great river and thence to the mighty gulf.

Chasseur rose from the door-stone with a grunt of satisfaction as Gabriel flashed into sight. With the quickened instinct bred of his free life the boy knew without words that all was not well. In the firelit kitchen his grandfather sat talking aloud, and fingering the golden length of his dead wife's wedding-chain reverently as it were a rosary.

"Gabriel!" he called excitedly; "ici, mon Gabriel, Jean has come back again."

A tall, unkempt figure slouched out of the shadow. "Make haste, garçon," said the stranger brusquely; "I'm starved with the cold."

Gabriel examined the new-comer from head to foot in one swift glance. "Be careful or you'll tread on Chasseur, Uncle Jean," was all he said.

An ill wind had suddenly swept through the erstwhile peaceful house. The old man babbled no more of *bonne Ste. Anne*. Sighing, he hid the treasured wedding-chain beneath his pillow and covered it out of sight. Even *Mon Ange* withheld his wordless communings, being perhaps as sad as his small charge was wrathful.

"Is he always like that now?" asked Jean, listening to the low-voiced monologue, brutal contempt in his tone.

"No; only once in a long time," answered the boy half-defiantly. It was his first lie.

All next day Jean spent in a minute and furtive inspection of the little house from sills to rafters. Gabriel came upon him in the kitchen trying to bully his father. With a low growl Chasseur sprang at him savagely, and had to be hauled off by the frightened Gabriel.

"You're not angry with me, Jean?" asked the father timidly, watching his son's sullen face turned toward the frozen river; "on my life I know not of any silver."

Were he asked for yellow gold he might have remembered the treasure, but money as money had little meaning to the islanders. Only Gabriel and Chasseur, as they listened, looked

long into each other's eyes, and stood silent. From them Jean would never learn of the box in the rotting tree.

Another day, and Jean came back to the little house white and trembling. He had risked and almost lost his worthless life in a fruitless search of the ruined tower. The Tadousackers who talked so glibly of the old forest rover's buried wealth knew not of what they spoke. How he hated them all in his disappointment!

His journey vain, he was now a prisoner on the island. The floes were afloat, and drowned ice is a dangerous enemy to the stanchest boat. For days Gabriel and Chasseur kept an armed truce, guarding the defenceless old man. One night they silently watched Jean measuring by finger-lengths the long gold chain that had been Dame Gabriel's marriage gift from a grateful, if impractical, Quebec mistress. For a long time the boy wondered on the meaning of the greedy look that flashed and faded in his uncle's eyes. If Chasseur knew he could not tell, and once more Mon Ange was silent.

On the day when the last ice drifted by, opening the way for Jean's return to Tadousac, the world seemed waked to a new life. A delicate gray-green mist clung to either bank, with beyond the dazzling whiteness of the arctic world. Far across the black waters a wild bird called to its mate. A little bell on a chapel of the Récollets rang soft and low for a feast. But calm and peaceful as it seemed, there was something wrong about the river.

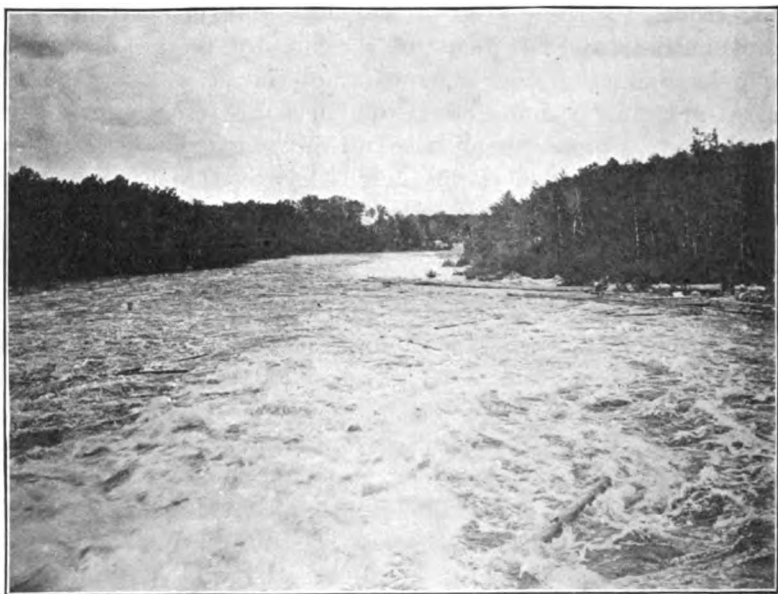
Chasseur felt it and whined dismally, standing upon the brink. Instinctively Gabriel knew it, and warned his uncle, who was restlessly launching a boat. Even the grandfather scanned the stream with strangely observant eyes. But, river-man that he was, Jean failed to hear the whispering sound as of myriad distant voices that ran close to the surface of the water. As he leapt into the boat some inches of shining chain slipped from a pocket.

Instantly the old man saw it and sprang toward him.

"Margaret, my Margaret!" he cried; "give it to me."

Next moment he staggered back stunned by the descending blow. With a cry Gabriel ran to him, but Chasseur dashed silent and savage toward the man in the boat. Had he reached him vengeance swift and sure would have followed, but the old hound fell short of the mark. Standing shoulder deep in the icy water he bayed maledictions at the receding figure. It seemed a long time before the old man roused and struggled to his feet.

"Mes amis," he stammered, a strange new light in his eyes, "are the children safe? It was none too soon. Merci le bon Dieu, I can still run the logs. Let no one tell Margaret. She would even scold." And he smiled the tender smile of one whom a great love has made timid. Then he glanced at the frightened child. "Pauvre petit, was your brother upon the raft? Go home, that your mother may kiss away the tears." As he spoke a truant log bounded down stream, showing black on the flood that was smitten golden from shore to shore by the slanting beams of the setting sun. "Look!" he



AS HE SPOKE A TRUANT LOG BOUNDED DOWN STREAM.

cried, "the jam is loosed at last. What is that?" and he pointed to the now distant boat. Then: "It is Jean, my Jean, and the logs are coming down. Let no one tell Margaret." With the strength of his youth he ran to a high-beached canoe, running it into the stream. Gabriel, stricken motionless with surprise that was almost terror, saw as through a veil that his grandfather knelt in the stern of the little shell, paddling with long, powerful strokes. In the bow stood Chasseur, his faithful eyes fixed on his old master. A mile away Jean was making frantic signals of distress. In his blind haste he had made off in a rotten boat, and was baling with desperate energy.

It was some time before the boy knew that the river was

hidden beneath a great moving floor. Then his ears were deafened with the thundering noise of the drive.

In mid-stream the tossing boats were already surrounded by the crowding, crashing logs. Father and son, with Chasseur, sprang onto the nearest timbers. A hoarse cry from the river drivers came to them all too late. "O-hu-hee-hoi!" called the old river-man in answer, and the voice that had mumbled for years rang sharp and clear. Jean stumbled and would have fallen only his father caught him to his breast. "It is the death, my Jean," he said in the other's ear; "let us prepare." The enfeebled son broke into a passion of nervous tears, but the old man never faltered. Could the curé have seen him then he would have known that at last bon Gabriel had climbed to Sinai.

"It is well, my Jean; it is well," he murmured thoughtfully, his arm round the other's shoulders; "but I would that you had been spared. It will break the mother's heart. My Margaret, my Margaret! Look!" he cried above the awful roar, "it may be we are to live. The logs are closing in!"

For a moment Gabriel saw his grandfather running the logs, apparently guiding Jean, and with Chasseur leaping before him. Beyond and all about lay a chaotic, grumbling mass, but the spare figure with white, wind-blown hair seemed to dominate the rafts. Then a great butt log sprang upward just before him, breast-high, in the stream; and Gabriel sank to his knees with a moaning cry. When he looked again the rafts were gone, and the river all but deserted. Only a couple of men on a crib were poling slowly about searching for something. Beside him on the beach lay his grandfather's old coat; before him the still black waters. The men on the crib might search for ever and aye for the three who had gone together into the River of Death!

The tide ebbed and the tide rose, darkness fell and the sun shone again before Gabriel realized that the three would never return. Twilight had shrouded the rugged valley in tender shadows when a gray fishing-boat drifted slowly into Ha Ha Bay. Village children hailed it merrily, but the boy who sat in the stern did not seem to hear. Only when kindly hands had made the old boat fast did Gabriel raise his head to find the curé bending over him.

"They did not come back," he said almost dreamily. "O mon père! where have they gone?"

THE CHURCH AS A GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

BY CHARLES H. MCCARTHY.



EVERY thoughtful student of American history must have observed with surprise the abruptness with which it is invariably introduced. This criticism applies with equal force to all writers upon the subject, whether eminent or obscure. A brief eulogy upon the genius and character of Columbus, a rapid sketch of the more important voyages of the Spanish, English, and French navigators, and the reader finds himself, after the perusal of a few pages, entertained by a minute and often a tedious narrative of the struggling settlement at Jamestown. The hardships endured by the early colonists taught them to rely upon their powers, and accustomed them to those habits of self-government which laid the foundation of their future greatness. Indeed, if we wish to clearly comprehend the growth of civil liberty in America, no fact in any way affecting the first settlers is too insignificant to be recorded, and no objection is made to the fulness which characterizes nearly every work upon this portion of our country's history; but if it be granted that the career of the United States has exerted an influence upon the progress of liberty and civilization, the nature of the forces which made known to Europeans the existence of a new world is worthy the most patient investigation. Of the causes which led to the discovery of America one at least was remote; others had their origin long before the birth of Columbus; and an attempt to trace the growth of all would form a lengthy introduction to a history of the United States; the historian must commence at some point, and it is objected only that he begins too near the middle of his subject. However, to omit all reference to the most important element in the discovery is to slight that portion of historical writing which possesses a peculiar charm to the student who looks for something beyond the barren details of chronology.

EARLY VOYAGES OF THE MONKS.

In tracing the progress of geographical knowledge it is not essential to the present argument to describe any events of

earlier date than the eighth century. To the most intrepid explorers of that time little was known of the world except Europe and the narrow strip of Africa to the north of the Sahara; in Asia the plains of Turkestan marked the north-eastern, and the Indies the eastern, boundary of civilization, though in reality an accurate knowledge of the East did not extend far beyond the shores of the Mediterranean.

From the death of St. Patrick scarcely half a century had passed when Irish missionaries engaged earnestly in the war which paganism was waging upon the Christian world. Their piety and eloquence was rewarded by the conversion of northern England; they crossed to Burgundy and Flanders, and penetrated even into Italy and Switzerland, where the canton of St. Gall still commemorates the labors of an Irish monk. Such zeal could not be confined within the limits of the known world, and their discovery of Iceland, early in the eighth century, made a contribution to the geography of the north. The Norwegians, who afterward visited the island, were converted to Christianity and pushed thence to the inhospitable shores of Greenland. Indeed, it is claimed that America, even in that early age, was temporarily added to the realms of Christendom; but upon this it is not necessary to insist, as the Norse discovery and settlement of America is still a subject of controversy, and there are abundance of facts without invading the regions of doubt.

THE CRUSADES STIMULATE DISCOVERY.

The remarkable enterprises known as the Crusades added something to the ideas entertained of the East beyond the country of Palestine, and in those protracted wars Europeans became familiar with the luxuries of the Indies. Even the class of writers who denounce as fanatic the soldiers of the cross admit that those huge invasions of Asia stimulated the curiosity as well as the piety of the pilgrim, and it is, perhaps, as much to the spirit thus excited as to the allurements of trade that the uncles of Marco Polo found their way, late in the twelfth century, to the court of Genghis Khan, whose military successes swept away all political barriers from the China Sea to the river Dnieper. In the boundless territory ruled by his descendants the traveller was free to visit places of interest, and the trader, in perfect security, to attend to the requirements of commerce. To a degree before or since unknown central Asia was thrown open to the enterprise of

Christendom, and the liberal policy adopted by the illustrious founder of this house characterized also the government of his grandson Kublai Khan, the ablest of his successors. To his enlightened court thronged priests, princes, and soldiers. The most fanciful creation of romance has scarcely equalled in interest many actual occurrences of the fourteenth and the preceding centuries; of the recorded adventures of those times some served the purpose of entertaining a generation, and then passed for ever into oblivion; others, more fortunate in their connection with important events, survive in all the charm of their original attractions. Marco Polo's account of Asiatic magnificence and Eastern civilization is of interest in modern times chiefly because of its influence upon the mind and its effect upon the memorable voyages of Columbus. This, however, was not his only service to mankind. In the thirteenth century he penetrated into the remote East far beyond the conquests of Alexander, and even the conjectural regions indicated on the charts of Ptolemy; he first made known to Europeans the greatness of the Mogul emperor who, through both Polo and his uncles, sent to Rome several embassies for missionaries. The Holy Father was not indifferent to such appeals, and Polo had scarcely quitted his royal employment at Peking when, in 1295, a Franciscan friar, John of Monte Corvino, began his labors in the most populous portion of the pagan world. Years of sacrifice and toil were finally rewarded by a multitude of converts; the faithful missionary was joined by numerous coadjutors, and soon after consecrated Archbishop of Peking, then called *Cambulac*. The beginning of the fourteenth century saw Christianity flourishing in all the principal cities of Eastern China; the fair province was illuminated by the light of the gospel, and it then seemed as if the religion and the civilization of Europe was about to become permanently established among the disciples of Confucius.

APPEARANCE OF THE MOSLEMS.

But the Mongolian dynasty was already tottering on the verge of destruction; half a century ended the prosperity of Christianity in the East, and one hundred and forty years after the death of Genghis Khan his feeble descendants were driven from power by a revolt of the native Chinese. Night came down on the East; Islam recovered its grasp over central Asia, and the world of Christendom was again contracted to almost its former limits. With the narrow policy which has

distinguished them down to our own time, the Chinese dynasty kept foreigners at a distance. Missionaries were regularly despatched from Avignon, but they went forth into darkness and were heard of no more. In speaking of monks even Gibbon is forced to acknowledge that "a philosophic age has abolished, with too liberal and indiscriminate disdain, the honors of those spiritual heroes"; and he adds: "The meanest among them are distinguished by energies of mind." Another Protestant writer says that nearly all our information of central Asia, in that age, is derived from the Franciscans, to whom we are indebted for the first mention of Cathay.

The enterprising cities of Venice and Genoa were not slow to profit by the intelligence of the ecclesiastics, and the merchant followed fast in the footsteps of the priest. A regular overland trade was begun with the East, and Europe soon found that the pearls, spices, and silks of India had become articles of necessity. This profitable commerce was brought to an end, however, by the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and henceforth the fanaticism of the victorious Mohammedans made intercourse with the East both hazardous and expensive. Columbus, just emerging from boyhood, must have foreseen the disastrous effects of Ottoman supremacy upon the commerce of his native city; but the same force which opened up a route to the order of St. Francis operated with undiminished vigor in another direction.

DISCOVERIES OF THE PORTUGUESE.

Early in the fifteenth century Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator, withdrew from the gayety of a court in which his genius promised a brilliant career, and dedicated the remainder of an active life to the advancement of Christianity and the welfare of his country. The unsettled state of that kingdom compelled him sometimes to devote a year or two to the service of the public; but, with these occasional interruptions, annually from 1418 to 1460, the year of his death, expeditions under his direction left Point Sagres, or Cape St. Vincent, where he had built an observatory and gathered round him for the advancement of learning scientific men from every enlightened nation of Europe. The western coast of Africa was gradually explored and at length a mariner was found daring enough to pass Cape Bojador. An account of these discoveries was promptly conveyed to the pope; his approval of the enterprises was solicited, and Henry, fore-

seeing that many voyages would follow, prayed for a "concession in perpetuity to the crown of Portugal of whatever lands might be discovered beyond Cape Bojador to the Indies inclusive," especially submitting to His Holiness that "the salvation of the natives was the principal object of his labors." No such request was ever refused at Rome, and the Holy Father promptly complied with the prince's petition. A bull then issued was afterward confirmed by Popes Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. The limit of every expedition was appropriately marked by a stone cross, and the navigator who erected it farthest south was invariably rewarded by the generosity of Henry. The hope of reward encouraged many who would have been deterred by the misfortunes of their predecessors; but notwithstanding the approbation of the church and the inducements of the prince, it required more than fifty years for the timid mariners of that day to creep southward along the five thousand miles of the African coast. At length, in 1487, a captain named Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and eleven years later Da Gama, following the same route, arrived at Calicut, on the western coast of Hindustan. The Portuguese thus became sole masters of the Indies, which they possessed for more than a century. On June 1, 1491, *over fifteen months before the discovery of America*, a Catholic church was dedicated on the banks of the Congo and many converts were made by the zealous missionaries of Portugal. The physical features of Ethiopia were explored by or correctly reported to them by native chiefs, and their charts of that region are remarkable for accuracy. The existence on their maps of lakes, rivers, and mountains long doubted by men of science have been verified by the greatest explorers of our own time. Prince Henry has been justly called the originator of "continuous modern discovery"; the impetus which his genius gave to maritime science has been the subject of deserved praise, but the motive which urged him to persist in finding a passage to India is seldom sufficiently emphasized. As he repeatedly asserts in his letters, it was neither the wish to extend the dominions of Portugal nor the desire to engage in profitable trade with the natives of Africa, that sustained for a lifetime his noble efforts; though not indifferent to the advantages which his country derived from those discoveries, his great anxiety was to confer on the heathen the blessings of Christianity.

As already mentioned, the destruction of Italian com-

merce followed the fall of Constantinople and forced the enterprising seamen of Venice and Genoa to seek service in other lands. More than any other it was this cause which drove Columbus from his native city and conferred on Spain the honor of patronizing the greatest maritime exploit recorded in history. This same cause gave the Cabots, with their vast discoveries, to England and Verazzano to France.

As Portugal was the centre of nautical activity in the generation following the death of Prince Henry, there is nothing singular in the appearance, toward the latter part of the fifteenth century, of Columbus in the streets of Lisbon. Already cherishing projects of discovery, he eagerly took part in the expeditions of the Portuguese, in whose service he sailed over every league of the North Atlantic. Disgusted with the baseness of the king, he eventually quitted Lisbon for the Spanish court. Of his varying fortunes in that country it is necessary to recall only the memorable interview of Father Perez and Isabella, when considerations of enlarged dominions and the assurance of boundless wealth were disregarded; it was an appeal to the religious principle in her nature that finally determined the queen to assume all the risks of the experiment.

RELIGIOUS MOTIVES OF COLUMBUS AND MAGELLAN.

The character of Magellan alone, among the heroes of that age, will bear comparison with that of Columbus. A biographer of the former tells us that he was singularly free from every trace of bigotry and that the religious idea had taken deep root in his mind; yet this same writer is perplexed to find the principle which sustained him in his severest trials. The theories of revenge upon his sovereign, of ambition, and of noble birth have all been offered in explanation, and each has been set aside as unsatisfactory. From the same author we learn that Magellan's influence secured, in eight days, the conversion of 2,200 natives of an island in the Philippine group. His officers and men, anxious to begin barter with the people, were for opening their booths at once; but, with a noble disregard of all temporal interests, he first undertook to convert the entire population of the islands. The closing scenes of his eventful history, if studied in the proper spirit, would explain many achievements of that restless age.

The inability to understand the career of either Columbus or Magellan is only another proof that non-Catholic writers, no matter how candid, cannot fully appreciate the motives

which animated even the greatest of heroes in the Ages of Faith, and nothing has done more to darken the records of the past than the so-called school of modern historical criticism. The great deeds of Diaz, Da Gama, Columbus, and Magellan were the natural outcome of previous activity; the cause of that activity is to be sought in the lives of those who carried the gospel to the confines of the known world. What urged the disciples of Columba over the billows of the North Atlantic to the distant shores of Iceland; what attracted the Crusaders to Palestine; what sent the Franciscans to China and the valley of the Congo? Something nobler than curiosity, something higher than ambition, something beyond even the hope of fame. It was the Divine command: "*Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature.*" This it was that gave the first unquestioned proof of the form and magnitude of the globe. It is not claimed that the church, as an organization, fitted out expeditions to enlarge the bounds of geographical knowledge; but history shows that the apostolic spirit, with unerring instinct, led her fearless missionaries to every land inhabited by man, leaving to modern geographical societies the discovery of some thousand square miles of barren waste. The encouragement of the church in this as in all departments of human activity marked every enterprise conducive to the welfare of man.

Were these arguments distinguished by entire novelty, or drawn, even in part, from Catholic sources, it might seem necessary to add a word in their defence; but as the facts set forth may be found scattered over the pages of Protestant writers from Humboldt down to Justin Winsor, they are submitted without comment.





ECHOES.

In Memoriam.

BY BERT MARTEL.

F a love that did not last,
 Of a happiness now past,
 Of a dream that flittered fast,
 These fairy echoes tell.
 Lovelier far than violet pale,
 Lovelier far than girlhood frail,
 Lovelier far than lover's tale,
 Is their silent spell.

They tell me of the tears we shed,
 They tell me of the farewell said,
 They tell me of a mother dead,
 Sad-sweet echoes they.
 Still a magic's in their strain,
 Still a pleasure's in their pain,
 How I wish them back again
 When they flee away.



A STUDY IN SHAKESPEAREAN CHRONOLOGY.

SECOND PAPER.

BY APPLETON MORGAN.



IF one of the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*—who may have done me the honor to follow these papers—should be asked what, if he could lift the curtain of ages and peep in upon the London life of Elizabethan England, would be the most interesting sight he could possibly choose to see, I doubt if he could mention anything more interesting than would be a glimpse of Shakespeare in his study, at work upon one of his plays. Would such a reader credit me if I asserted that, so minute has been the modern school of Shakespearean study, we can actually lift a corner of that curtain and afford him just that glimpse?

We have seen that, as these various companies of actors performed the pieces written or rewritten for them, and as the report of these performances reached the court, it began to be the custom for the queen to signify to her lord chamberlain her royal pleasure that one or another of these companies should be summoned to act, before the court itself, one of the pieces that had won the applause of popular audiences outside. On conveying this royal invitation to the company selected, the lord chamberlain would also demand that the *répertoire* of the company be delivered to him, and on selecting a particular play would himself read—or order his master of the revels to read—it over in order to be sure that nothing distasteful to her majesty's ear should fall from the actor's lips in her presence. When a particular play was thus selected by him it would be referred back to the company with orders to produce that play at a certain date, at a certain palace. The manager of the company would then send for the author, inform him that his play had been selected, and give him the opportunity to rewrite or revise or prune it as he thought best—an opportunity which we may be sure that the author, in view of the great distinction of having his play witnessed by royalty and his anxiety to avoid any possible pretext for a reconsideration by the lord chamberlain, would very zealously

and sedulously improve. This rewriting, or improving, of an old play was, it appears, in the turgid speech of the day, called "augmenting" or "newly augmenting" a play.

HIS FIRST PLAY IN PRINT.

Now, in the winter of 1598-1599 this opportunity came to Shakespeare, and in due course he was notified that one of his plays had been selected for presentation at court. It is believed that on this occasion the play selected was his "Love's Labour's Lost"; that he rewrote the finer parts of it, and that, when these rewritten parts were handed to the printers, these printers were misled by the fact that the emendations were either written on slips not intelligibly marked as substitutes for the original text, or because they were written on the margins of the text, or by some other means, and so not only printed the original but the rewritten text, so that both of these stand to-day. And this accident, as we claim, actually lets us into the secret of Shakespeare in his workshop—reveals to us his method of amplifying and amending his own passages, of recatching the drift of his own earliest purposes or intuitions, lingering over them and getting more and more out of them—"striking the second heat upon the muses' anvil," as Ben Jonson left us his assurance that it was Shakespeare's wont to do. (It is true that, by that perversity which will never permit us to accept any verbal statement of one of Shakespeare's contemporaries without being pointed to a distinct contradiction thereof either by the individual himself or by some one of his *confrères*, Ben Jonson himself told Drummond of Hawthornden that "Shakespeare wanted art." But the instance we are about to dwell on would make it appear as if Ben's poetry was more reliable than his prose.)

But to elucidate this evidence and to explain this happy blunder of the printer (happy in that it has offered us a most unique and solitary example of Shakespeare in mufti; in preparation; at his literary toilet, as it were), I must ask the reader to take with me some rather technical approaches to our demonstration.

The proof that the play was selected; that it was "newly augmented" for this presentation, and that it was played before the queen, we are happily able to present by ocular demonstration, for here is the title-page itself, printed in 1598, declaring that the play was William Shakespeare's, that it was newly corrected and augmented by him, and that it had been

played before Queen Elizabeth herself on the Christmas before. Moreover, as this title-page is actually the first title-page in point of time on which Shakespeare's name occurs, we conclude that the hard-working young dramatist actually earned his spurs by this play, and was accorded the privilege



A
PLEASANT
Conceited Comedie
CALLED,
Loues labors lost.

**As it vvas presented before her Highnes
 this last Christmas.**

**Newly corrected and augmented
 By *W. Shakespere.***



**Imprinted at London by *W.W.*
 for *Cutbert Burby.*
 1598.**

of being known among the coterie of wits and scholars he was so soon to distance out of sight.

THE DRAMATIST AS A COURTIER.

There were reasons enough, internal to the text, why the play of "Love's Labour's Lost" should be extremely popular

with the general. Its allusion to the destruction of the Spanish Armada—which had been the work of the elements, by the way, although always cherished as an example of the remarkable superiority of English prowess over the rest of mankind—is unmistakable in the character of Armado, the Spanish nobleman. The Spaniards whom Shakespeare and his contemporaries saw were high bred, courtly, and noble, were far from being vapid, foolish, and pretentious. But Shakespeare pats the self-love of his audience on the back by making Armado (which is all but *Armada*) a tolerated nuisance to the court, a butt and a laughing-stock to the stupidest set of peasants that Shakespeare could delineate; to make him rejected by an English peasant lass for the sake of a clown, and fooled to the top of his bent by a baby, the shrewd little Moth, was doubtless delightful to an English audience, as helping them to hug themselves for their own cleverness and perspicacity. Shakespeare was always exactly in step with the temper of his time and his sittings; but careful to watch the tone of the court as well. A noble Spaniard had but lately shared the English throne with his spouse, the stately and imperious Mary. But Elizabeth was glad, just now, to be as different from her sister, the late queen, as possible, and so she too might have giggled at the dandified flourishes of Armado (as un-Spanish, by the way, as they could well be made). A very few years later on, however, when King James wished his son Charles to marry a Spanish princess, the court became anxious to conciliate Spain in every way, and so particularly unwilling that public offence be given to Spaniards. The lord chamberlain and his master of the revels of that date were as careful to keep offensive allusion to a Spaniard out in 1622 as they were greedy to keep the lampoon on poor Armado in in 1598. In another Shakespearean play, the “*Much Ado About Nothing*,” when Dom Pedro says that Benedict must surely be “in love,” since he dresses “like a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hips upward, no doublet,” the stage censor directed that this simple allusion to a Spaniard without a doublet be expunged, making Dom Pedro only say that Benedict had a penchant for appearing as “A Dutchman to-day and a Frenchman to-morrow” (and so the sentence stands in these two forms, in the 1600 Quarto and the 1623 Folio). The camel bolted whole in 1598 was a gnat to strain at and throw out

in 1622! "Nice customs," even Latin idioms, "courtesy to great kings." Henry the Eighth cut off the head of his most faithful minister for writing too correct Latin,* and Shakespeare, who tells us the story, was careful himself not to overlook its moral!

Then, again, the play was attractive to the wits, punsters, and poetasters, and scribblers of verses and euphuistic stuff who hung around the ante-rooms of Elizabeth's courts. The by-play, the tricks with speech, attempted both by the courtiers and the peasants, as dainty in the one case as clumsy in the other, are clearly burlesques on the "fad" of euphuism, which at about that time had violently attacked both peer and peasant alike.

SHAKESPEARE A PRACTICAL PLAYWRIGHT.

But we must never forget that, had these plays never been popular with the masses (the gods in the gallery, as we would say now), they could never have been printed either by the printers or by Shakespeare himself; and had they not been printed, they never would have come down to us at all. And so, since it was the low comedy characters which gave them this popularity with the masses, we should make our salaam to those—to Pistol, to Nym and Bardolph, those "irregular humorists" of the Henry play; to Dogberry and Verges, to Holofernes and, above all, to Falstaff, for the privilege of having any Shakespeare to read and to speculate about at all! If called upon to state the net results of almost twenty years of Shakespeare study, I think now that I should put it thus: Shakespeare was a practical playwright. He was much more, but he was *that*, first, last, and all the time. And he was not ashamed of it! Being a playwright, he could not afford to be obscure. He earned friends and fortune not by posing for the grammarian, the purist, the cryptographer, or the conjectural reader; but by packing his theatres. He flashed his meanings and made his points from the mouths of his actors to the understanding of his audience. Has immortality come to him because he was the soul of his age—the applause, delight, and wonder of his stage—or in spite of it? Would he have been more widely studied, worshipped, and loved to-day if he had been unintelligible to his own neighbors? Would he have been the soul of any other age, had he not first been the soul of his own? For myself I should not care to waste a moment in arguing these questions.

* "Henry the Eighth," III. ii. 314.

UNSUSPECTED ERUDITION OF THE AUTHOR.

We will never probably quite understand Shakespeare's reason for writing this curious play of "Love's Labour's Lost." There was evidently some purpose in it, and the names and parts show a deeper familiarity with dramatic and general literature than has been suspected of Shakespeare at this early period of his career. In Italian comedy of the date the favorite characters were a Pedant and a Braggart, the Thraso of the Latin, the "Captain Spavento" of the Italian stage. And so we find that the Quarto stage directions use the abbreviations *Arma.* for Armado, and *Brag.* for Braggart, interchangeably, as also are *Ped.* for Pedant and *Hol.* for Holofernes. (And I may remark here that it is not unusual in both the Quartos and the Folios to find the stage directions using the part of the performer instead of his stage name—as *Clowne* for Costard or Touchstone, the two grave-diggers in "Hamlet," who are called *Icl.* and *Other*, and *Clow.* in the marginals for the players' guidance.) Which reveals, among other things, that the stock company at Shakespeare's theatres was equipped for any play that might be presented with a clown, so that it was only necessary for the stage editor to note that such a character was to be taken by the actor who did the low comedy clown business. The name "Holofernes," too, and the character, are borrowed from the Gargantua of Rabelais. The fact that the play breaks all the rules of comedy by not ending by all the high characters marrying (that is, by being a Love's Labor Lost) is another indication, I think, that there was some special purpose in this play. It is, indeed, a play by itself. And Shakespeare's consummate art was taxed to make acceptable what would certainly have been extremely tiresome otherwise—the stilted speech and no action of Armado, the everlasting puns of the courtiers, and the clumsy experiments of the peasants with words they could not understand. Nor did he omit here that animosity to school-masters which he seems to have acquired under the birch of Master Thomas Hunt, and which he is never quite able to suppress. He has no delicate touches to modify the fat-headed complaisance of Holofernes, the pedant; and, in the comments of the two rival village ignoramuses, Shakespeare gives him the immense preponderance of asininity.

As in all other Shakespeare plays, the "Love's Labour's Lost" bears traces of, or resemblances to, literature which at

that day was held to be classical. The sentence, "They have been at a great feast of languages and have stolen the scraps," reminds us of Æschylus' saying that his tragedies were "scraps" from the great feast of Homer. And there is a sort of reminiscence in its action of a statement in Monstrelet's chronicles about a Charles, King of Navarre, who once made some exchanges of territory with the French king, which transaction involved the payment of "200,000 gold crowns of the coin of our Lord the King." As for the rest, students think that the play is full of thumb-nail sketches of more celebrated characters in the later plays—that Jaquenetta is a first draft of Audrey, Costard of Touchstone, Biron and Rosaline of Benedict and Beatrice, and the Interlude of The Nine Worthys of the more finished burlesque of Bottom's "Pyramus and Thisbe" before the Duke of Athens. And it is also supposed that Shakespeare's success at introducing a play within a play (a thing none of his contemporary dramatists ever tried) led to its repetition not only in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" but in "Hamlet," and suggested the dumb shows in "Richard III." and elsewhere in the plays. And again in Sir Philip Sidney's Masque, "The Lady of the May," written in Queen Elizabeth's honor in 1578, and performed in the queen's presence on the occasion of her visit to Wanstead House, Essex, where she was entertained by Leicester, Sidney's uncle. One of the characters is a pedantic school-master named Rhombus, who addresses her majesty after this fashion: "I am, *potentissima domina*, a school-master—that is to say, a pedagogue; one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenile fry. Wherein, to my laud I say it, I use such geometrical proportions as neither wanteth mansuetude nor correction, for so it is described—'*Par care subjectos et debellare superbos.*' But what said that Trojan Æneas when he sojourned in the surging sulks of the sandiferous seas? '*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*'" Rhombus "effects the letter," too, and "surging sulks" is as good in its way as the extemporal epitaph on the pricket killed by the princess. As for the word "Holofernes," Shakespeare could have found it in the Apocrypha or in Rabelais. So, perhaps, this is where Shakespeare got Holofernes! I should say, Yes, certainly, Shakespeare may have found him there, but then again he may have been as equal to the character and the name as Sidney himself. The devotion to Shakespeare which leads one to exclaim in one breath that to him nothing was impossible, and in the next to discover where he bought, borrowed,

or stole everything he said, is amusing when one comes to reflect upon it. If nothing was impossible to Shakespeare, why not assume, now and then, that something not impossible to lesser geniuses might also have occurred to Shakespeare? For my own part I have grown so accustomed to literary coincidences that I miss them when they fail me. They seem to me the most familiar thing in the world—a world where, after all, the stock in trade of the literary man is the same old story century in and century out, where men make books as apothecaries make new medicines: by pouring out of many bottles into one. The fact that we do not have Shakespeares every year does not alter the fact that the human nature of which he reported the heart does not always remain the same.

THE "PRINTER'S DEVIL" FOUND USEFUL.

Now, when this edition of the "Love's Labour's Lost" came to be printed in 1598, "as it had been," newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare (spelled, by the way, as our Baconian friends insist that their Bacon-the-author of the plays never spelled his name!), the printers, as we have said above, printed these augmentations and corrections as part of the text—letting the passages supposed to be augmented and corrected stand as they were. To understand how easily this fortunate error (which would have been impossible to a modern compositor) occurred, we must remember that the type-setter of Elizabeth's day did not read the "copy" he set up from. Instead, there stood at the side of his font a "copy-reader," who read to him as he composed. And so this copy-reader read everything—the original text, the "augmentations" and all, as he thought they came in, which accounts for the fact that many of these augmentations come in without any relation to the position in the original text of the passages they were designed to "augment." So here we have the two, as plainly as if Shakespeare's first drafts were handed to us from one source, and his finished work from another! And this, I claim, is Shakespeare in his workshop—the completed work and the chips which fell in shaping it!

If the reader will begin at line 298 of scene third of act fourth, and read carefully the remainder of that scene, he will discover lines repetitive of the same sentiments and tautologies of entire passages. That these are due to precisely such "augmentations" as the old 1598 title-page has prepared us

to expect, I hope I can make evident by the following parallelization:

	FIRST DRAFT.		AUGMENTATION.
<i>Line</i>		<i>Line</i>	
298.	From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :	346.	From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
299.	They are the ground, the books, the academes	347.	They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
300.	From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.	348.	They are the books, the arts, the academes
		349.	That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

Nobody, surely, can fail to detect the improvement. Writing hastily, we see that Shakespeare used the words "the ground" (line 299). In revising he rejects this and substitutes the words "the arts." His meaning in using "ground" was to say that a lady's eyes were "the ground" of inspiration. His metre had restricted him. Now, in revising this pretty speech of compliment he substitutes a phrase that not only retains the sense but suits his metre—for "grounds of inspiration" he expresses his compliment by the words "the arts." And, following closely the idea that the bright eyes of women inspire effort in their lovers, he supplies his own ellipsis. "Promethean fire" (that is, the energy of action) does not "spring from" ladies' eyes, except by a labored analogy. But the analogy is simplified and at once explained by the revision which prettily puts it that, by sparkling attractively, they become "the books, the arts, the academes" which "show, contain, and nourish all the world." But again we have (Act V. scene ii. 805 and *seq.*):

	FIRST DRAFT.		AUGMENTATION.
<i>Line</i>		<i>Line</i>	
805.	<i>Biron.</i> And what to me, my love, and what to me ?	825.	<i>Biron.</i> Studies, my lady ? Mistress, look on me ;
		826.	Behold the window of my heart, my eye,
		827.	What humble suit attends thy answer there.
		828.	Impose some service on me for thy love !

This is, indeed, the richness of an overwrought fancy. Shakespeare was evidently in love with Rosaline himself. He

has made her through all the play a dainty creation. He describes her in three lines, than which there are no sweeter or more pictorial in all the poetry of courtship :

“. . . there is a gentle lady ;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her.”

Rosaline is Shakespeare's Juliet and Beatrice in one, and, in pleading with her, he thinks Biron ought to make a more impassioned speech than in the one line of the first draft, so he makes it into four !

But as the purpose of these papers is to stimulate, and not to satisfy, the study of Shakespeare, I will give but one more instance (although, between Act IV. scene iii. 298 and the end of the play there are about a dozen of these “augmentations,” which I shall feel flattered if the three I do point out will induce my readers to search for themselves). Rosaline proceeds to answer her admirer as follows :

<i>Line</i>	FIRST DRAFT.	<i>Line</i>	AUGMENTATION.
806.	<i>Ros.</i> You must be purged too. Your sins are racked.	829.	Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
807.	You are attaint with faults and perjury.	830.	Before I saw you : and the world's large tongue
808.	Therefore, if you my favor mean to get,	831.	Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
809.	A twelvemonth shall you spend and never rest,	832.	Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
810.	But seek the weary beds of people sick.	833.	Which you on all estates will execute
		834.	That lie within the mercy of your wit.
		835.	To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
		836.	And therewithal to win me if you please—
			(and so on down to line 859.)

This is the most splendid “augmentation” of all, and it will win the reader's most respectful admiration. Shakespeare proposed to make Rosaline put her lover to some exercise which would soften his sarcastic speech. He jokes too much, and his jokes are far too caustic. And Rosaline imagines that, if

he could only be made to joke for a year or so to dead ears only, he will wear out his exuberant wit, to the great gain of all parties concerned. But this, while in Shakespeare's mind, was not expressed to the audience by the four lines given in the first draft. But in the augmentation he makes Rosaline address Biron courteously, admit that he is famous, and then proceed first with her indictment, and then (like Portia, without waiting for the accused man's plea) with a pronouncement of the penalty to be adjudged him!

This is the evidence! And I submit, that if Shakespeare had lived in 1896 to prepare a magazine article (as we see so many here and there in our present times), "How I came to write the 'Love's Labour's Lost,'" he could not have told us half so vividly how he did it as does this happy blunder of the poor copy-reader of two hundred and ninety-eight years ago! See, for instance, what Shakespeare makes of the single lines:

"Therefore, if you my favor mean to get,
A twelvemonth must you spend and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick."

This Shakespeare expands into twenty-five lines; and in them he puts into Biron's mouth a half-whimsical, half-serious protest against his lady's hard terms. But this protest (as is Shakespeare's wont—as he cannot help, even in rehandling his own work) runs far afield from the mere personal hardship to poor Biron, and goes into a deep philosophizing upon the thing itself, and the purpose of it. One cannot move laughter in the throat of death, he urges—no, nor yet in a soul in agony. And Rosaline is quick to catch the wisdom of her lover's retort, and instantly replies that that is just what she proposes. She will cure Biron of jesting by making him jest to deadened ears, since "a jest's propriety lies in the ear of him that hears it," and she proposes that her lover throw away his jests until he gets disgusted and jests no more. And Biron, beaten at his own dialectics by his lovely lady, retorts, "Well then I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital"; and remarks in a bitter aside (thus explaining the title "*Love's Labour's Lost*"), "Our wooing doth not end like an old play. Jack hath not his Jill."

As there were no hospitals in those days except those for pestiferous diseases, it may be supposed that Rosaline sought her lover quietly afterward and told him not to go quite so far (though the text does not hint at it). For no lady would

care to marry a man fresh from a pest-house! The reader will select other augmentations for himself out of the copy preserved to us by what we must still consider one of the most fortunate accidents that ever happened. Doubtless it would not be well for authors to be always as careless as Shakespeare was, or printing-houses as inattentive. But it surely has worked well for us in this case that it was so. I may add, perhaps, in the copy-reader's justification, that carelessness was the rule, however, in those early printing-houses. For example, in the Folio text of this very play, the last line reads: "You that way, we this way," which without this statement would be difficult to understand. That line, it seems to me, must have been a whisper of one actor to another who was making a wrong exit. To be sure it may have been interpolated as a part of the "business," to carry out the expression of the stupidity of the "Worthies." But my own idea is that it was not a part of the dialogue, but a remark by one actor to another which, by catching the ear of a stenographer who was taking down the play, found its way into the printed text.

We thus possess distinct and reliable circumstantial evidence of Shakespeare's increasing reputation as a dramatist in the winter of the year 1597-1598. It is gratifying to be able to supplement this with further circumstantial evidence that, as his reputation, his material prosperity also increased. This latter evidence is as follows:

"MINE UNCLE" AND THE PLAYERS.

There was a certain pawnbroker named Philip Henslow—or Henslowe, or Hinslow—to whom the actors and dramatic writers of London were in the habit of resorting, who, by association, began to extend his business with them to advancing money not only on their personal chattels but on their plays, which he would sell to the theatres. His theatrical connections in time became so extensive that he built *The Rose* theatre on the Bankside and entrusted its management to Edward Alleyn, who married his daughter, and whom, we have seen, had been the manager of one of the companies to which Shakespeare had belonged. Henslow's papers and books covering these transactions are to a great extent still extant (and they contain a great many names which have become familiar ones in English literature), and we find by them that, among others, Shakespeare himself was a borrower up to about the

year 1598. But in that year his name disappears from the pawnbroker's books. From which, of course, the reasonable conclusion is that he had become independent, or at least self-sustaining, in or about that year. So we see what an important play this "Love's Labour's Lost" is from the circumstantial testimony as to Shakespeare's business biography, which it affords and confirms. Shakespeare's contemporary dramatists were not so fortunate, but remained in Henslow's clutches for long after. Here is a curious letter, written as late as 1606, probably from a sponging-house, which is in evidence as to this :

To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinslow, Esq., these :

MR. HINSLOW: You understand our unfortunate extremity, and I do not think you so void of Christianity but you will throw so much money into the Thames as we request now of you rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is XL. more at least to be received of you for the play. We desire you to lend us VI. of that which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bailed, nor I play any more till this be dispatched. It will lose you XX. ere the end of next week, besides the hindrance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of need. We have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promised and always acknowledgment to be your most thankful friend,

NAT. FIELD.

The money shall be abated out of the money remains for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.

ROB. DABORNE.

I have always found you a true loving friend to me, and in so small a suit, it being honest, I hope you will not fail us.

PHILIP MASSENGER.

There are, first and last, a great many begging letters signed with well-known names, dating from these times—many of them signed by Francis Bacon, by the way—in the old English collections. But not one among them happens to be signed with the name of William Shakespeare!

NOTRE DAME DE FOURVIÈRES.

BY E. ENDRES.



THE visitor to Lyons finds half the attractiveness of this historic and stately city in the superb Notre Dame de Fourvières. Crowning the precipitous heights of the city, between the rivers Saône and Rhone, it occupies an uniquely advantageous position for displaying its architectural beauties at every turn, while its towers and terraces afford some of the most magnificent views in France. The eye wanders from the imposing edifices and grand bridges of the city below across home-dotted valleys and hills to the Alps of Dauphiné and, when the atmosphere is favorable, to the glistening summit of Mont Blanc, one hundred miles away.

The history of the church is as unique as itself, and makes a touching tale of implicit faith and noble fidelity. So distant was its origin that no records preserve it, but it is frequently referred to in the annals of the first century. The old church, now standing, was erected in 1586, and has undergone but few changes. It has but little attraction to the eye when compared with the splendid modern building by its side, but it preserves the history of a people true to their faith through dark and tumultuous ages. The interior walls are covered from sight by the thousands of offerings made by rich and poor in recognition of blessings received through the intercession of Our Lady of Fourvières, notably during the great cholera plague of 1643.

The new church, a description of which is the purpose of this article, owes its origin to a touching episode of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. France found herself a prey to the horrors of war, and was fighting with the heroism of despair the consummate strategy of Von Moltke. Strasburg, Metz, and Toul had successively fallen, and Paris, the fairest city of the world, was enclaspd in a consuming embrace of flame and iron. Now it was that the great commercial city of Lyons found herself threatened by the enemy, and that, too, at a time when her resources were exhausted.

The chief city of Lyonnais had not waited till danger threatened herself to prove her loyalty to France; her wealth and strength had been placed at her country's feet at the first stroke of the war tocsin. Regiment after regiment of brave

Lyonnais had she sent to help her sister cities in their time of distress. Her *garde mobile* had fought at Belfort and Paris; her volunteers had nobly fallen in the terrible struggle at Nuits, where the trained veterans of Prussia found it necessary to halt and rest themselves after meeting these hastily improvised soldiers of France. And now in the hour of her own danger, when the sleuth-hounds of war were shadowing her own door, when her sons were either dead or languishing in captivity,



MAIN FRONT AND ENTRANCE.

when her treasury was exhausted and the victorious armies of Germany were threatening her with a circle of fire, lo! only helpless women and children were left to uphold the honor of brave Lugdunum.

So it was that in the cheerless dawn of the 8th of October, 1870, the women and children of Lyonnais by thousands wended their way, as their ancestors had done in the days of old, to the hill that overhangs their city, and on which stands the

ancient sanctuary of Notre Dame de Fourvières, there to plead with their Lady of Bon Conseil to help them once more in this their time of war, as she had helped them from the times of the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius and Septimus Severus to the time of the plague in the black year of 1643.

Not in "purple and scarlet and fine-twined linen" came these suppliants to plead before La Mère Immaculée, but in trailing robes of sombre black, with the insignia of widowhood and orphanage upon them. Kneeling by hundreds on the cold stones of the old sanctuary, kneeling by thousands in the outer court-yard, and by tens of thousands in the narrow, steep streets of Fourvières, with sobs and sighs bursting from their bosoms and with tears streaming from their sorrow-laden eyes, the women of Lyonnais said:

"Nous faisons un vœu de prêter un généreux concours à la construction d'un nouveau sanctuaire à Fourvières, si la très sainte Vierge, notre Mère Immaculée, préserve de l'ennemi la ville et le diocèse de Lyon."

And the vow was favorably heard. On the first of March, 1871, peace was signed; the feet of the enemy had not trodden the beloved Lyonnaise land.

In spite of the enormous war indemnity France paid, and in which the Lyonnais bore a heavy share, the ground for the new church of Notre Dame de Fourvières was purchased, and was blessed on the 8th of April, 1872, the Feast of the Annunciation, and on December 7 of the same year, the vigil of the Immaculate Conception, the first stone was laid in fulfilment of that solemn vow and in memory of the protection granted.

THE EXTERIOR.

The new edifice really embodies two churches, which are commonly known as the upper church and the lower church; the former is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and the latter to St. Joseph.

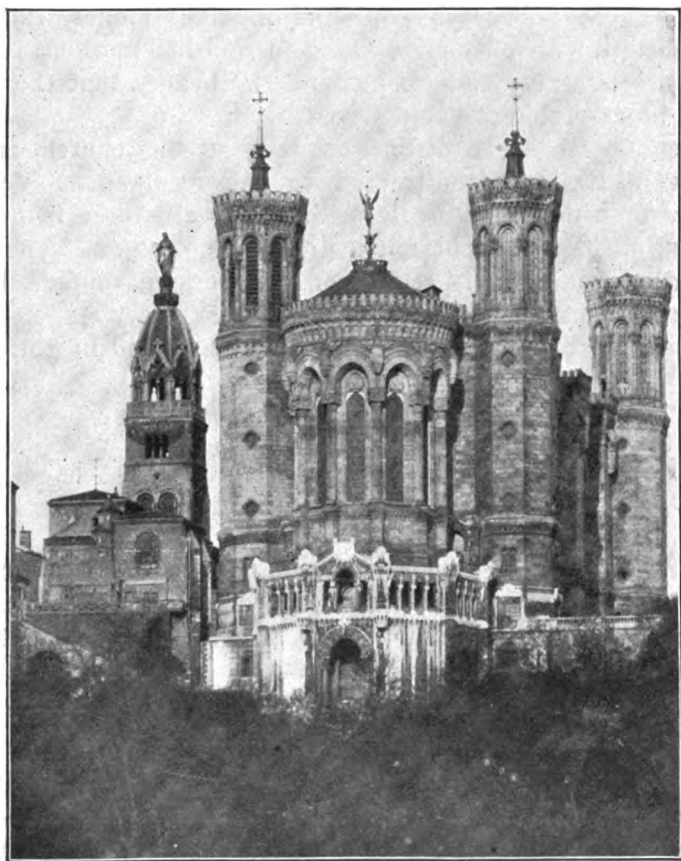
The building is a parallelogram, about twice as long as wide, to which a semi-circular apse of the full width is added, and with four grand polygonal towers, one hundred and fifty-eight feet in height, at the corners. The main front and entrance stand toward the setting sun, while the apse directly faces the east. The architecture conforms to no particular order and is mainly original with the designer, M. Pierre Bossan, who received inspiration for his plans while praying for divine guidance. It is properly designated the "Fortress Church"; partly because of the resemblance in its bold and

massive outlines to a military fortification, but also because it stands sentinel over the city; a veritable citadel of defence, the holy "Acropolis of Lyon." The predominating sentiment throughout the structure is a unification of strength and beauty, and it is in this characteristic the edifice has its distinction.

The upper church is built upon a platform reached by steps extending its whole width. The two towers of the western front frame a richly adorned portico surmounted by a gallery, over which is a pediment richly sculptured and bearing in high relief inscriptions of the vows of 1643 and 1870. The bases that support the columns of the portico are remarkable, being in fact monoliths of 35,295 pounds weight each, which required twenty stout horses to move them. When the first of these massive blocks arrived a triumphal procession was formed through the city, the ladies of Lyons burying the stone in flowers. The columns of the portico are of granite from Lake Maggiore, and the sculpturing of their capitals is very fine; the depiction of delicate foliage being truly a masterpiece of fidelity to nature. One of the most striking of the exterior features of Notre Dame de Fourvières is the imposing statue of the Archangel Michael standing high over the centre of the apse, the extended wings measuring twenty feet from tip to tip.

The north-west tower has been given over to the use of the Catholic Faculty of Sciences, who have established an observatory and equipped it with all the necessary astronomical instruments. The north-east tower is open to the public, and is resorted to by tourists for the grand panorama it affords of scenery both beautiful and interesting. The wonderful view has been duplicated in miniature in enamel around the entire balustrade of the tower, with the names, altitude, and distance of the various mountain ranges and peaks, thus providing the stranger with the most perfect guide possible. The open circular gallery enclosing part of the apse is one of the most beautiful and interesting sections of the exterior church. Magnificent in columns of red Italian granite and pilasters of porphyry superbly polished, symbolical friezes, finely chiselled cornices and groups of winged herons, it both delights and captivates the spectator. It is called the "Gallery of the Benediction," and here every year on the 8th of September is given to the city the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament in memory of the vow of the ancient municipality. The writer was once present at this impressive ceremony. Ser-

vice and the twilight came together. From everywhere the heights of Fourvières were visible, and the quays, the bridges, the streets and public squares were thronged with people. High over all the bells of the city churches rang in their deep, sweet chorus in response to the great cathedral chime. Suddenly the cannon's roar was heard, and while the shadows fell on the kneeling worshippers and the last rays of the set-



APSE, FACING THE EAST.

ting sun tinged the distant Alpine peaks with a dying effulgence, the Benediction, in tones that seemed unearthly, came so clearly that the peace and promises, both everlasting, seemed, not prefigured but realized.

THE UPPER CHURCH.

The interior presents a nave, 217 feet long, built in three bays covered by cupolas, and with two aisles, square at one

end and at the other with an apse of ten sides. Sixteen columns support the arches. Such in brief is a technical description of the interior of the upper church, but words are inadequate to convey the long surprise, the splendor, and the beauty of its arrangement.

This creation of the modern mind not only shows the character and feeling of the generation engaged in forming it, but gives also an impressive proof of the resources of the church. Walls disappear beneath gold and precious stones, the pavement glitters with enamelled tiles and polished marbles. Everywhere are lightness and richness, all the beauty that the genius of the pious architect could devise.

The cupolas are a distinctive *motif* of this church, and, instinctively, the eye is attracted to the resplendent Venetian mosaics of which they are formed. They are three in number. The one nearest the choir is a grand composition. The Eternal Father, majestically seated on a throne of clouds, blesses the world emerging out of the formless void. Angels hover near bearing banderolles on which are inscribed in golden letters :

*Dominus possedit me ab initio,
Ab æterno ordinata sum,
Ante colles parturiebar
Cum eo eram cuncta componens.*

An encircling band of cherubim complete this glorious mosaic.

In the second cupola the Blessed Virgin is seated with crossed hands and drooping eyelids, her foot resting on the serpent's head. She is clad in a mantle of spotless white and surrounded by the golden aureola of the Holy Spirit. Two angels bend over her, bearing in their hands scrolls on which are the words :

Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.

The third cupola is consecrated to the Virgin Mother of the Infant Jesus. The stable of Bethlehem is depicted with realistic fidelity. Adoring angels strew flowers on the couch of the Holy Child. A grand cherub with magnificent wings holds a scroll with the words

Gloria in excelsis Deo,

while a pendant of angelic choristers continue the celestial canticle. The pillars that support these cupolas are of pale blue marble superbly fluted and polished. They rest on bases of sculptured white marble, while their golden capitals support

angels with outspread wings, each angel bearing an invocation of the Litany of the Virgin.

Every tribute of devotion in this beautiful church culminates in the chancel with its high altar. The base of the chancel is of dark blue marble, above which is a moulding of white marble with masses of roses in alto-rilievo, among



INTERIOR, UPPER CHURCH.

which are entwined enamels on a golden ground. From the moulding to the base of the seven great windows of the apse the walls are tapestried with costly marbles and panels of brèche-antique. The seven windows form an immense expanse of radiant crystal grandly illuminating the high altar of Parian marble glittering with gold enamel and polished crystals. The

columns of the sanctuary are of rosso-antico, crowned with golden capitals and supporting kneeling angels with outstretched wings. A glorious mosaic frieze of peacocks with their marvellous plumage, and of palm-trees and tropical foliage, among which are brilliant birds in flight, extends round the choir.

From the pavement to a height of eight feet the entire walls are covered with dark green serpentine panelled with red Mâcon marble, the remainder of the walls being of some sea-green material brilliantly polished. Six large windows of painted glass, three on each side, representing the Blessed Virgin as Queen of Angels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, confessors, and martyrs, divide these sea-green walls, that seem to symbolize those walls of jasper and all kinds of precious stones around the heavenly city. Here magnificence is cheerful, and faith can see the brightness of the sunrise and of coming glory. A visitor to this church who is not delighted by its glories must be seldom satisfied.

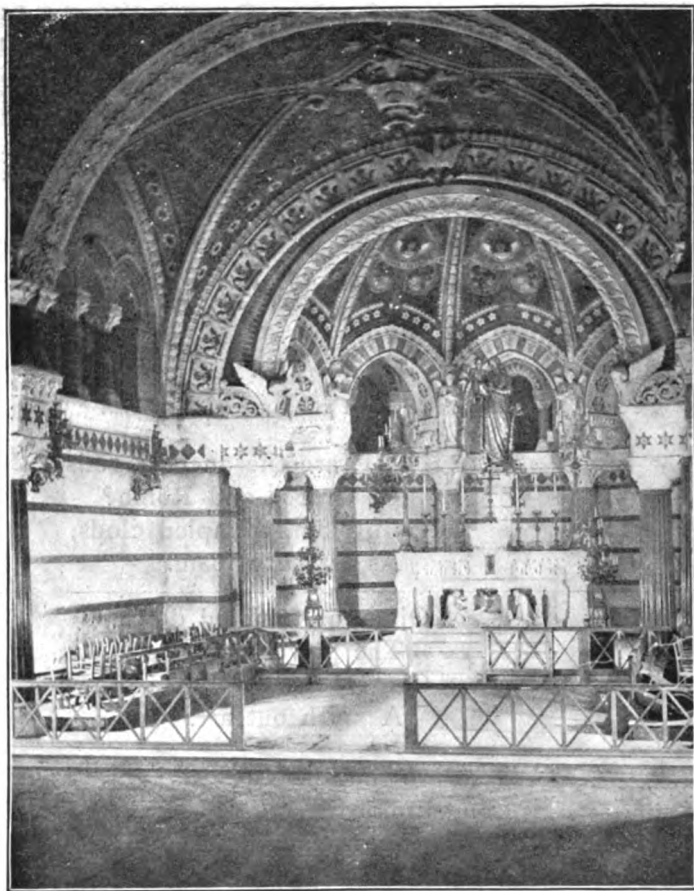
THE LOWER CHURCH, OR CRYPT.

On entering the semi-subterranean chapel of St. Joseph a profound impression of its individuality is received. Its imposing length of 217 feet is much exaggerated by the dim light which filters through rich painted glass, the latter showing chiefly orange and blue. When the eye has become accustomed to this dim iridescence the massive vaulted roof looms out of the shadows. It is supported by thirty-eight columns of polished fluted stone, with bases and capitals of Carrara marble. Angels support the springers of the arches, bearing in their hands palm branches and ears of corn. The walls of the chapel are of white polished marble, cut in the centre by bands of rosso-antico on which are inscribed in letters of gold the names of every parish in the vast diocese of Lyonnais. The pavement of the crypt is in colored Roman mosaic and marble cubes.

As in the upper church, the gem of the subterranean chapel is its choir and high altar. The ten segments of the apse are luminous with Venetian mosaics representing cherubim surrounded by exquisite foliage, and phylacteries upon which are written the prerogatives of St. Joseph. The high altar is of fine Carrara marble, and on its front, in high relief, is depicted the death of St. Joseph.

From the crypt two fine arched doorways, termed respectively Bethlehem and Nazareth, lead into the terrace gardens surrounding the church.

For nearly a quarter of a century work has progressed on the new church of Notre Dame de Fourvières. Already three millions of dollars have been spent on it. Eight chapels in the upper and six in the lower church have yet to be completed. Furthermore it is the intention to people the exterior of the



INTERIOR, LOWER CHURCH (INCOMPLETE).

church, as the interior, with angels bearing attributes relative to the glory of Mary. But it is expected that by the close of the nineteenth century the entire church will be completed, and the twentieth century fittingly ushered in by the dedication of the new Church of Fourvières, on whose heights for nearly two thousand years the veneration of the Blessed Virgin has never ceased.



THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

BY WALTER LECKY.

"Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum."—*Martial*.



HERE are the ancient gods
Of Greece and Rome?
As broken, trampled clods,
As feathery foam.

Olympus tumbled down,
The power past ;
Great Jove without a crown—
A myth outcast.

Where are the ancient gods?
Long broke the crust ;
Like all our human frauds,
They are as dust.

Yet men of maudlin mind
Deplore the ruth ;
They would Olympus find,
To touch the truth.

They would of law be free,
The flesh esteem,
From Him of Galilee
A world redeem.

The ancient gods have fled,
Their cults o'er-cast.
Can they bring back the dead?
The dead have passed.

Bring back the strangers, dead,
To love unknown?
A barren worship, fled,
Seeks love—a stone.

Resign our restful Rood
For empty speech?
Seek ill, abandon good
False prophets preach?

In book, in every mart
They build in Spain:
But One can sooth the heart,
Aught else is vain.

But One can make us free,
Of love his creed:
He came from Galilee,
We are his seed.



A NEW WORK ON DE LAMENNAIS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.



ALL the moving episodes in the history of ecclesiastical vicissitude, perhaps the most profoundly tragic is the rise and fall of the Abbé de Lamennais. It is a tale that does not grow trite by repetition. We who move in days of comparative quiet for the church find it difficult, it may be, to realize the conditions under which the star of Lamennais waxed and waned. In the domain of the church shock had followed upon shock. To the Revolution had succeeded Waterloo, and the chaos of governments was matched by a chaos of philosophies and religious systems. France was the focus as well as the radiator of all these warring ideas in the domains of mind and matter. Confusion had in many respects been made worse confounded by the pact of the Concordat, and the Gordian knot which it had created could neither be severed by the sword nor disentangled by the most subtle thought of man. Such was the time at which Lamennais burst like a comet upon a struggling world, and electrified all the combatants by the brilliancy and boldness of his philosophy and his defence of the religious faith that was in him.

We are reminded somewhat of the vague dreams of mythology by the course of the combat and the *personnel* of the chief actors. They were indeed Titans in intellect who in those days flung themselves against the battlements of a sneering philosophy and, worse still, a system which recognized religion in order to make it the slave and tool of a despotism in the state. Illustrious, indeed, were the intellects which rallied to the support of the daring leader. At no age was seen a brighter galaxy—Châteaubriand, Montalembert, Lacordaire, Ozanam, De Guérin, Sainte-Beuve, and a host of lesser lights. Towering above the wreck of the exploded philosophies stood the great figure of Auguste Comte, hardly inferior in intellectual stature to Lamennais himself, but without a spark of his noble fury for the sanctity of the truth which is of God. It may fairly be doubted whether militant Catholicism has ever produced so brilliant a champion as Lamennais; and it is equally open

to question whether his loss to the church was, humanly speaking, a preventible calamity. More mournful in its unfolding than the fateful sweep of a Greek tragedy, his life's story culminates in a fall brought about directly by his triumphant assertion of true principles in ecclesiastical and social polity. The times, unhappily, were unfitted for the assertion of those principles. Lamennais, unfortunately, had pushed his theories into the practical world so far that he left himself no golden bridge by which to retreat when it was no longer possible to advance. He had staked his all upon the result of an appeal to Rome; and when the decision was adverse, he had no weapon left in all his spiritual armory. Then his great heart failed him, and he turned his back upon his priestly office and upon the church of his passionate devotion—for ever.

A new work on Lamennais* reawakens our interest in this melancholy, almost inscrutable story of genius turned awry. The author is the Honorable W. Gibson. He writes from a Catholic point of view, but no one can charge him with unfairness toward the forces to which Lamennais was compelled to yield. Those forces were such as were inseparable from the march of events. It is only given to world-masters like Cæsar and Bonaparte to oppose logical sequence, with the might of many legions, successfully. The victories of thought are won by slower and less exciting processes. They are won none the less surely, for all that. Lamennais' principles, as regards church policy at least in France, have been to a large extent vindicated. Gallicanism is dead. A subservient clergy can no longer be looked upon as a department of the state, fawning upon state officials for its salary, and deaf and blind to the sufferings of the people. This was the thing that roused the holy ire in the great Abbé and caused him to stand for years as the inspired prophet of the new movement in the church, the marvel of the world and the terror of its tyrants.

There were many elements in the position which confronted Lamennais when he began his great task of uplifting Catholicity which Catholics of to-day need to understand before they can form an idea of the transcendent courage and genius of the man and the stupendous significance of his failure and fall. We are easily led, when forming estimates of the acts and thoughts of people in the past, to overlook the difference between their times and our own. It seems much easier for the

* *The Abbé de Lamennais and the Catholic Liberal Movement in France.* By the Honorable W. Gibson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

average reader or thinker to imagine the altered circumstances under which the people in the near future must live and think than to make due allowance for the changes which a few years have brought about since even the beginning of the present century. We are too apt to lose sight of the fact that, although Rome had been universally looked up to as the supreme tribunal in the temporals and spirituals of the church, the dogma of Papal Infallibility had not been formally defined until the date of the Vatican Council, twenty-seven years ago. In order to understand what confusion of principles, what clashing of obligations, and what uncertainty in even the greatest ecclesiastical minds the acceptance of this dogma terminated once for all, we have but to go back to the days of Lamennais and the First Empire. Then we shall see how the spirit of Gallicanism was utilized as an instrument wherewith to chastise the church at large, and a new Cæsarism sought, and well-nigh successfully, to turn a national church into a mere state department or official machine for invoking the blessing of Heaven on territorial designs and mundane statecraft arising out of triumphant militarism. The word "Ultramontane" has now almost dropped out of popular recollection. At this time it was on everybody's lips, and, thanks to the energetic anti-Catholicism of the London *Times* and similar mouthpieces of human "freedom," it acquired a sinister meaning as the sum of all that was odious, reactionary, and unconstitutional in ecclesiocivil policy. When we look into the matter we find, however, that its original meaning, as expounded by Lamennais, was the very antithesis of all this. Gallicanism in his day stood for the enslavement of the church and the effacement of God's truth and human right. Ultramontanism was the means of its delivery. He was the intrepid soldier of this most sacrosanct cause. His valor and impetuosity, unfortunately, carried him too far. He ploughed through the enemy's ranks, only to find his isolation complete, beyond the reach of his friends and unable to capitulate to his foes.

Things as between Church and State in France were in a position which to honorable and sensitive minds was demeaning to religion and intolerable to manhood when Lamennais started the *Avenir*. He was, not to say a man of ideals, but a giant with a single ideal—a dreamer of the loftiest and purest kind. His dream was that of Savonarola—a Christian democracy in which Truth and Justice should be the crownless king and queen. He saw around him a subservient hierarchy and an un-

murmuring clergy. The shadow of the Terror was still over the church. The Concordat was in the eyes of many a worse evil. It made a chasm between the people and the clergy. It made the bishops dependent on the whim of a minister; it caused many to forget what was due to their episcopal dignity. Lamennais sickened when he began to observe these things. The sufferings of the people at the same time cried out irresistibly to him. In his youth he had been a royalist, regarding monarchy as the just apex of the governmental system. But when he saw the workings of the principle and the misery of the unheeded herd, his convictions changed. Then he found himself to be a Christian Democrat.

Men of Lamennais' stamp are not swayed by logical processes, in the ordinary sense; the logic of events is more potent to win their sympathies in an instant than years of thought on the beautiful but frigid lines of accurate reasoning. The heart of the great abbé was always victorious over his head; the exquisite tenderness of his nature, on the one hand, and its volcanic wrath against mighty social wrongs, on the other, blinded him in the long run to the course he was pursuing. He saw not the finger-post which marked the parting of the ways while he hurried along toward the goal where he thought to see the complete unity between the church and society established upon the overthrown despotisms and bureaucracies of Europe. The character of Lamennais thus appears to have been more of a dual one than that of any great thinker known to fame.

In Sainte-Beuve's picture of the abbé this unfortunate duality is strongly dwelt upon. Lamennais, he says, always leaned to one side or the other without any gradation of opinion or sympathy. This unpoisable disposition is attributed by the author of the book now before us to the physical circumstances of his surroundings in infancy; and in order to get a vivid impression of what these surroundings were, he betook himself to St. Malo before he began his book. It is a weird and many-sided spot, overlooking a sea which a fanciful mind might easily distort into an implacable eternal enemy lying outside the town, now luring men out by its glorious surface of emerald sheen, now tossing multitudinous manes from its leviathan sides and spreading its immense tentacles up over the pelagic rocks of its sea-wall, threatening the ancient stone statue of the Virgin, mysterious gift from the ocean itself, as a popular legend holds, which stands over the main gate. Terrific storms at times

sweep the coast bare ; at other seasons the place smiles like a marine gem, and the whole scene is one of paradisiacal tranquillity. It is certainly a spot for an impressionist. Lamennais was one as soon as he began to be sensible of natural impressions, and that was early in life, for we find it recorded of him in the introductory portion of this book that when eight years old he said to a companion, as he saw a group of people watching the wild war of the elements outside the shore, on which his own attention had for some time been riveted : " *Ils regardant ce que je regarde, mais ils ne voient pas ce je vois.*" Happier for himself it might have been by far had he not the fatal gift of the keener vision of the mind and the spirit than these simple folk ; thrice happier had he the gift of the gentler Fénelon, who earlier, placed in a somewhat analogous dilemma of conscience and ideal, placed himself fully and unconditionally at the foot of the cross and offered up his humiliation to Him who made submission and humiliation sublime and sanctifying.

We will not say that it would have been better for mankind and for religion, but most certainly better had it been for himself had the vision of Lamennais been the vision of the seatoilers and other simple folks who watched the agony of the sea with him that day at St. Malo. They saw it, too, with something more than physical eyes. If the beginnings of no profound philosophical speculations on the origin of all things were not stirred in them, if no incipient poet-yearnings quickened at the touch of moody Nature, they saw not far off the hand of God. If he, in his later life, could only have seen as clearly that guiding hand above the storms which raged about him, he could hardly have sunk beneath them as he did.

The mistake which wrecked the hopes and ambition of the Abbé de Lamennais is one into which many noble minds are liable to fall. Believing the church to be the great central power for the uplifting of the world, they wish her to abandon her true position as teacher, by which, while belonging to the earth she is detached from it, and become the active demonstrator of her own principles as applied to human systems. The church is too wise to adopt this view. The changing centuries have not been without their lessons to her. No matter what way the ship of the world is steered, she must be as unalterable as the compass pointing to the loadstar of truth. Political and philosophical systems have risen and perished again and again since she started on her way, and she

remains as before, authority illuminate. To bless and encourage every honest mode of social reform is her *rôle* always, but never to identify herself with these beneficent schemes in the way of promoter or patron. Social reform is a high aim, but it is not, more than incidentally, the mission of the church.

It is not every Catholic who could undertake to present the life of Lamennais with a perfectly impartial hand. The mind which had followed his intellectual track, brilliant beyond all compare, up to the point where it was brought to an abrupt halt, must have been so captivated with its triumphant presentation of Catholic principles as to be unprepared for the recoil of the renunciation which soon followed the stoppage of his work. Only the Catholic who has been able to realize the abject condition in which such men as Lamennais and O'Connell found religion when they stood forth alone to champion it, can appraise the courage and the genius which the task required. To dwell upon the glories of the *Essay upon Indifference*, to follow the eagle flights of the *Avenir*, and then to behold the Dædalian collapse of the bold spirit who guided it, fills the soul with the gloom of profoundest tragedy. Mr. Gibson has preserved his literary equanimity very fairly all through the pages of his narrative. He is sympathetic and just in his treatment of Lamennais, and offers no opinion on points where the judgment of the reader ought manifestly to be left unfettered by anything but the presentation of facts. But he enables most readers, by his analysis of the characters and the varying scenes embraced in his survey, to form just conclusions on the higher action of a momentous and far-reaching drama.

To understand the sort of gambler stake which Lamennais played for his own soul and for society, we must gain some knowledge of the force which impelled him, beside and beyond the impetuous torrent of his native vehemence and earnestness. This force was nothing less than the belief that he was an instrument specially raised up by Providence for the working out of a vast design of religious and social reconstruction. He did not merely cherish this belief in the recesses of his own mind, unfortunately, but confided it freely to his personal friends, orally and by letter; so that when his great fabric of reconstruction was dashed down by the breath of authority, he could not in spirit survive the stroke which was the death of his pride. He seemed to feel that the justice of the tragedy required an awful denouement,

and his fall must be as that of Lucifer, to rise no more. Stupor seizes us as we look upon the appalling grandeur of this despair. Lamennais was past middle age when the defeat overtook him. He was fifty-two years old. The splendor of his form had filled the world; the sublime fury with which he had espoused the cause of the people had paved the way for revolution. All this had been done in the hope of purifying and emancipating the church, on the one hand, of elevating the toiling masses, on the other. The coursers of the sun liked not the charioteer, and Phaëton paid the penalty of his overweening confidence.

The majority of Catholic readers are, no doubt, familiar with much of the private life of the Lamennais family in the old château of La Chênaie as well as at St. Malo. The delightful letters of Maurice de Guérin, Sainte-Beuve, and others of the bright circle which the great abbé gathered about him, have preserved those beautiful days of social converse and philosophy as golden reflections of a fair city sunk beneath the waves. Mr. Gibson devotes more of his book to the ministerial and philosophical work of the abbé than to family and personal details, yet he has given sufficient to fill in his large canvas respectably. A good space is devoted to the singular relations which Lamennais and Auguste Comte occupied toward each other at different periods. These two great minds ran on somewhat parallel lines of time and place, and at times their paths coalesced, only to branch off at angles of mutual aversion. In their earlier days Lamennais felt rather drawn toward Comte through sympathy, as to a great mind in error; when later on he broke away from the church and set forth a philosophical thesis of his own, he felt an invincible repugnance toward Comte and always spoke of his creed contemptuously as "that philosophy." It is a very singular circumstance, as pointed out by Mr. Gibson, that the founder of Positivism, although a professed sceptic regarding Catholicism, was at one time impelled by mental distress to ease his conscience by a confession, and the Abbé de Lamennais was the one confessor toward whom he was attracted. We are reminded by this incident of a fact which must strike many as conclusive of the truth of the Catholic Church. The great sceptics and agnostics of modern days have generally looked to Catholicism as the only alternative to their own empiric systems and theories. Comte, Mill, Huxley, Spencer, Romanes, and others have put themselves on record in this light. Some of them have said and written delightful things

about a faith which was too sublime and perfect for their science-filmed vision. No other church seems to have been worth, in their view, a moment's thought.

One inference which is suggested by Mr. Gibson's line of argument, in this biographical sketch, may be fairly taken into account in closing the pages and musing over the ultimate lot of one so great. It is quite logical to postulate that had the Pope's Infallibility been a living dogma in Lamennais' day his great mind would not have been lost to the Church. The questions which he raised were ultimately as between the Papal authority and the French episcopate, and the final decision did not then rest, as it does now, with the pope deciding *ex cathedra*, but with the church in council. Hence the terrible *impasse* in which he found himself by his writings in the *Avenir* and his action in the *Agence Générale pour la Défense de la Liberté Religieuse*. In chopping at the net in which he found the national church enmeshed he got himself hopelessly and inextricably entangled. His case affords an awful warning against the merging of the priest in the politician. Had he but been blessed with the grand humility of his beloved disciple and colleague, Lacordaire, he might have saved himself from ruin.

But the mind and natural temperament of Lamennais were different. He was raised in thought at times, like a helpless balloonist beyond his own control, and swept along in strata of burning atmosphere, like the Apostle who beheld the Opening of the Seals.

There was a prophetic fury about his writing at times whose imagery and diction are not of earth. In estimating his mournful retrogression and surcease, we ought not to overlook this indication of an overheated intellect; and one more faint hope for his eternal quiet is afforded in the possibility that, could his beloved brother, the Abbé Jean, have reached him ere he closed his eyes and turned his face to the wall in death, a reconciliation with Heaven and family might have come. The grounds for this possibility are evident from the correspondence reproduced in Mr. Gibson's book—a book in every respect worthy, we may add, of its great theme.



*They rise in fear: the place is not secure;
They leave in sadness, and in suffering—
The holy three, the Maiden-mother pure,
The just one Joseph, and the infant King.*

MARY IN EGYPT; OR, THE SHADOW OF
CALVARY.

BY JAMES M. HAYES.

I.



JUDEA'S hills are robed in silvery light,
The starlight slumbers on Genezareth's breast ;
Through pines and palms the voices of the night
Sound strangely sweet, and all is peace and rest.

Ah, calm the hour, when lo ! from heaven high
A light celestial breaks upon the land ;
Angelic wings are flashing through the sky ;
On Joseph's ear descends high Heaven's command :

"Arise, and fly from Herod's sword this night ;
Arise, and fly o'er hills and deserts wild
To Egypt's land ; depart ere morning's light ;
Arise, and take the Mother and the Child."

They rise in fear : the place is not secure ;
They leave in sadness, and in suffering—
The holy three, the Maiden-mother pure,
The just one Joseph, and the infant King.

II.

Starlight cold and cheerless lies
O'er the land where men are sleeping ;
'Neath the purple midnight skies
Shepherds are their watches keeping ;
Beautiful the scene and fair,
Hark ! upon the listening air
Sounds a wail of wild despair—
Mothers o'er their babes are weeping.

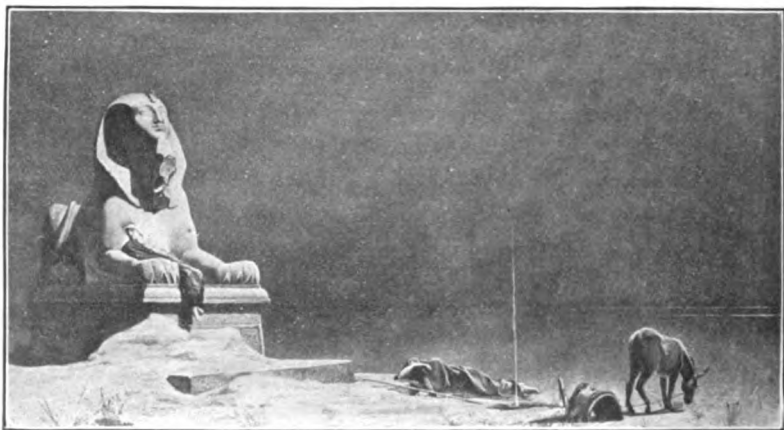
From the distance, as they fly,
Comes this voice of lamentation,
First a plaintive, woeful sigh,
Now a wail of desolation :
Joseph hears, not apprehending ;
Sorrow Mary's heart is rending,

And in grief and pain is bending
O'er her Child in supplication.

Now she feels the dreadful meaning
Of the words by Simeon spoken:
Jesus, on her bosom leaning,
Meant this grief to be a token
Of that distant day of days
When, before her mother's gaze,
Men her murdered Son would raise,
And her piercèd heart be broken.

On they passed for many a day,
On across the desert sand—
'Neath the glittering noonday's ray;
By the scorching breezes fanned;
'Neath the glimmerings of the starlight,
Or the moonbeams, silvery white,
Or through solemn, sombre night,
Into Egypt's storied land.

Penned by many an ancient saint,
Seen in sacred ecstasy,
Legends beautiful and quaint
Cluster round this mystery;
All presage a future woe,
All a coming sorrow show,
Shadows all, that darkly grow
Falling from Mount Calvary.



THE DIVINE CHILD IS THE SOLUTION OF THE RIDDLE OF HUMANITY, ASKED
BY THE SPHINX.

III.

The sable shadows of the sombre night
Fall gently o'er the desert's burning breast ;
The busy, bustling haunts of men are quiet,
Creation sleeps in peaceful calm and rest :

The creatures rest ; the creatures' God alone
Is homeless, restless in the desert wild ;
Descended from a kingly Father's throne,
Behold the exiled, outcast, helpless Child !

O majesty stooped down from high estate !
Eternal love beyond our mortal ken !
Of this debasement of the Lord most great,
What think the sinful, doubting hearts of men ?

One night, 'tis said, within a robber's cave
The holy travellers seek their limbs to rest ;
They meet, within, no bandits—no one save
A mother with a babe upon her breast :

This mother's face shows pain, and grief, and dread ;
The child is beautiful, though strangely so ;
As fair as lilies o'er a dead face spread—
A leper, white as God's eternal snow.

The Virgin Mother bathes her Child divine,
He sinks to rest beneath her soothings mild ;
The bandit's wife, urged by some power benign,
Within the suds doth wash her leperous child.

And lo ! from death to life's ecstatic trance
The leper child, the snow-white infant, grows
Before its trusting mother's wondrous glance
As beautiful as summer's blushing rose.

But now, o'er Mary's heart the dismal shade
Of Calvary falls, and darker grows, and deep ;
She sees her Jesus on the cruel cross laid—
His open side, His wounded hands and feet.

Beside her Son she sees the leper child,
A great strong man, a captive thief he dies ;
She hears his words, dark, incoherent, wild ;
Her mother's heart is touched, and to her Son she cries :

" O Son ! remember many years ago,
When flying from the rage of Herod's might,
This sinner, then a leper white as snow,
Was healed, at my request, that distant night.

Oh ! now I ask, I pray Thee now, my Son,
To heal his soul, to make it chaste and white ;
Oh ! finish now the work Thou hast begun,
The work I prayed for on that dismal night."

The Saviour speaks ; the music of his tongue
Is pure, and low, and sad, and strangely sweet,
As strains from golden lyres angelic rung,
Or harp-strings which the singing zephyrs greet :

The Saviour speaks, and endeth in a trice—
He speaks in answer to this prayer's request :
" My son, thou shalt with Me in Paradise
Enjoy, this day, my heavenly Father's rest."

IV.

I thus might many a legend tell,
To show how Mary's paths were laid
Where sorrow's gloomy shadows fell,
By Calvary's sombre mountain made.

I thus might show our Lady's care
Where love for God and man is seen ;
I thus might show her wondrous fair,
In sorrow beautiful, serene :

As gentle flower that grows apart,
And gives no fragrance to the air
Until is bruised its fragile heart,
When breathes it perfume soft and rare—

So " tota pulchra es ! " my Queen,
Most beautiful in sorrow's shades ;
Creation's purest flower serene !
Thou spotless Mother ! peerless Maid !

Thy soul was pierced by sorrow's dart ;
Thy soul with grief and woe was pressed ;
Oh ! keep us near thy sacred heart,
And there eternally to rest.

INTEMPERANCE AND PAUPERISM.

BY REV. F. W. HOWARD.

STATISTICAL investigation has come in our day to be regarded as an indispensable adjunct in the study and treatment of all important social problems. The limitations of statistics and the possibility and temptation of cloaking over fallacies by an improper use of the methods of the science have frequently been pointed out; but there is no one to-day who properly understands the use and method of statistical inquiry who does not appreciate its value and its importance. The great danger arising from the injudicious use of statistics is, that important generalizations are too frequently based on insufficient data. In such cases the fault lies not so much in the statistics as with the one who uses them. Moreover, as between a judgment based on a statistical inquiry, no matter how insufficient, and a mere impression or judgment based on individual experience, unsupported by any special inquiry into the facts, the presumption is in favor of the former. The usefulness of statistics has, indeed, so clearly been demonstrated that every civilized government to-day has organized departments of statistics and expends vast sums of money in prosecuting such inquiries.

Among American commonwealths Massachusetts has long been recognized as having the most efficient and progressive state bureau of statistics. This bureau was brought to its high state of excellence by Mr. Carroll D. Wright, now the Commissioner of Labor at Washington, and the lecturer on Economics at the Catholic University. The statistical work of the bureau has maintained its high standard under his successors, and its publications are regarded as important and trustworthy. The first part of the report of the chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, is now at hand, and this article will consist of a discussion of the first portion of this report. The report consists of an account of a very important, painstaking, and, so far as can be ascertained, reliable investigation of "The Relation of the Liquor Traffic to Pauperism, Crime, and Insanity." The scope and general char-

acter of this report are well indicated in the section of the legislative act ordering the inquiry :

"The Bureau of Statistics of Labor is hereby directed to ascertain, from all sources available, facts and statistics showing the number of commitments to all institutions, penal and charitable, resulting from the use or abuse of intoxicating liquors; the number of crimes of each class committed; the number of paupers whose present condition can be traced to the use or abuse of intoxicating liquors by themselves, or by their parents, guardians, or others; the number of persons who have been pronounced insane, and whose condition can be traced to the use or abuse of intoxicating liquors by themselves, their ancestors, or others; and in general such other data as will tend to show the relation of the liquor traffic to crime, pauperism, and insanity in this commonwealth; and the period of time to be covered by this investigation shall include not less than twelve successive months."

This report was largely the result of personal investigation, and the inquiry is perhaps the most thorough one of the kind that has been undertaken in this country. A study of this report will be helpful to any one who wishes to ascertain how far theories about the causes and effects of intemperance are supported or disproved by the facts bearing on them; but it is important, of course, not to see more in the figures than they show.

A study of the evil of intemperance is a study of its causes and a study of its effects. The causes of intemperance may be grouped under three general heads:

I. The weakness of the individual will is certainly the main cause of the evil. When single acts have passed over into habits control of one's actions becomes correspondingly difficult. But the formation of habit is an insidious process which can easily be controlled at the outset. It may be questioned whether there are cases of intemperate habits which could not have been easily controlled at the time of their formation by the exercise of a slight degree of will power. It is for this reason that the strongest appeal is made to the moral resolve of the individual, for herein lies the most effective cure. Particular effort is made to direct the habits of the young; for a given amount of effort bestowed on the young will yield better results than the same amount bestowed on adults. Intemperance is not a necessary evil, because man is the controller of his actions.

II. The influence of heredity is often referred to as one of the important causes of intemperance. It may be true to some extent that intemperate habits in parents beget such a diathesis or predisposition in the offspring. The importance of this influence has been emphasized by those who regard intemperance as a disease. But the question, to what extent heredity enters in as a cause of intemperance, is at present only a matter of conjecture, and no obtainable figures give conclusive evidence on this point.

III. The third group of causes may be denominated unfavorable environment. Very often intemperance ascribed to heredity is merely the result of the unfavorable surroundings of an intemperate home. Persons who are said to inherit intemperance would in many cases be temperate if placed in different surroundings. The importance of good homes and good surroundings as factors contributing to temperance reform is now thoroughly appreciated, and it is quite true that effort directed towards the amelioration of material conditions is often productive of greater good results than the same amount of effort directed towards the cultivation of the will power of the individuals. When a man is in some surroundings the presumption is that he will remain temperate, while in other situations the contrary presumption holds. Hence, there is good reason to believe that if we compare two groups of people in different localities, the amount of intemperance will be found to correspond, in some degree, to the character of the surroundings. Thus, we should expect to find more intemperance among five thousand people if they lived huddled together in a close area than we should among the same people if they lived in a wide territory and had better homes. This has been partially confirmed by some investigations made in European cities.

From the stand-point of the temperance reformer the inquiry into the causes of intemperance is of the utmost importance, since it gives him knowledge for the direction of his work and enables him to see the point on which the greatest effort should be expended. It is a healthy sign that the work of temperance reform is now moving along many lines. Men are not merely urged to become or remain temperate, but effort is made to place them in such material conditions as will enable them more easily to be so. Philanthropic citizens interest themselves in the work of providing better home surroundings for the poor, and the state exercises its power over the liquor traffic in ways more or less efficient.

The etiology of the temperance problem, therefore, is the most important side of it for the practical man; but the study of the effects of intemperance is only one degree less important, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to make a separation of the two in any thorough study of the problem. The report of Mr. Wadlin is the account of an inquiry into the effects of the evil; an attempt to ascertain how far intemperance may be regarded as a cause of pauperism, crime, and insanity. It is interesting and important to study how these evils are related, whether as cause and effect; and if so, in what proportion of cases the relation holds; or whether they are to be regarded as effects of some other common cause. If we could establish by reliable statistics that intemperance is a cause in, say, fifty per cent. of a given number of cases of pauperism, we have a valuable and interesting fact. This study enables us to judge of the importance of temperance reform in its relation to other reforms. It is true that reformers often try to see the universe in the light of a single idea. It is only by a study of the effects of an evil that we can definitely ascertain the importance which the reform of that evil should hold to other great moral movements. If intemperance is the cause or an important contributing cause in the evils of pauperism, crime, and insanity, then, naturally, if we destroy intemperance we shall bring about a great abatement of those evils which largely result from it. But it should not be forgotten that intemperance is a great evil in itself, even if it is not related to any other grave social problem. It may or may not be true that too much emphasis is placed on intemperance as a cause of social evils. A cause is often discredited when a remedy is amplified to a panacea. But entirely aside from its connection with any unfavorable social conditions alleged to be produced by it, intemperance should be suppressed because of its own demerits. It is an instructive matter to see what light the figures of this report give us, and we shall, therefore, give the conclusions of the report with regard to the relation existing between intemperance and pauperism.

The following table gives the number of cases investigated:

Males,	2,633
Females,	597
<hr/>	
Total,	3,230

Included in this total there were 281 children under ten

years of age, and this fact must be borne in mind in any examination of the tables. The term pauper is used to describe all those who in other publications are designated as the dependent classes. The term pauper implies a reproach, and is manifestly inappropriate when applied to those whose dependence is due to no fault of their own, as in the case of children. The word dependent is of more common use when the whole class is included, but it will be necessary here to use the terms of our report. The following questions with tables appended show some of the interesting results of an analysis of the figures.

I. Is the person's present condition of pauperism due to the use or abuse of intoxicating liquors?

<i>Yes.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Not ascertained.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
1,274	1,427	529	3,230

II. Did the intemperate habits of one or both parents lead to the pauperism of the person considered?

<i>Yes.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Not ascertained.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
156	2,734	340	3,230

III. Did the intemperate habits of the legal guardians of the person, other than the parents, lead to his or her state of pauperism?

<i>Yes.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Not ascertained.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
47	2,856	340	3,230

IV. Did the intemperate habits of others, not parents or guardians, lead to the pauperism of the person considered?

<i>Yes.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Not ascertained.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
99	2,784	347	3,230

These tables show us that pauperism was due to intemperance of the individual in 1,274 cases, to parents in 156, to guardians in 47, and to others in 99, a total of 1,575 cases. Elsewhere in the report we learn that 47.74 per cent. of all the 3,230 persons examined had one or both parents intemperate; 25.91 per cent. had parents who were total abstainers; and in 26.35 per cent. of cases the facts were not known. Whatever direct influence of heredity there may be is confined to the small number of 156 cases. We have no warrant from the figures, however, for saying that heredity was the cause in any of these cases. There is, therefore, according to this report, a direct relation between intemperance and pauperism established in 1,576 out of the 3,230 cases investigated. Of course statistics

of this kind do not warrant final conclusions, and they need to be confirmed or disproved by collateral evidence and subsequent inquiries. In this connection it might be said that it would be a valuable thing to institute a careful inquiry into the causes which bring about the dependency of children on charitable support. Such inquiry might be undertaken on a limited scale by some one having charge of such work, and it might lead to valuable results.

We have just seen that intemperance is the cause actually assigned for the pauperism in 1,576 of the cases. From other tables we learn that 15.63 per cent. of the 3,230 paupers were reported as excessive drinkers; 49.63 per cent. were addicted to drink; 26.81 per cent. total abstainers, chiefly young persons; and 7.93 per cent. habit unknown; 65.26 per cent. of the whole number were affected by the drink habit.

The following table gives the age classification, the number addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, the number whose habits were unknown, the number of total abstainers, and the total number of cases:

<i>Age.</i>	<i>Number addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.</i>	<i>Habits unknown.</i>	<i>Total abstainers.</i>	<i>Total number of all cases.</i>
Under 1	—	—	146	146
1-4	—	—	70	70
5-9	—	—	65	65
10-14	2	7	62	71
15-19	29	11	86	126
20-29	461	65	206	732
30-39	601	74	88	763
40-49	495	58	55	608
50-59	307	25	38	370
60-79	204	14	40	258
80	9	2	10	21
Total,	2,108	256	866	3,230

We note here how the liquor habit increases with age. The percentages of drinkers of the total number of cases are as follows:

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>Per cent.</i>	<i>Ages.</i>	<i>Per cent.</i>
15-19,	23	40-49,	80
20-29,	62	50-59,	82
30-39,	78	60-79,	79

We may next examine the number of total abstainers, which in the above table is given as 866. Of this number there were 281 children under 10 years of age. Separating the remaining number by sexes, we have the following table:

TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

<i>Age.</i>	<i>Men.</i>	<i>Women.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
10-14,	40	22	62
15-19,	32	54	86
20-29,	81	125	206
30-39,	44	44	88
40-49,	34	21	55
50-59,	25	13	38
60-79,	28	12	40
80	7	3	10
Total,	291	294	585

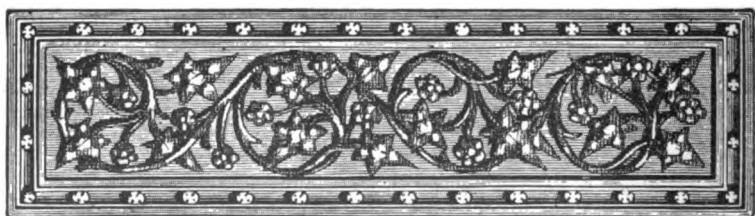
This number of total abstainers, 866, is thus found to contain 281 children under 10 years of age, and 294 women over this age; leaving 291 total abstainers among 1,967 males over 10 years of age, and 217 whose habits were unknown. The relation of intemperance to adult male pauperism is thus found to be very close. Again, we note that there were more women paupers between the ages 20-29 than in any other class. The total number was 184, and this includes 125 total abstainers. The fact that so large a number of women of this age were paupers is doubtless due to a special cause, and their presence in the general group gives it more credit for sobriety than it is entitled to. If we exclude all the male paupers under 20 and all the female paupers under 30, we have 2,568 left out of the 3,230 cases. Among these 2,568, 312 were total abstainers and 227 cases were doubtful. The relation between intemperance and pauperism is found to exist among 80 per cent. of these 2,568 cases, and according to this investigation, therefore, the relation is a very close one indeed.

The conclusion, then, is that if we root out intemperance a large amount of adult pauperism will cease, and if those who contend against intemperance do so because they wish to destroy pauperism, we have reason to say from the study of these figures that their energy has not been wasted. On the contrary, it has been well expended.

There are other causes of pauperism than drink. In its worst type pauperism is a form of degeneration, and due to physical and congenital causes. Such pauperism is found in the lowest stratum of a population; and, strange to say, we find that in such cases intemperance often is but a factor of small importance. The seven generations of the famous Jukes family studied by Dugdale contained many paupers but few inebriates. The tribe of Ishmael, a roving band of vagrants in the States

of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, was not found to contain much intemperance. But paupers of this kind are isolated from the rest of the population. They are not and never were physically capable of rendering efficient service to society. They are usually mentally defective as well as dependent, and they tend to extinction. But pauperism allied to intemperance is usually the evidence of a life of wasted opportunity. When pauperism is caused by intemperance it means that a life of usefulness has been lost to the community. If, therefore, intemperance can be controlled, it is hardly to be expected that the most degraded type of pauperism will be destroyed, but it does mean that a grave injury to society that results in other forms of pauperism will, to a great extent, cease.

We ought to note here the caution that pauperism should not be identified with poverty. Pauperism is a state of dependence on the bounty of others which in some cases is due to no fault of the individual, as in the cases of children, and in other cases is due to the evil habits of the person, as is doubtless the fact in many of the adult paupers described in this report. We all know the lines of the poet about "honest poverty," and the vast majority of those who are compelled to struggle against misfortune or a hard fate would scorn to be dependent. It might be comfortable to many who fail in social justice to believe that intemperance is the cause of all poverty; that if a man is in poor material conditions it is due to his own fault. But it is as needful to beware of the view that everything an individual may suffer is due entirely to his own fault, as it is to beware of the view that everything he suffers is due to somebody else's fault.



CHRISTABEL'S CONFLICT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

I.



DO you ever see such a happy face?"

These were the words that fell on my ear as I stepped out on the platform of the little station of Mortley.

They were uttered by one of my fellow-passengers from London, an elderly couple who had been regarding my eager face watching for Mortley with amused interest.

Happy! I should think I was happy. I was eighteen, full of life, health, and spirits, and I was going home after five years of school in Germany. Home for me did not mean father or mother. I lost my father before I was born, my mother when I was a baby; but my dear uncle and aunt had fully supplied their places, and to them I was going—to my uncle's pleasant rectory at St. Mary's *cum* Mortley—and there also I should find my only sister, Caroline, who was three years my senior, and who had therefore left school three years before me.

Waiting for me at the station with the pony-carriage were my two cousins, Walter and Alfred, both home for their holidays.

"Jump in, Chris," said Walter, "and I'll rattle you down in no time."

"Will you rattle me into a ditch, I wonder?"

"He'd be clever if he did that," laughed Alfred, "with this old duffer of a pony. Why, Chris, 'tis the same old Wowo; you recollect him, surely?"

"Of course I do, dear old Wowo! Let me kiss his nose; don't be hard upon him, boys, and go slowly. I want to feast my eyes on the hedges and fields. And how you are grown; what fine young men! I thought you would be dear little boys just as you were when I left." Walter was so indignant at this that he whipped Wowo, and we rushed down a hill at a fine pace.

It was a lovely summer day, and I found my aunt and

Caroline sitting on the lawn at tea, and two gentlemen with them.

These turned out to be the curate and the only son of the great man of the parish, Sir George Colborne.

Carrie ran to me and gave me a kiss, and then dear Aunt Bessie followed with her motherly hug, and led me into the house to refresh myself after my journey. But first, of course, I invaded my uncle's study.

My dear, dear Uncle Joseph; I can see him now. His tall figure with a slight stoop, his head with its spare locks of silver, his mild blue eyes, and the sweet expression of his face. He folded me in his arms with tenderness; then held me back to look at me. "It's my own Christabel again," he said, fondly brushing the hair from my brow; "her own dear, honest eyes."

When I was tidy and fresh I went with Aunt Bessie to the lawn for a cup of tea. Aunt proposed my going to bed as I had been travelling all the previous day and night, but I declined. The very sight of the trees and flowers, and the dear faces, put new life into me.

How lovely the lawn looked with its beds of bright flowers and its four standard roses, of which my uncle was so fond and which had been the delight of my childhood: the white, red, yellow, and York and Lancaster!

I leant back in a garden chair, and as I sipped my tea I surveyed our two guests. They were a contrast.

The curate, the Honorable and Rev. Herbert Glenour, was a fine young man; not only good-looking, but with a fine, open face and a fresh, energetic manner.

The heir of the Colbornes was certainly not brilliant. Short and so round-shouldered as to be nearly deformed; a cast in one eye, a vacant face, yet with a sly look about him, a stammering speech and boorish manners—this was Mr. Ralph; and I thought how very kind it was of Caroline to take such pains to amuse him. On each side of the lawn were thick shrubberies, with winding paths leading to a little brook with a rustic bridge. In that brook how often had I waded fishing for minnows in my childish days! These paths led on to the kitchen garden with the walled fruit, of which my uncle was proud; and there was the apple orchard and the glebe fields, and in the midst rose the old gray Norman church, and round it the church-yard.

After tea I was eager to see the church, and the Honorable Herbert volunteered to take me.

"Shall I find any changes there?" I said.

"Very few, alas!" he replied.

"Oh! I am glad; I hate changes."

"I hope, Miss Christabel, you will throw your influence into the scale and induce your uncle to let us pull down those hideous pews."

As he said this we entered the church. There was a change. I missed the dear old damp, musty smell, and said so.

"Of course in your time the church was only open on Sundays, but now we have daily Matins and Evensong."

"And who in the world comes to it?" I cried.

"Well," said Mr. Glenour rather slowly, "the congregation is not large: your uncle and aunt, and myself, James Curtis, and one or two others, sometimes. I regret Miss Douglas never comes; she would set an example."

"And," I cried, "if you expect Miss Christabel to come you are mistaken; she never sets an example of anything. And if you want to pull down our darling old pews, where I used to stand on the seat and peep over the top, I will have nothing to do with your plans."

"Oh! you are not in earnest," he said.

"I am," I replied. "I have had enough praying at the convent, and I think all this sort of thing popish. I thought we were Protestants."

"O, dear Miss Christabel, don't use such a word! We are Catholics, Anglo-Catholics: And have you really been in a convent? You could give many hints; but I suppose much was wrapped in mystery."

"I never saw any mystery," I answered, "except the nuns' patience with their pupils; how they bore with us was always a mystery to me. But everything was straightforward; they were so particular about truth."

We were interrupted by the inroads of the boys, who said Aunt Bessie had sent for me.

II.

The happy summer passed away. The golden corn stood in the fields, then fell before the reaper. There was the Harvest Home, and the ball in the barn; then the nutting parties in the woods, and the gathering of blackberries and other rural delights. And somehow in all these expeditions Mr. Glenour was always at my side and Mr. Colborne at Caroline's.

I disliked this individual and once called him "that cub"

when speaking to Caroline; but she gave me such a scolding and read me such a lecture on despising people, and unkindness to those less gifted than myself, that (though I kept my own opinion) I never spoke of him again.

And gradually Herbert and I became more and more to each other, and at Christmas we were betrothed, and I was the happiest girl alive, I thought. I should have said Herbert was only a deacon of the Church of England; he was with my uncle "reading for a title to orders," as it was called.

He was a younger son of Lord Alton, had some money of his own, and was expecting a family living; so he would be able to marry in a year and we should be well off. And he was so good, true, and honorable, and generous and brave, throwing his whole heart into the work of reforming the Church of England.

No one could be engaged to him without becoming High Church, for his heart and soul were in his religion. We had many discussions, and I learnt much Catholic doctrine from him.

The nuns with whom I had been were bound by promise not to interfere with the religion of Protestant children. A dozen of us were under their care; we had to hear Mass, but an English lady came twice a week and gave us religious instruction as Protestants. Some of my companions were drawn toward the Catholic faith and *said* they would be Catholics when they were grown up; but I was a sturdy little Protestant.

I was always thinking of home, how sweet Uncle Joseph looked in his surplice, and of the dear old musty church. Women are said to be illogical, but still it did seem to me Herbert was more so than I. I did argue with him a little, for it seemed to me his views were so different from the rubrics and articles in the prayer-book; but I found this vexed him, and then in reality I cared for none of these things. I was not a bit pious. I wanted to enjoy my happiness in my dear home and all the delights of my betrothal. I was so pre-occupied with self that I hardly perceived a change in my uncle. He was always much consulted by the neighboring clergy; they held him in veneration—he was so perfectly true and straightforward, and no discussion or annoyance could ever ruffle his outward serenity.

So men of all parties came to him. But of late, as I dimly perceived, they came far oftener and stayed longer, and some had a sort of perturbed look.

Herbert was not very easy either, though naturally I took up much of his time and thoughts; but his arguments soon developed into anger. He was so sure of his ground, so sure the Church of England had a brilliant future before her. One day, I remember, he was very much upset because a certain clergyman, who was very "High," had expressed surprise at Herbert's engagement to me.

He had a wife himself, and it was not complimentary to her to hear how he lamented over that fact; but he said he had married in his youth before the "revival of Catholic teaching," and, he added, they looked to the young men of the party to set an example and practise celibacy. When this was reported to me I said: "Why that would be just like a Catholic priest."

Herbert colored up and said: "O Christabel! we *are* Catholic priests—I shall be so next June—but forbidding the clergy to marry is a Popish innovation."

"But, Herbert, priests have to go among the sick and on battle-fields and into all sorts of dangers," I said, "and it does not signify, because they have no wives or children; but you, Herbert—fancy your going into a small-pox hospital, for instance."

Herbert reddened again. "Why, Christabel, of course I should have to go at the call of duty."

"Indeed you would not; I would not let you. And duty, indeed! Would your duty be to break my heart?" And then we had a little quarrel, and a delightful making up afterwards.

The spring came on, and at last I could not help remarking the sadness that rested on my uncle's brow; and I saw that Aunt Bessie's countenance was overcast. I asked her what was the matter, but she put me off. My uncle passed a very austere Lent. He fasted far beyond his strength.

There are no rules about fasting in the Church of England; so every one who fasts—and in those days there were few who did—do what they think right.

Eastertide passed away, and early in June I was asked to spend a few days with some relations of Herbert's who lived about fifty miles off. Herbert took me on Wednesday and was to fetch me back on Monday. So I can only tell the history of those few days at the rectory as I learnt them from my aunt, and I give the narrative in brief words and without comment.

III.

The day after I left Uncle Joseph received some letters which seemed to agitate him. He remained all day shut up in his study. He did not come to meals, hardly touched any food, and said to his wife he should be busy and up all night. She knew very well this meant that he would spend the night as he often did—alone in the church.

The next day he told his wife, Caroline, and Herbert that his mind was finally made up to become a Catholic, and that he was about to write to the bishop to resign the living into his hands. He would await the bishop's answer before taking any further step; but that he would not officiate on Sunday, but leave the services in the hands of others. Few words passed; even Herbert was awed into silence by the pale, set face of one who was undergoing the keenest mental anguish.

The post-bag stood on the table in the hall and the postman called for it in the afternoon.

Just before he came on that eventful day Caroline took up the bag, and said she would go and meet the postman. On her way she abstracted my uncle's letter to the bishop.

On Sunday afternoon Caroline told my aunt she should go for service to Woodly Church, about two miles off; and "don't expect me back," she said, "for I know the girls at the vicarage will ask me to stay."

So when I arrived on Monday, and Caroline was still absent, we thought she was staying on at Woodly.

The next morning's post brought a great shock. A letter came from Caroline. She had never been at Woodly; she went to London on Sunday night from a distant station, was married to Ralph Colborne by special license, and they were gone to Paris. She told us about the bishop's letter; that she did not wish her uncle's resignation to be known till her marriage was accomplished and had appeared in the paper. So she now returned the letter to my uncle.

It was indeed a terrible grief to my poor uncle and aunt. As to me, I hid myself, I was so overwhelmed with shame.

I may as well say here that the whole blame of Caroline's conduct was thrown on my uncle, first by Sir George and Lady Colborne, and then by the bishop.

It was "Romish deceit casting its shadow before," to get his niece well married before he gave up his living; and he had let her name appear in the paper as the niece of a bene-

ficed clergyman, and the papers with this announcement came almost by the same post as the letter of resignation.

At last an imploring note from Herbert brought me out of my hiding-place into the garden.

He was crimson with excitement and indignation. "What are you going to do, Christabel?"

"Do?—I don't know what you mean. I can do nothing; I am too miserable. I only want to hide my head for shame."

"Oh, about Caroline! pooh—that's of no importance. Many girls have done worse. It is your uncle I am thinking of. He will leave this, and as he *will* go, the sooner he does so the better; what is to become of you?"

"I must go with them, of course."

"I don't want you to go, Christabel—I don't want to have you plunged into the midst of Romish priests and nuns."

"What harm can they do me, Herbert? I have lived with nuns, and met plenty of priests; they've done me no harm. As regards the nuns, they did me a great deal of good."

"That's quite a different thing. You would be in the midst of their snares now. I want to arrange for you to stay with the Holts for awhile, until we can be married."

"What can you mean, Herbert? I would not make my home with the Holts." And I added bitterly: "They won't want me *now* after this disgrace of Caroline's; and in fact, Herbert, I am sure your family would not like your going on with the engagement."

"Nonsense, my love! You really exaggerate the thing. It will not be noticed in the papers; I have read the announcement—it appears only in the usual marriage column. It is your *uncle's act* that is of importance. But now, my Christabel, listen: I have written to my father, and I believe matters can be arranged that I shall succeed your uncle in this living, and, dear, we can marry at once and the home you love so much will be yours for ever."

For ever! How the words struck on my ear—for ever!—in this fleeting life whose chances and changes I was making sore acquaintance with that very day.

"But," continued Herbert, "of course this cannot be unless you break off all connection with your uncle. You must in every way repudiate his act."

I sprang to my feet.

"Forsake my uncle!" I cried; "why he has been a father to me; I will never do such a thing!"

"My dear Christabel," said Herbert, "be reasonable. As my wife how could you keep up relations with your uncle. Do you suppose *I* shall have any intercourse with him after the fatal step is taken?"

"Then let all be at an end between us," I said haughtily. "I will not be your wife on those conditions. Moreover, I believe he is right and you are wrong; I have seen it for months, though I have tried to shut my eyes. You abuse the Church of Rome on one hand, and yet ape her on the other. You shudder at the name of Martin Luther, and yet you reap the fruit that he has sown."

So Herbert and I parted in anger, and I went to my room to sob and weep bitter, bitter tears over my vanished happiness and my lovely lost home.

IV.

The bishop's answer came speedily. The parish was put into other care and my uncle was free.

He went immediately to London, and poor Aunt Bessie, half blind with crying, began to take an inventory of all the furniture and linen, as all was to be sold. I was glad to help her. Oh, what a shadow had fallen over the house!

Herbert never came near us. I now learned from Aunt Bessie how very badly off we should be. About one hundred a year would be the amount of my uncle's and aunt's private property; I had twenty pounds a year until I was of age—as an officer's daughter, my father having fallen in action—and there were the boys to think of, one at Rugby and one just gone to Oxford.

My uncle had sunk nearly all his capital to produce an income for his wife after his death, to revert to Caroline and myself finally; his benefice was worth just £1,000 per annum. What a destruction of hopes and plans was around us!

A week passed away. Herbert wrote to me, begging me to reconsider my decision and let him see me. I refused. Then my uncle wrote to say he had been received into the church and had taken lodgings in a cheap neighborhood. He begged aunt and myself to join him.

So we went. Shall I ever forget the first sight of those wretched lodgings?—the tiny parlors opening into each other and the bed-rooms above; the common, ugly furniture; the grimy, druggle-tailed maid of all work to wait on us; the red-nosed, loud-voiced landlady; the narrow, gloomy street. But

soon I forgot the surroundings in gazing at my uncle. Such a look of rest, of unearthly peace was on his dear face! Such a tone of joy in his voice!

We were close to a Catholic church, whither my uncle went every day. The priest of this church had been a college friend of Uncle Joseph, and he had invited him to copy for the press some old crabbed Latin MSS., and uncle was so glad to have something to do and to earn a little. Aunt at once put herself under instruction to this priest, and I used to sit by and listen.

I was in a strange state of mind. I had no attraction or drawing whatever to the "Church of Rome," as I still called our holy mother. I did not care a jot for ceremonies. I thought Herbert, in his white surplice, the most delightful sight that could be seen; and I loved the English services and singing for his sake.

But strait was the gate and narrow the way that lay before me, and, as the priest spoke to my aunt and answered her questions, conviction forced itself into my mind. I saw there was but one church—holy, apostolic, universal, infallible; but my soul revolted against it.

My aunt's simple, gentle nature was soon convinced, and she was of course well inclined to believe that the path her husband had chosen was the right one, for she had looked on him as her guide in all things; but neither he nor Father Dalton would allow her to take the step unless she clearly knew and believed in Catholic doctrine. She was received into the church, and the look of peace came on her face too, and she was strengthened for fresh trials.

There were dreadful scenes with the boys. Walter had just begun his first term at Oxford—all his future hopes were dashed to the ground; and Alfred loved his school and could not bear to leave.

Their position as sons of a well-beneficed clergyman was lost; their father was now a poor, obscure, unnoticed convert, despised and disliked by those who once honored and admired him.

Walter spoke bitter words to his father, and Alfred shed the tears which are so seldom forced from a boy's eyes. There was nothing for Walter but to accept a situation in a merchant's office at seventy pounds per annum, and this was obtained with great difficulty by Catholic friends, while Alfred had a free place at Stonyhurst College.

It was cheaper for Walter to live with us. He hated his work and his squalid surroundings; at meals he was silent and morose, and whenever Father Dalton called he walked straight out of the room. So time passed on and I took no step at all. I read books on the other side, I had many conversations with distinguished clergymen of the Church of England, but nothing satisfied me. These books and clergymen did not agree—even those of the same “school,” as it was called, differed immensely.

Once I tried an experiment: I wrote to twelve clergymen of the Church of England to ask what was the true doctrine about the Holy Eucharist. Each sent me a different answer. I wrote to twelve priests—each one answered me in almost identical words; there was not a shade of difference between them. Still my heart was in revolt against my reason. Then the consequences of my uncle's conversion pressed on me.

The summer heat came on, the lodgings were more and more wretched, and the food was very poor and rough. I lost appetite and felt ill and downcast.

I would not remain a total burden on my uncle's means, so I gave some French and German lessons in what was called a “Young Ladies' Academy.”

The pay was miserable and the pupils pert, vulgar, and stupid. I had no genius for teaching and no spirit to throw into it, so I toiled on in the stuffy, close room, and my brain whirled round.

Behind our lodging-house was a small yard, and at the end a shed in which laundry work was carried on. Aunt Bessie heard our landlady lament the sudden defection of one of her best ironers, and she told her that as far as frills, collars, and cuffs went she could undertake them, for she had always superintended fine ironing at the rectory; her services were gladly accepted, and Mrs. Clark got more work of the kind, so much was my aunt's skill admired.

So thus my dear, humble aunt toiled away. Oh! that long, weary summer in London; how I longed for fresh air, for our shady lawn and distant blue hills, and the deep shadows of our woods! Last summer's joys stood before me like ghosts.

Then, I need hardly say, I carried a sore heart for Herbert. I had loved him fondly, and the sun of my life had set with our separation.

V.

Summer and winter wore away, and the spring came on. One day I received a letter from Caroline—the first she had written. We knew that during the winter Sir George had died, and that now Caroline was Lady Colborne. Caroline wrote to invite me to dinner and to stay the night.

After dinner Caroline said: "Just go into that inner room, Christabel, and fetch me a photo you will see on the table in a silver frame."

I went. I saw no photo, but a form rose up out of a corner and drew me to him—it was Herbert.

"Christabel," he said, "my own love; let this bitter separation end; I cannot live without you."

.

"Now, dearest," he said, after a long talk, "our marriage can speedily take place. You can be married from your sister's house, and there will be no occasion to break off from your uncle, as I proposed last year. You know I spoke in haste and under the influence of a great shock and alarm. I see now how my brave Christabel has resisted the snares cast around her. And then, my dear, things are changed. Your uncle was an important man amongst *us*, and I naturally thought he would be a great man among *them*; but it is not so—he is nothing, quite obscure and half starving. I am sure he must regret his step by this time and will probably come back to us."

"Well," I said, without thinking, "he can't become a priest as he has a wife." Herbert winced; so I spoke on quietly: "Then you won't ask me to forsake him; and really I am but a burden on him unless I go out as a governess, and he won't let me do that."

"It is all settled, darling. You stay here and we will be married in a few weeks."

"But, Herbert, listen to me. I do believe that I think they are in the right, but I drive the thought away; I am not religious—you know I never was—but if you were to argue with me—"

"Never mind, darling," he interrupted. "Never mind; it will be all right. I see your sister in the other room; let us go and tell her what is settled."

Caroline was delighted, and embraced me; neither she nor Herbert would hear of my going back to Shaw Street.

On the following Friday I was with Herbert in Bond Street, and he proposed our stepping into the Gustave Doré Gallery.

We were on the threshold, and had paid for our entrance, when a voice was heard behind us, "Glenour, is that you?" We turned and saw a portly clergyman panting for breath.

"I caught a glimpse of you and ran after you," he said to Herbert. "I want to see you *particularly*; can you possibly spare me an hour—half an hour even?" glancing at me.

Herbert whispered to me: "Christabel, this is important. Would you wait for me in the gallery?"

I went and sat there breathlessly; my whole soul was moved within me.

The picture before me represented the battle between St. Michael and his angels and Lucifer and his army. Victory had come. Lucifer, not black and hideous as generally depicted, but grand and gorgeous and clad in golden armor, was conquered and lay on the ground, his golden armor all besmirched—yet splendid in his fall; his army, all so strong and splendid, lay strewn beside him—not one was standing. St. Michael stood on rising ground, his hands clasped on his sword, looking up to heaven.

God made use of that picture to save my soul. I rose up and fled from the room. When I reached the outer hall I tore a leaf from my pocket-book, wrote a line on it in pencil, and asked the man at the bureau if he would give this to the gentleman who would return for me.

I had written: "I return to Shaw Street; I will write from there."

When I reached Shaw Street I went straight to my uncle, who sat at his writing in his small, close room.

I threw myself on my knees beside him. "Uncle Joseph, forgive me."

He put his thin hands on my head. "My child," he said, "I have nothing to forgive. I know you are going through a cruel struggle, and I have kept silence. I knew I could not help you. Alone must we face these agonies."

Then I told him all, and his wisdom and tenderness consoled me.

VI.

Some bitter days followed. I had to write to Herbert and to Caroline. I did not mind much her scornful answer, but it was anguish indeed to read Herbert's reply.

I had broke again the link that had been so suddenly rebound. The way in which he wrote of my uncle and of the church excited my strong indignation. It was like pouring hot water on a rose-tree. He killed my love. But O it died hard! That hot tide burnt and scorched and shrivelled up my heart.

I did not need much instruction, for I already knew and believed almost all the church's teaching.

I received a letter from the superior of a convent a few miles from London begging me to come and stay there, and I went and spent some peaceful weeks in that dear place with its beautiful church and pleasant grounds, and I grew calm and resolute and at last made a retreat, and for the first time learnt the wonderful help and light that holy exercise gives.

At its close I was received into the church. The nuns asked Aunt Bessie to stay with them for a few days, and my uncle remained at the Jesuit College, close by the convent—so both were present at my reception, First Communion, and confirmation. My soul was filled with deep peace, and in my case the conversion was, if I may so speak, a double one. First, I was converted from heresy to the one true faith, and then my heart was turned from the things of this world to my Lord and my God. But I do not mean to say I was plunged into ecstasy, or that I no longer felt the cross.

When we returned to Shaw Street the lodgings were as squalid and stuffy as before. Sally, the maid, was no cleaner, nor the cooking less rough. Aunt went back to her ironing and uncle to his copying.

Of course I, as a Catholic, was ineligible for the Young Ladies' Academy, but I found a situation as daily governess with rather better pay, and so I worked on.

The kind nuns never rested till they got an invitation from the family of one of them for Walter and Alfred to spend their holidays in a pleasant country house, and during that time Walter had an offer from Lord Layton, whom he met there, to go abroad for a year as companion to his son, who was delicate and ordered to the Continent. And Alfred came also for a week, and we found he had become very fond of Stonyhurst, and was glad to return thither.

My dear uncle and aunt were much cheered by all this. So the boys went, and life rolled on as before. We heard nothing from Caroline, but we learnt that Herbert was ordained, had

taken possession of St. Mary's *cum* Mortley, and had married his cousin, Ada Holt.

The news did give me a pang—but not of regret; *my* Herbert, as I had believed him to be, was dead and buried.

Some years passed by. Walter was still on the Continent, for the change did young Layton so much good he settled to remain for some years. Walter, however, remained a Protestant. He had insisted on sending part of his salary to his parents, and we were able to move into somewhat better lodgings, but always in the same neighborhood, for Father Dalton supplied my dear uncle with work. One MS. after another he brought to him. Few of them were ever printed; the copying was a device of the kind father to give my uncle occupation and a slight revenue.

But at length my dear uncle's health began to fail. A cold settled on his chest and he gradually faded away.

I wrote to Caroline, but she refused to come.

Walter returned in time to see his father and gladden his heart by the news of his conversion.

He knelt beside the bed and said: "Father, forgive me; forgive my shameful conduct; *now* I know all your conversion has won for me."

And Alfred came and told his father how he felt called to try his vocation as a Jesuit and was about to enter the novitiate, and my dear uncle gave thanks to God for all his great goodness and mercy. One day, in the midst of a very hot summer, the end came. All the last sacraments and blessing had been given. Uncle Joseph slept a little and wandered in his sleep.

"The fields are so green," he said, "and how the water sparkles! I hear the ripple of the brook."

Then he was still for awhile and began again: "He shall lead them by the living waters—they shall see His face."

His breath seemed failing and the last prayers were said, and when the priest had finished those wonderful supplications, and paused for a minute, the gentle eyes of the dying man unclosed, he looked upwards, and from the feeble lips fell these words: "Thy rod and Thy staff, they have comforted me." And then the spirit took its flight.

I stood beside him after he was laid in his coffin, clothed in the white habit of a Tertiary of St. Dominic, and with the rosary round his fingers and the crucifix on his breast.

I thought how different would have been his surroundings

had he died Rector of St. Mary's *cum* Mortley's, with all the luxuries that could have been obtained, with crowds of inquiring friends; how the county gentry would have come miles to his funeral and seen him laid in the vault beneath the chancel of his own church. I thought of all he had given up—his pleasant home, his position, the church and people he loved. He had been an excellent preacher; he liked to preach and to officiate.

All had been given up, and he had borne poverty, obscurity, contempt, hard treatment from his own sons, neglect from her to whom he had been as a father, all without a murmur, yea even with joy; and he died in a shabby London lodging, and would be buried in the quiet corner of a Catholic cemetery. And as I stooped to kiss the cold white forehead some lines I had often read flashed into my mind as applicable to my uncle, and not only to him but to the many other Protestant clergymen who in the prime of life, or perchance in old age, give up comfort, wealth, or at least competence and position, at the call of their Master.

Men reckon little of them; those they have left after good services done insult and abuse them; *fools esteem their life madness and their end without honor—but their lot is among the saints.*

So I drew the white sheet over the dead face of my dear uncle and said to myself:

*There—it is over now,
God's be the glory;
Ye who have heard it
Forget not their story.*





CARMEL, AS SEEN FROM THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.

MOUNT CARMEL AND THE CARMELITES.

BY P. T. B.



MOUNT CARMEL is a chain of mountains about fifteen miles long running across Palestine. It begins towards the north-west by a bold promontory jutting out into the Mediterranean, and rising abruptly about 600 feet above the sea. On the summit of this promontory the present Carmelite monastery is built. The mountain then stretches out towards the south-east, gradually rising to the height of 1,742 feet. On the north-east is the bay of Acre, with the town of Acre ten miles distant. Further on towards the south is the rich plain of Esdraelon and the ever-winding river Cison, on whose shores Deborah sang her song of victory, and whose water ran crimson with the blood of the false prophets of Baal.

AN ATMOSPHERE OF SUBLIMITY.

Apart from its lasting associations with Elias and his school

of prophets, there is something in Carmel that has a charm of sweetness and beauty, whether it be on account of its quiet calmness, separated as it seems to be from all things here on earth and living in an atmosphere all its own; or whether it be on account of its lofty position looking down on land and sea, as if to forget both and soar high to heaven, there is something inherent in the summits of Carmel that inspires sublime and holy thoughts.

THE RETREATS OF THE PROPHETS.

But it is on account of its religious associations that Mount Carmel is of special interest to the pilgrim. On the summit and slopes of the mountain are still to be seen the grottoes where Elias, the man of God, and his prophets dwelt. There, in nature's secluded recesses, did those holy souls spend long hours and days and nights in the contemplation of divine things, passing their lives in continual union with God. What holy inspirations, what impulses of faith, love, and zeal for God's glory, must the pilgrim feel as he visits those sanctified places! There are the caves where Elias and the sons of the prophets prayed and fasted; there is pointed out the place where Elias offered a pleasing sacrifice to the Most High, and where he brought fire from heaven to destroy the soldiers of an idolatrous king. There also are the hallowed places of Christian times where the children of Elias lived and prayed, and where their blood flowed under the sword of the infidel in testimony of the faith they professed.

For years Elias dwelt in solitude on the mountain, instructing those who had come to devote themselves to the service of God with him. Suddenly he leaves his lonely abode. He who before had scarcely ever departed from his secluded grotto now goes forth with firmness and determination as one conscious of an important errand, and he directs his way to the palace of the king.

ELIAS BEFORE THE IDOLATROUS KING.

To understand this sudden departure of Elias from his grotto on Mount Carmel, and the memorable event consequent on it, it will be necessary to explain the object of his mission. Achab, who was then king of Israel, had abandoned the God of his fathers and built temples to false gods. Contrary to the Jewish law, he had married Jezabel, a Sidonian, and erected a temple to her god in Samaria. The people quickly followed the king's example, and soon almost all Israel had become idolaters.

Four hundred and fifty prophets served in the temple of Baal, and four hundred and fifty more, who fed at Jezabel's table, served in the temple of Astaroth, the god of the groves. It was to protest against these idolatrous practices that the "word of the Lord came to Elias," and "he stood up as a fire." He left his cave on Mount Carmel and made his way to the palace of the king.

Faint and worn by repeated vigils and long fasting, his hair hanging loose on his shoulders, clothed with a rough woollen garment, a leather girdle round his loins, a cloak of sheep-skin on his shoulders, and a plain mountain-staff in his hand, Elias crosses the plain of Esdraelon, and makes direct for the city of Jezreel, where King Achab dwells. With a determination that gives majesty to his appearance he enters the precincts of the palace and asks to see the king. No fear of royal dignity or grandeur keeps him back; he has a mission from God to fulfil, and no human motive will make him shirk its accomplishment. The king, seemingly happy in his worldly honors and idolatrous practices, expects no good news by the appearance of this roughly-clad man from the grottoes of Carmel. He nevertheless admits Elias to his presence to hear his message. Elias appears before the king, and, with the consciousness of one speaking in God's name, announces to the king: "As the Lord liveth in whose sight I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to the words of my mouth." Achab listened with a feeling of wonder and sadness, and scanned the prophet as if he were a spirit. When Elias had delivered his message he withdrew, but "his words burned like a torch." "What has made this man come and thus speak to me?" said the king to himself. Then, arousing himself as if ashamed of his inward trouble, he tried to regain courage. "What evil can this man do me?" he uttered; "have I not the gods of Jezabel to protect me, and my soldiers to fight my battles for me?"

A CHALLENGE TO BAAL.

Three years are passed. During that time neither rain nor dew has fallen, and a famine is raging in Israel. Achab had in vain sought everywhere for Elias that he might put him to death, but now, uncalled for, the prophet again appears before the king. This time he has a different message. He has not come to promise rain or to bring relief to those suffering from the famine; he has come to challenge King Achab and Queen Jezabel to a public test whether the god of Jezabel or the God of Israel be the true God. Call the people of Israel to

Mount Carmel, said Elias to the king, and bring the nine hundred prophets of Baal and Astaroth, and let the people see who is the true God. Achab accepts the challenge. Soon after the silence of Carmel is broken by the motley crowd that is gathered on its slope. The people of Israel have come from all sides, old men, women, and children, all anxious to witness the public test. The nine hundred prophets of Baal and Astaroth have also come to the place appointed by Elias. They have with them statues of their false gods, they sing and dance around them, King Achab with his court is close by. Elias too is there. He had spent the night in prayer, and he now appears before the crowd calm and confident. When all were assembled he turned to the people, and asked them to halt no longer between two sides. If Baal be the true god, let them all follow him; but if the God of their fathers be the true God, then why not follow him and renounce Baal? They were now come to witness who is the true God, and it would soon be made manifest which side they should go. Then Elias asked the prophets of Baal to prepare a victim and place it on an altar, and call on their god to send fire from heaven to consume it. He would afterwards do the same, and the god that would send fire to consume the victim would be the true god.

The prophets of Baal prepared their victim, and having placed it on an altar, they began to call on Baal to send fire from heaven to consume it. They continued calling from morn till noon, but no fire came. The king was troubled at their not succeeding, and asked them to call again upon Baal. They then began to scourge their bodies, and in mournful tones they implored Baal to hear them. Elias calmly waited for his appointed time; he even offered an apology for their long delay. Perhaps, he said, your god is at present engaged in some important business, or perhaps he holds intercourse with some other god, or it may be he has retired to rest, and it will require louder cries to awake him; cry louder, then, that he may hear you. The false prophets became enraged at these taunting words of Elias, and tearing their bodies still more with scourges they rent the air with their mournful shouts beseeching Baal to hear them; yet no fire came from heaven and their victim remained untouched on the altar.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FALSE PROPHETS.

When the time appointed for Elias to offer his victim had come, he asked the people to bring together twelve stones and

on them build an altar of wood. Then he placed his victim on the altar, and round it he dug a trench which he filled with water lest the people might find any reason for deception. He then knelt down, and raising his hands in prayer he besought the Almighty to manifest to his people that he is the true God of Israel. Scarcely had he finished his prayer when a flame of fire burst forth from the heavens and, fixing itself on the altar, consumed all—victim and altar—and dried up the trench of water. Elias then turning to the people, said to them: Now has the Lord your God shown to you that he alone is the true God of Israel; follow him, and overthrow the altar of Baal. And to prove your sincerity take the false prophets and put them all to death. The people at once seized the nine hundred false prophets, and, leading them on to the plain below, put them all to death. Their blood flowed into the Cison and reddened its waters as it flowed into the sea. Elias did not think it enough to give some visible proof to the people that the Lord is God; he wished that they should rid themselves of the means that might again lead them away from the service of the true God. He knew if the prophets of Baal remained that they would again reduce the people, and therefore did he order, by divine inspiration, that they should all be put to death.

After this manifestation of the true God Achab, sad and despondent, returned with his court to the palace. The people went in different ways to their homes, thanking God for having manifested himself to them in so visible a manner, and Elias slowly ascended to the summit of Mount Carmel. He there entered into his poor grotto, and throwing himself prostrate on the ground, he poured forth fervent acts of thanksgiving to God for the recent victory over the false gods of Jezabel; and now that their prophets were destroyed, he besought the Almighty to succor his people and send rain on the land. Rising soon after from his prayer, he sent his servant out on the mountain-top to look across westward toward the sea to know if there were any sign of rain. The servant went, and returning, said he saw no sign of rain. Then Elias told him to go up seven times and look in the same direction, and when he had gone up the seventh time he returned saying he saw a little cloud like a man's foot rise up out of the sea. Soon after the heavens were black with clouds and there was a great rain. This small cloud rising out of the bitter salt sea, which was a sign of rain to Israel, was typical of her who was centuries after to rise pure and undefiled out of the bitter sea of cor-

ruption of the whole human race, and in that small cloud Elias foresaw her who was to bring showers of spiritual plenty to fallen humanity.

THE PROPHET SAVED BY A MIRACLE.

The next remarkable event that took place on Mount Carmel was the destroying by fire of the soldiers who had come to seize the prophet. Achab and Jezabel are dead, and their idolatrous son Ochozias is king of Israel. Having met with some accident, he sent his prophet to consult the false gods; but Elias comes forth from Mount Carmel, meets the false prophet, and tells him to return and announce to the king that he will soon die. The king was enraged at such an unexpected message, and wishing to be no longer troubled by this man of God, he ordered one of his captains to take with him fifty soldiers and go and seize Elias. They instantly set out, armed as if going to oppose an enemy, and when they had come to the grotto where Elias dwelt, the captain called out to the "man of God" to come forth—that they had come to make him a prisoner of the king. Elias soon came forth from his grotto and, looking at the captain, said: "If I be a man of God, let fire come down from heaven and destroy you and your soldiers." Scarcely had Elias uttered the words when the captain and his soldiers were victims to the flames that descended from the heavens. The king became more enraged at having failed to seize the prophet, and ordered a new band of soldiers to go and make Elias prisoner. On they marched through the rich plain of Esdraelon, incited by the sharp words the king had addressed to them, and resolved not to fail in seizing the prophet. They came to the grotto where he dwelt, but only to share the same fate as those who preceded them. The king again sent another band of fifty, thinking they might succeed. Coming near the prophet's cave, they saw the bodies of the hundred soldiers and their two captains lying dead on the ground, and fearing lest they too should soon lie dead with them, they refrained from offering words of threat or defiance to the "man of God." They besought him to spare their lives, telling him they had come with no evil design, but only to obey the orders of their king. Elias listened to them, and coming down from his grotto went with them to the king; but only to announce to him that because he had sent messengers to consult the false gods he would soon die, which happened not long after.

On the summit of the mountain is still to be seen the grotto from which he sent forth his servant to know if there were any sign of rain, and from which he came forth to meet the soldiers of Ochozias. This was his favorite grotto for fasting and prayer, and over it is built the church attached to the monastery of the Discalced Carmelites who now live on Mount Carmel. On the slope of the hill there are two other grottoes where Elias often retired for prayer, and at the base is a large cave known as the school of the prophets. Around this there are many small caves where the companions of Elias dwelt. Further on towards the south-east is the spot where Elias and the prophets of Baal assembled to offer sacrifice, and opposite in the plain below is still pointed out the place where the people put the false prophets to death.

CARMEL UNDER THE NEW DISPENSATION.

In harmony with Carmel's ancient splendor shines its Christian glory. Those secluded homes on its shaggy side in



THE MONASTERY ON THE SUMMIT.

which Elias and his prophets lived and prayed have ever attracted holy souls seeking to live in peace and union with God. After the ascent of Elias in his fiery chariot, Eliseus, filled with the double spirit of his master, became the guardian and father of the sons of the prophets, and from that time holy men continued to live in the hermitages on the mountain till the coming of Christ. They were like heralds in the old covenant, anticipating by their practices those evangelical coun-

sels that Christ afterwards incorporated in his divine law. It is related that the Holy Family on their return from Egypt to Nazareth visited these holy men, and the God whom they loved and served and desired to see then dwelt with them, blessing them and filling their souls with that joy and peace which the true servants of God alone possess. It is said, also, that the Holy Family during their life at Nazareth often visited the hermits on Mount Carmel.

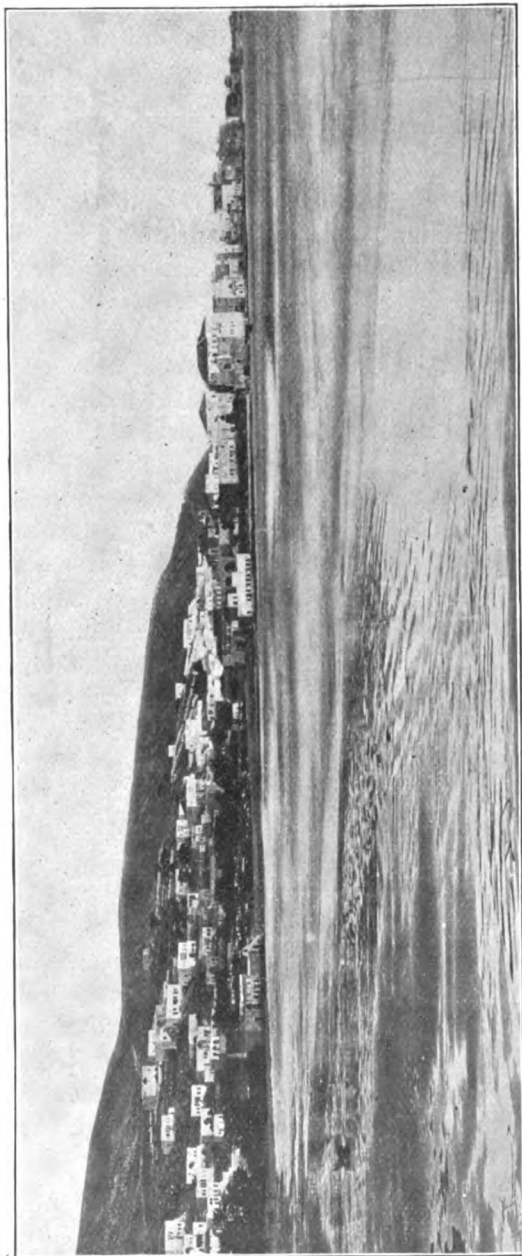
After the Ascension of our Lord many of Mount Carmel's holy hermits went to Jerusalem, received baptism from the Apostles, and assisted in spreading the Gospel among the Jews. Our Blessed Lady and St. John are said to have visited them on Mount Carmel, and to have remained with them for some time. This visit can be easily accounted for, since it is commonly believed, even by those who have devoted much diligence to modern research among the Holy Places, that the Blessed Virgin accompanied St. John and some others of the Apostles to Nazareth, showing them where the Holy Family dwelt, and narrating to them many touching incidents of the life of her Divine Son. When at Nazareth she would likely visit the hermits in their holy homes on Mount Carmel, and the many places of interest on the mountain. We cannot doubt but Carmel, Mary's chosen land, her fruitful vine, was then blessed by its Queen, and "Carmel by the sea" became henceforth Carmel of Mary. Thus did the Blessed Mother of our Divine Redeemer bless the work begun centuries before by the prophet Elias, and therefore do Carmelites claim Mary and Elias as their spiritual parents.

OUR LADY'S FIRST SHRINE.

Soon after the death of the Blessed Virgin the hermits on Mount Carmel erected an oratory on the mountain in her honor. This was the first oratory ever erected in honor of her to whom so many churches and cathedrals, towns and cities, families and nations have since been dedicated. On Mount Carmel did devotion to Mary begin, and by the children of Carmel has it since been carried, planted, cherished, and nourished all over the world.

In the fourth century St. Helena, the pious mother of Constantine, visited Mount Carmel, and found there the oratory built by the hermits in honor of our Blessed Lady. She is said to have built another near the school of the prophets. Early in the fifth century the hermits received a rule from John,

Patriarch of Jerusalem. By this rule uniformity of life was introduced among them, though they still continued to live in separate caves.



PANORAMA OF CARMEL, FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

In the twelfth century, when the infidels were continuing their savage work of desecration of the Holy Places in Palestine, and almost all the hermits of Mount Carmel had been banished from their holy home, God raised up one who was to restore the religious life on the mountain. This was St. Berthold, a native of the diocese of Limoges, in France. Having joined the Crusaders, he made a vow that, if God would grant them victory over the infidels, he would consecrate the remainder of his life to the service of God in a monastic order. The petitioned victory was gained, and Berthold, after returning home, became a monk in a monastery in Calabria. But he was destined for a new crusade to the East.

God inspired him to return to the Holy Land and live with the hermits on Mount Carmel. Strengthened by divine assist-

ance, he proceeded to Palestine, and, assembling the few remaining hermits he found near Mount Carmel, he formed a small community near the school of the prophets. The presence of this little community on the mountain soon attracted many others, and in a short time they were able to build a church and monastery close by one of the grottoes of Elias.

THE RULE OF THE CARMELITES.

After the death of St. Berthold St. Brocard was elected superior. He applied to Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, for a new rule for his religious, as the one given them in the fifth century was too general and indefinite. In accordance to this request of St. Brocard and his religious, St. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave in 1207 to the religious living on Mount Carmel a new rule based on the monastic rule of St. Basil. This rule given by St. Albert is known as the primitive rule of the Carmelites, and it is that which the Discalced Carmelites now observe. This rule of St. Albert was but a definite and concise collection of the chief points of the rule given to the religious in the fifth century by John, Patriarch of Jerusalem. It had much in conformity with the rule of St. Basil, and was adapted to



BROTHER JOHN BAPTIST, RESTORER OF MT. CARMEL.

the manner of life followed by the religious on Mount Carmel.

In a short time the Carmelite community on the holy mountain became so numerous that they were able to found monasteries in all the principal towns in Palestine, in Tyre, Sarepta, Tripoli, Antioch, and Jerusalem. When the Holy Land had been abandoned by the Crusaders these convents were destroyed by the Turks, and the religious banished or put to death. In 1291 the infidels set fire to the monastery of Our Lady on Mount Carmel, and massacred all the religious while they were singing the "Salve Regina" round the altar of our Blessed Lady. Thus was Carmel despoiled of her treasures. Her children who had loved her so much had gone, many to

their Queen in heaven, and others to extend her devotion on earth.

ST. SIMON STOCK.

Some years before the destruction of the convent on the mountain many of the religious had passed into Europe and founded convents in different countries. In 1244 the general chapter held at Aylesford, in Kent, England, elected St. Simon Stock general. This saint, to whom our Blessed Lady gave with her own hands the Carmelite scapular, promising at the same time that whoever would die wearing it would never suffer the torments of the fire of hell, was born at Aylesford in Kent. That he might more freely devote himself to prayer and contemplation, he at an early age withdrew from his parents' home into the solitude of a dense wood. There, it is said, he lived in the stock of a large oak-tree; hence his name *Stock*. He always cherished a special devotion to the Mother of God. Once when praying to her it was revealed to him that an order, specially devoted to her, would soon come from the East, and that he was to join it. This was the Order of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

THE CARMELITES IN ENGLAND.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century some of the religious from Mount Carmel came to England with the English knights who had taken part in the Crusades. A monastery was built for them by one of these knights on the border of a forest near Aylesford, Kent. Simon soon heard of their arrival, and recognizing that these were the religious made known to him in his vision he embraced their mode of life. His piety and learning soon marked him out as the instrument chosen by God for the propagation of Our Lady's Order in the West. He went to Oxford to complete his studies, and while there he took the degree of doctor of theology. He then went to Mount Carmel to better train himself to walk in the footsteps of God's ancient servants. He stayed there for six years perfecting himself in prayer and the love of God. When the religious were finally banished from the holy mountain he returned to England, and was soon after elected general of the whole order. Under his wise direction the order rapidly spread over the countries of Europe. He petitioned the Holy See to confirm the rule given them by St. Albert, and on the 1st of September, 1248, Innocent IV. issued a bull by which he confirmed the Carmelite rule, and bestowed on the order all the privileges of the mendicant orders.

REFORM OF THE ORDER.

During the much-troubled time of the Western Schism the observance of this rule in all its details was considered too burdensome, and an application was made to the Holy See to modify it in some respects. In 1431 Eugenius VI. published a bull by which the rule was mitigated and certain dispensations granted. Efforts were afterwards made in different provinces to introduce the rule of St. Albert in its entirety, but with little effect. The lasting reformation of the order, or the renewal of the observance of the rule of St. Albert, was reserved for the two great saints, St. Teresa of Jesus and St. John of the Cross. Those who adopted the reform of these two saints were called Discalced Carmelites; those who continued



ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.



ST. TERESA.

to observe the mitigated rule were called Calced Carmelites. The reformed Carmelites were called Discalced because, imitating their holy Father St. John of the Cross, they went barefoot or wore no shoes; they used sandals instead. Any one acquainted with the "lives" of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross knows what trials and sufferings these two heroic servants of God had to endure during the work of reform. A new edition of the interesting and admirable work *Histoire Générale des Carmes et Carmelites de la Réform de Sainte Térèse* has

just been published by the Prior of the Discalced Carmelites, Monélimar, Drôme, France. It gives a complete account of the Discalced Carmelites, both fathers and nuns, since their commencement. Many interesting facts relative to St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, and not usually found in their "lives," are also recorded in this work.

THE RETURN TO MOUNT CARMEL.

For close on four centuries Mount Carmel had stood solitary by the sea lamenting her lost children. In 1627 her joy was once more restored when two Discalced Carmelite fathers, Father Prosperus of the Holy Ghost and Father Thomas of St. Joseph, and a lay brother, Brother Joachim, ascended her heights and established themselves near one of the grottoes of Elias. They were soon after joined by more Discalced Carmelites from Rome, and in 1634 they had a new church and monastery erected over the grotto of the prophet. Father Prosperus was appointed superior of the community. On the 3d of December, 1633, Urban VIII. by a special brief appointed the Very Rev. Father Paul Simon of Jesus Mary, who was then general of the Discalced Carmelites, Prior of the Monastery of Mount Carmel, a title which the general of the order has since retained. By the same brief the pope forbade any other religious order or congregation to build a convent on Mount Carmel unless they first obtained special permission from the Holy See.

THE TURKS SEIZE THE HOLY MOUNTAIN.

The Mohammedans began a new persecution against the Catholics in 1635. They made their way into Palestine, and, after destroying all the buildings round Mount Carmel, they proceeded to the monastery, which they pulled down. They took possession of the grotto of Elias, which they still retain, guarding it with great veneration and performing religious ceremonies in it many times during the year. When the persecution ceased Father Prosperus, who had returned to Rome after having been expelled from the ruined monastery, again returned to Mount Carmel, and obtained permission from the Prince of Caifa to build a new monastery on the mountain. He selected the grotto on the summit of the mountain as the site of the new monastery, and over the grotto he built a church which he dedicated to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

But there was yet another trial in store for Our Lady's

children. In 1776 the Mohammedan ruler of Egypt, Abou Daheb, declared war against the Sheik Dhaber. He besieged and took Jaffa, and advanced with his army on to Mount Carmel. He plundered the monastery, robbed the church of its precious ornaments, and beheaded all the religious he could find. The following year this cruel persecutor of the Christians died from the plague, and the religious who had escaped returned to their plundered convent. These were joined by other Discalced Carmelites from Europe, and the convent and church were soon restored. In 1799, when Napoleon failed in his attack on Acre, the religious on Mount Carmel turned part of the convent into a hospital for the wounded French soldiers. There they were attended with every care by the religious; but soon the savage Turk, seeking every means of revenge on their European invaders, attacked the convent, and put to death all the invalid soldiers. Before departing they expelled the religious, and reduced the convent and church to a heap of ruins.

THE WORK OF RESTORATION.

About twenty years later, John Baptist Frascati, a distinguished Italian architect who had become a lay brother with the Discalced Carmelites, taking the name of Brother John Baptist of the Most Blessed Sacrament, was commissioned by the general at that time to go and examine the convent on Mount Carmel. Filled with the most ardent desires to see the shrine of Our Lady again towering the hill of Carmel, he went and examined the plundered convent, and to his sad surprise he found nothing but a heap of ruins; even the very walls had been pulled down. He found one solitary brother of the expelled community living at the foot of the mountain, and from him he learned that nothing could then be done to rescue the ruins from utter decay, for Abdallah Pasha, the governor of Syria, was full of bitter hatred towards the Christians. Much dejected, Brother John Baptist returned to Rome to tell his sad story; but withal the idea of restoring the monastery never left his mind. That the holy mountain so long the home of prophets and hermits should now be a deserted wilderness, with its monastery and grottoes inhabited by savages and wild beasts, was ever a source of grief to him. In 1826, when the state of the East seemed favorable, he went to Constantinople, and, through the influence of the French ambassador residing there, he succeeded in getting permission from the Turkish

government to restore the ruined convent. He then proceeded to Mount Carmel, and, seated on the fallen walls of the old monastery, he sketched the plans of the present convent and church. The solitary brother whom he met at his previous visit had died just before his return, and now alone and unknown he began his work of restoration.

When he had finished the plans he found that no means were at hand to carry them out; yet, determined at any cost to complete the good work, he obtained permission from his general and Propaganda to collect the necessary funds. Accompanied by another Carmelite brother, Brother Charles, he travelled through Asia and Europe begging assistance to enable

him to restore Our Lady's sacred sanctuary and the home of her beloved children. He sought assistance from every class, both from the infidel and the Christian, from the poor as well as from the rich, and the names of many of the crowned heads of Europe, both Catholic and Protestant, were among the list of those who generously contributed to the good work. When he had collected sufficient funds he returned to Mount Carmel, and on the feast of Corpus Christi, June 14, 1827, twenty-eight years after the old convent had been destroyed, the foundation stone of the present convent was laid. Brother John Baptist daily helped in the work of building, and he soon had the satisfaction of realizing his long and ardent desire in seeing the present convent and church completed.



THE MADONNA OF MOUNT CARMEL.

THE NEW CARMEL.

The church, which is built in four half-circles, stands in the centre of the monastery. Over the high altar of the sanctuary is a large statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. In the east wing is the ancient grotto of Elias, over which is an altar with a life-

size statue of the prophet. Close by the convent is a hospital or guest-house for visitors to the holy mountain, and to all visitors the kindest hospitality is always given by the fathers who reside there. Round the convent on both sides of the mountain are many small caves where hermits formerly dwelt, and which the religious now use during time of retreats. Along the summit of the mountain can be seen the ruins of ancient villages that once prospered on its fertile soil, but which are now covered with wild vegetation that make secure places of refuge for wild beasts. Thus is Carmel despoiled of much of her ancient beauty; yet with her present wild enchantment she still retains one bright gem—that is, her community of Discalced Carmelite Fathers, the children of our Blessed Lady and Elias, and the spiritual inheritance of the two mystic flowers of Carmel, Saint Teresa of Jesus and Saint John of the Cross.

The Discalced Carmelite Fathers have at present several convents in Palestine, India, and Persia. They also have convents in Ireland, England, and almost all the countries of Europe. They are now establishing an international college for the whole order in Rome. They have no convents in the United States; but may we not hope that the time will soon come when the wish of America's late poet-priest will be realized?—"we will have them, if we just will; those brown-shrouded, white-mantled, barefooted sons of the mystic daughter of Carmel, Teresa of Jesus."



ANGLICAN ANSWERS TO THE POPE'S BULL.

BY JESSE ALBERT LOCKE.



WHEN Peter speaks, by the mouth of Leo, the world listens. Even beyond the community of the faithful those who refuse obedience to the Apostolic See and scout its authority nevertheless find themselves unable to ignore any important act or judgment of the Vicar of Christ. The effect of the recent Bull, "*Apostolicae Curae*," on Anglican orders is an excellent illustration of this. The world at large, as represented by the professedly secular journals, has given it consideration and recognized its value as a judicial decision. "If the Bull were a legal opinion, it would be justly described as learned," was the editorial conclusion of one great daily. The religious press (representing other denominations than the Anglican) has treated it in much the same way, acknowledging that, starting with the premise of a sacrificing priesthood established by Christ and following Catholic doctrine and precedent, no other decision could logically be reached.

HOW ANGLICANS HAVE RECEIVED THE BULL.

But the Anglican reception of the Bull has been of a somewhat different sort. After the assertion—constantly repeated with insistent emphasis—that the Pope's decision is of no consequence whatsoever, Anglicans being absolutely certain of the genuineness of their orders, there is the rather paradoxical result of an increasing flood of newspaper articles, pamphlets, and books intended to refute what His Holiness has said. One Anglican writer seems to look upon all this as only a beginning, predicting that "henceforth, as long as the world lasts, the Pope's Bull has made it inevitable that every school, college, seminary, class, and pulpit in the Anglican communion will be mainly engaged in polemical strife with Rome." To this another Anglican very justly replies, that if such be the case, "Anglicanism, as a spiritual force," will surely enter upon a decline, "for no Christian body can thrive which cultivates such a spirit as its chief characteristic."

ANGRY ABUSE OF THE POPE.

Besides their voluminousness these Anglican retorts have

two other notable characteristics. The first is a little surprising. That there should be some disappointment and even some irritation on the part of those whose title is called in question or denied, cannot be considered unnatural. But the anger, the bitterness, in some cases the violent though trivial spitefulness, with which Anglican writers have assailed not only Cardinal Vaughan and the Roman Curia, but even the Holy Father himself, are truly remarkable. It is like the furious petulance of a disappointed child and very far removed from that calmness of temper which marks certainty in the possession of truth. Nothing, indeed, could more clearly reveal a certain inner consciousness (in spite of the vehement and no doubt honest protestations to the contrary) that their case has, after all, much inherent weakness, and that they did long for Rome to put their doubts to rest by setting her hall-mark—her stamp of genuineness—upon their orders, than the abuse which they now heap upon the Pope, who is accused of bad faith, insincerity, deliberate falsification, and a variety of unworthy motives. And this even by those who were most anxious for a decision and who could not say enough (while they expected a favorable verdict) of Leo's learning, holiness, impartial love of truth, and true zeal for the reunion of Christendom! Even their French allies are not spared; those clerics who were inclined to look favorably upon the Anglican claim to valid orders, but all of whom have now, like good Catholics, accepted the Pope's judgment loyally, and who in consequence are branded by their English Ritualistic friends as "traitors."

CONFLICTING OPINIONS.

The second characteristic was, of course, to be expected; the Anglican replies to the Bull are not only varied but conflicting—many of them absolutely contradictory of one another. A certain High-Church paper, for instance, rejoices in the proof which this inquiry gives that the question of Anglican orders has been an open one in the Roman Church. Lord Halifax, on the other hand, complains that the Bull clearly proves the matter to have been settled by the precedent of the Gordon case, examined in Rome in 1704, and that the question was not considered an open one in the present inquiry.

An editorial in an ultra-High-Church paper—the *Catholic Champion*—states the true and Anglican position to be this: the See of Peter has a supremacy *jure ecclesiastico* only, and not *jure divino*—not by divine right. In the very same issue of this paper is an essay published by the "Clerical Union," a

society of High-Church clergymen, in which occurs the following paragraph: "The first point, then, of the Catholic counter-Reformation" (the Anglican High-Church movement), "first, that is, in importance if not in realization, is to win our way back into the unity of Western Christendom and to set the English Primate once more in his proudest place—the right hand of the Throne of Peter, to whom belongs, *jure divino*, the Primacy of all."

As to the grace of orders, we have Lord Halifax and his friends asserting their confidence that they possess, Pope Leo to the contrary or not, true priests who offer sacrifice, and then we find the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool at his recent diocesan conference speaking thus: "But our conception of a Christian minister's office is very different from that of the Pope. On the one side the clergyman of the Roman Church is a real priest, whose great business it is to offer the sacrifice of the Mass. On the other, the clergyman of the Anglican Church is not a priest at all, though called one, and only a presbyter, whose chief business is not to offer a material sacrifice but to preach the Word of God and administer the sacraments." Anglicanism, in truth, is so hydra-headed that it would be impossible to answer at once all the Pope's critics, any more than one could talk to a number of different persons on different subjects at the same moment and in the same words. One is obliged to select some one particular voice at a time from the babel of contradictory heresies and show what is the Catholic answer to it. If the Pope needed any justification for his decision he could find it in these Anglican utterances—episcopal or otherwise—which have been drawn forth by this Bull. With scarcely a single exception these writers, whether High-Church or Low, show how utterly they are at variance with the Catholic Church as regards the grace of orders and the sacerdotal character.

DR. FULTON AND THE POPE.

What is apparently considered by Anglicans the strongest statement of their case which has been put forth on this side of the water is an essay by the Rev. John Fulton, D.D., LL.D., who is spoken of as a learned canonist. It first appeared in his own paper, the *Church Standard*, but has now been reprinted in pamphlet form, and is commended on all sides as likely to be extremely useful in reassuring any Anglicans who may have been disturbed by the Papal Bull. For those Anglicans, if such there be, who are simply determined in any case to remain Anglicans and who welcome everything which

seems to make telling points against Rome, this essay will doubtless be satisfactory enough. But in the case of those who endeavor to make an impartial study of both sides, determined to learn the truth, such methods of argument are more likely to prove a boomerang to the Anglican camp. For, in the first place, the *ad hominem* argument, charging one's opponent with insincerity and unworthy motives, instead of attaining its purpose by raising an antecedent prejudice in the reader's mind against one's adversary, is quite as apt to hint the weakness of the cause which needs such support.

Nor is the effort to make the Pope talk nonsense and contradict himself likely to be successful with a fair-minded person if the Pope has had mental acumen enough for the simple task of drawing logical conclusions from his own premises. Again, it will strike most readers that not even a learned canonist can be exempt from one accepted canon in all fair controversy, viz., the duty of having a thorough acquaintance with the arguments and literature of the other side and of ignoring no important contention of one's opponents. But Dr. Fulton has simply treated as if non-existent certain arguments on the Catholic side which help one to understand the meaning of this Bull on orders and arguments which Catholic writers hold to be most important considerations. His essay may have been written hastily or he may be unacquainted with certain Catholic authorities on the subject, but no presentation of the case can be complete or fair which ignores them. This will be treated of more fully when examining Dr. Fulton's argument in detail.

WHO ACKNOWLEDGE ANGLICAN ORDERS?

Before taking up Dr. Fulton's tract let us ask one question, the answer to which will clear the ground of much accidental matter and show clearly the real point at issue. Who admit and who deny that Anglicans have true orders in the Catholic sense? On the negative side must be placed, first of all, the largest section of Christendom, the Catholic and Roman Church. The Greek and Russian Churches have never yet admitted the Anglican claims, and there is nothing to indicate that they ever will do so. A few years ago the head of the Jansenist Church in Holland—a schismatic body possessing true orders—examined the matter and pronounced the Anglican Church heretical and its orders invalid. In short, no church which High-Anglicans themselves believe to have genuine orders is willing to return the compliment. Other Protestants and the world in general are against the claim. Nay, within the Anglican communion

itself a large proportion strenuously deny it. What has the Pope said regarding the Anglican clergy? *That they are not sacrificing priests.* Those who agree with that statement have no controversy with the Pope, and the majority of Anglicans certainly look upon their clergy as ministers of the gospel and pastors, but not priests who offer a true sacrifice. On the one side, then, the Pope and practically the whole world with him, both Catholic and Protestant; on the other, a minority of Anglicans. On the latter certainly falls the burden of proof. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* It is well to keep the issue firmly in mind. Unless it is claimed that the Anglican clergy are priests of the same sort and with the same powers which Roman Catholic priests possess, there is no controversy. This is the crucial question: *Are they sacrificing priests?*

DR. FULTON'S METHOD OF ARGUMENT.

Dr. Fulton divides his answer to the Pope into three parts, each headed by a proposition which he endeavors to prove. These will be duly considered. But he does not confine himself to the logical proving of propositions. He interweaves with the whole two serious charges against the Pope which are intended to give force to the more formal arguments and which it will be well to look at first.

I. THE CHARGE OF INSINCERITY.

"And now," says Dr. Fulton, "we have the Pope's judgment on that part of the argument against Anglican orders. He does not render it in the frank terms of manly candor and generosity." Again: "The belief which we expressed in the beginning of this article, that the investigation of this subject by the Roman Curia was 'begun with an invincible predetermination to render an adverse judgment without regard to fact or truth,' is proved by the language of the Pope himself." There is more of the same nature, but these quotations will suffice. Is, then, Leo XIII. such an unscrupulous lover of falsehood rather than of truth? His life and acts have not presented him to the world in that light. But the words of the traducer are best answered out of the mouths of some of his own brethren.

When the inquiry on Anglican orders was begun at Rome Mr. Gladstone acknowledged the fairness with which it was being conducted, praising what the Pope had done "in determining and providing, by the infusion of capacity and impartiality into the investigating tribunal, that no instrument

should be overlooked, no guarantee omitted for the probable attainment of the truth." Since the decision has been announced, Bishop Potter of New York has been constrained to say of it: "I confess I am moved, in view of the very considerable temptation to make some other reply more ambiguous and less explicit, to respect sincerely the courage and candor that prompted it." The Bishop of Manchester in England, though a strong anti-Roman controversialist, says: "No one can read that document without perceiving the anxiety of its venerable author to arrive at a true conclusion. . . . I, for one, cannot help liking the aged patriarch for his obvious honesty and tender consideration." Many other Anglican protests against the slander have appeared, one of the latest being from Dr. Conybeare, the celebrated Biblical scholar.

IMPARTIAL NATURE OF THE INQUIRY.

The facts of the case are eloquent enough. The commission on Anglican Orders was composed of some of the most celebrated theologians and students of history to be found in the church. In order that both sides might be adequately represented, care was taken by the Holy Father to place upon the commission several who were known to be favorably inclined to the Anglican claims, and two Anglican clergymen, who went to Rome for the purpose, were enabled to furnish their friends on the commission with all the data possible in support of their side of the case. The Holy Father left nothing undone to facilitate the work of the commission, authorizing it to reopen the case and examine it in every possible aspect. During the six weeks that the commission sat no material point of the controversy was left unconsidered. Then the matter, with all its evidence, passed to the Cardinals of the Supreme Council, who, after a month's deliberation, gave their unanimous verdict to the Pope. The Holy Father, in due time, issued his final judgment in the Bull *Apostolicae Curae*, summing up in these words: "*We pronounce and declare that ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rite have been and are absolutely null and utterly void.*" Dr. Fulton's charge of a predetermination to ignore fact and truth collapses under the light of the plain history of the case. His argument must be deprived of that prop.

II. THE POPE'S ALLEGED LACK OF REASONING POWERS.

Another charge upon which Dr. Fulton depends much in proving his three points is a remarkable mental weakness which he discovers in Leo XIII. and which [practically amounts to

imbecility. For he alleges that the Pope, 1. contradicts himself; 2. proves that his own orders are null; and 3. stultifies himself by professing certain doctrines of the Council of Trent and at the same time repudiating them. Now, no person sets out to make a spectacle of himself before the world by doing such absurd things as these, and if the Pope is guilty of them the only conclusion is that he is lacking in the ordinary reasoning faculty which most human minds possess. And when one reflects that not the Pope alone but the two learned bodies who helped him to formulate this decision are necessarily included in the charge, one begins to scent a slight absurdity in the notion and to wonder that so many distinguished theologians in Rome should be unable to understand their own principles or to express themselves without contradicting their own statements, while these slips are so palpable that a Philadelphia clergyman who has had no training in scientific Roman theology can point them out at once. One is rather more inclined, on the whole, to the alternative that if there is confusion of reasoning it is on this side of the Atlantic, and that when Dr. Fulton says, "What the Pope means is this, etc.," he is dropping into that method of argument which consists in setting up a caricature of your adversary and then falling upon the ungainly, ill-jointed scarecrow and scattering his members triumphantly. It is a method which may seem to secure an easy victory, but a method far better left to the lower planes of legal practice than allowed to invade that higher ground on which religious controversy should stand. Dr. Fulton says: "When the Pope contradicts himself in so wonderful a way, we should like to know what becomes of his infallibility." Again: "Having thus enunciated the true and Catholic doctrine of the Council of Trent, the Pope calmly tells a listening world that *he does not and will not apply that doctrine to the matter before him.* . . . In so doing Leo XIII. simply repudiates the Council of Trent and himself incurs its anathema as a formal heretic." (The italics are Dr. Fulton's.)

How successful this attempt has proved to make the Pope say things he never meant to say and to declare himself a heretic can be better judged of when the arguments of Dr. Fulton's essay are examined in detail, as will be done in another article.

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COVENTRY PATMORE DEAD.



ANY years ago the name of Coventry Patmore was on the lips of every American lover of poetry; to-day the news that he will write no more awakes in more than one quarter the query, "Who was Coventry Patmore?" In life its object would have shrunk from answering the question. He did not belong to the race of Barrack-room Ballad-makers, nor did he fawn upon court favorites in the hope of gaining crumbs from royalty's table. It is doubtful indeed if the Muses were ever before wooed by so shy and shrinking a lover as Patmore; and yet it may be questioned whether any more truly spoke their divine soul than he. It is true the wand of his song blossomed only at rare intervals, and perhaps it would be wrong to deplore this peculiarity, since the flowers it gave always bore evidence most beautiful of the most assiduous and tender nurture.

It is a score of years since Coventry Patmore demanded any space in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and it is sad that we have to pen his name now only to chronicle his death. He had reached the age of seventy-four when he was summoned away, and as yet we are in ignorance whether death found him still singing delightfully of the Lares of the household or whether he had been rendered voiceless by the chill of the coming shadow. In due time we shall know; but this we know as it is, that he had already done enough for fame and to furnish the world of truth and discrimination with lasting *souvenirs* of surpassing beauty. If the loss of one beloved of the gods, as Keats or Chatterton, touches the heart, may we not mourn still more justifiably over the passing of the singer whom age had only visited to endow with a gift compact of youth's glorious enthusiasm and the grave bitter-sweet of maturity's experience? The most exquisite of Patmore's lyrics are those which he gave us when he had passed the frontier line of middle life, and it is by these he will be chiefly known to posterity.

Patmore's position among poets is now being much discussed. There is not much wisdom in the springing of such

controversies. Comparing one poet with another, merely for the sake of determining which shall have the higher rank, smacks of a childish idea of criteria. There is no true analogy, inasmuch as the universal note of humanity is mental diversity, and the poet's expression must be the highest and widest testimony of this eternal law.

The rugged Carlyle, who resembled the Bæotian George the Second in his repugnance to poetry, yielded to the soothing influence of this modern Orpheus. He always carried a volume of Patmore, he said, as a pocket companion when he went on a holiday. His antithesis, Ruskin, who loved poetry no less than painting, thought his *Sesame and Lilies* and *The Angel in the House* the expression of love at its highest. Tennyson, who was a churl in matter of praise of any one in his own pastures, characterized *The Angel* as a great poem. Into this work Patmore threw himself heart and soul, for the home was to him the most sacred temple of earth, next to the temple of the Most High. But he had other themes which kindled his loftier thoughts into flames of celestial hues. When he wrote *The Angel in the House* he was outside the pale of the Catholic Church; the death of his wife and his reception into the Catholic fold were events that touched his soul at once with a new sanctity in sorrow and a hopeful fortitude. He had found the Eros for which he had been all these years languishing, and in the poem "Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore" he gives voice to his joy :

"The heavens themselves eternal are with fire
Of unapproach'd desire,
By the aching heart of Love, which cannot rest,
In blissfullest pathos so indeed possess'd.
O spouses high,
O doctrine blest,
Unutterable even in the happiest sigh!
This know ye all
Who can recall
With what a welling of indignant tears
Love's simpleness first hears
The meaning of his mortal covenant,
And from what pride comes down
To wear the crown
Of which 'twas very heaven to feel the want.

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Therefore gaze bold,
 That so in you be joyful hopes increased
 Through the Palace portals, and behold
 The dainty and unsating Marriage-Feast.
 Oh! hear
 Them singing clear
 'Cor meum and Caro mea' round the 'I Am,'
 The Husband of the Heavens and the Lamb
 Whom they for ever follow there that kept,
 Or, losing, never slept
 Till they reconquer'd had in mortal fight
 The standard white.

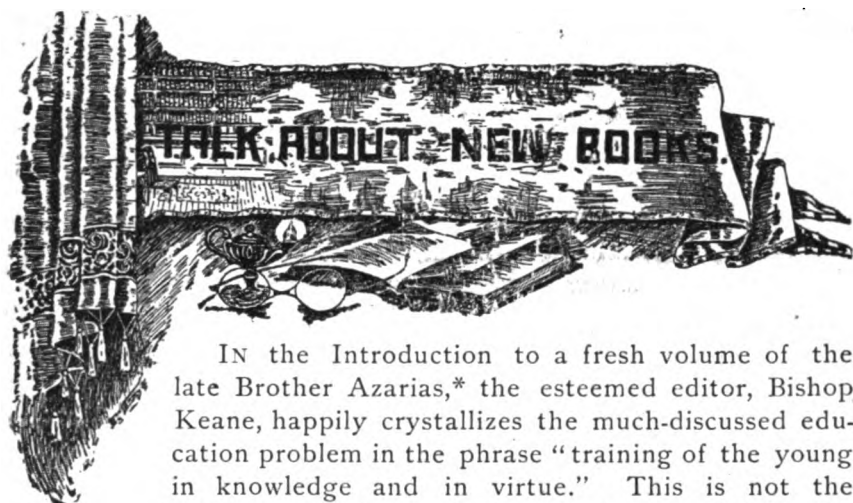
Love makes the life to be
 A fount perpetual of virginity ;
 For, lo! the Elect
 Of generous Love, how named soe'er, *affect*
Nothing but God,
Or mediate or direct ;
 Nothing but God,
 The Husband of the Heavens,
 And who Him love, in potence great or small,
 Are, one and all,
 Heirs of the Palace glad,
 And only clad
 With the bridal robes of ardor virginal."

The story of his wife's death, as told in *The Angel in the House*, under the designation "The Departure," is exquisite grief :

"It was not like your great and gracious ways!
 Do you, that have naught other to lament,
 Never, my love, repent
 Of how, that July afternoon,
 You went
 With sudden unintelligible phrase,
 And frightened eye,
 Upon your journey of so many days,
 Without a single kiss or a good-by?
 I knew indeed that you were parting soon ;
 And so we sate, within the sun's low rays,
 You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,
 Your harrowing praise.

Well, it was well, my wife,
To hear you such things speak,
And see your love
Make of your eyes a growing gloom of life,
As a warm south wind sombres a March grove ;
And it was like your great and gracious ways
To turn your talk on daily things, my dear,
Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash
To let the laughter flash
Whilst I drew near,
Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.
But all at once to leave me at the last,
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,
With huddled unintelligible phrase
And frightened eye,
And go your journey of all days
With not one kiss or a good-by,
And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd :
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways."

Patmore was a Conservative—a Coriolanus sort of one at that—and gave vent to his scorn of the *ignobile vulgus* and mechanical labor in many lines that would find small reverence here. He had also, like Ruskin, a sort of horror of what is called progress—the sights and sounds of trade and traffic and the abominations connected not infrequently with industrial centres which sickened the soul of Ruskin. None of these things would he have come between the wind and his nobility. There was a certain sort of pessimism, too, in his philosophy until he became a convert ; then his spirit took on bolder pinions. He occupies a niche of his own, singing the psalmody of the domestic hearth and its beautiful affections mostly, but opening glimpses of the higher estate of the spirit such as we rarely glean from the work of any other master. But while he has himself passed over, let us hope, to these brighter scenes, here his work will endure, unless the baser taste of the world swamp the better ; which God forbid !



IN the Introduction to a fresh volume of the late Brother Azarias,* the esteemed editor, Bishop Keane, happily crystallizes the much-discussed education problem in the phrase "training of the young in knowledge and in virtue." This is not the view as yet of the secularists and the school of socialists who believe that the state has the same power over the body and the mind—for they do not admit the existence of a soul—as the Mikado claims in his empire. Happily the trend of the world is such that people in many countries are beginning to find the disadvantage of omitting the latter clause of the proposition, and that educated atheists are very undesirable factors in the every-day problems of civilization. Brother Azarias in his own person gave a living example of the benign influence of the acceptance of the twofold view of the scope of education. Teacher himself, he was being taught; and while helping others up the spiral stair of learning he was ascending daily into higher planes of knowledge, illumined by the light of that lamp of religion visible only to eyes which seek truth reverently and without human pride. The new volume is a sort of complement to its predecessor. It contains treatises on the Church and the Aristotelian Philosophy, as well as philosophical disquisitions on different aspects of the educational system, all treated in that thoughtful and masterly method which characterized his literary work from the outset. The last of the series is perhaps the most valuable from a presently practical point of view. It is an ethical study of the Pope's Encyclical on Labor, which may be commended to the careful study of all who wish to be enlightened on the true attitude of the church toward this all-absorbing question of the work-a-day world, and the application of the Gospel of Christ to the rules which govern the procurement of our daily bread. The principles laid down by our great Pontiff cover every possible field

* *Essays Philosophical.* By Brother Azarias. With Preface by the Right Rev. John J. Keane, D.D. Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co.

of labor, and cannot be known too widely or too soon by all who have the interests of civilization at heart. Brother Azarias' exposition of its principles will be found of invaluable help by all students.

Freemasonry and its formularies have furnished the motive of many romances, but none so wonderful as Mrs. Dahlgren's new one entitled *The Secret Directory*.^{*} Chief figures in the drama are Mazzini, Garibaldi, and others of the Carbonari chiefs, besides an American admiral, who is inveigled into participation in some of the blood-curdling and blasphemous rites which accompany the orgies of the secret crew. It is a wild kind of story and contains enough tragedy to satisfy the most morbid craving. Its style is vigorous and picturesque, but at times it assumes the appearance of sensational journalistic statement more than the artistic work of the weaver of historical romance. Much of it savors strongly of the discussion over Diana Vaughan and the Luciferian worship, of which the reading world is growing somewhat bored.

The mysterious power called hypnotism is introduced unreservedly, for the purpose of giving us a glimpse of the Masonic ritual, by means of a confession drawn from one of the fraternity while under the influence of one of the female characters. The ease with which the victim gives up his secrets under this compulsion demands a credulity on the part of the reader hardly justified by any pseudo-scientific hypothesis.

In the final chapters we sup much too full of horrors, and we are not surprised to find the American gentleman quitting the cryptic miscreants in disgust and washing his hands free of Italian Freemasonry. Mrs. Dahlgren, it should be added, displays a wonderful familiarity with the political events and personages of the day of which she writes; but she has been happier in the selection of themes in her previous novels than in this.

Portions of the book are admirable examples of literary work; others are didactic and unsympathetic. This is a feature frequently inseparable from the novel constructed on historical lines.

To many devout readers the appearance of a new work on the Blessed Virgin will be welcome, as most of the lives hitherto published have been either too bulky or too brief. This

^{*} *The Secret Directory: A Romance of Hidden History.* By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Philadelphia; H. L. Kilner & Co.

volume, which is entitled *The Life of Our Lady*,* is in the form of a golden mean between these extremes. It bears a commendatory though judiciously reserved preface by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan; and it gives by way of suitable appendix the form of devotional practice to the Holy Virgin instituted by the Blessed Grignon de Montfort. This formulary has been stringently examined by the Congregation of Rites at Rome, and found to be theologically unobjectionable. Cardinal Vaughan, with regard to it, says that he does not recommend that Catholics who have not grace to appreciate the formulary should be coerced in any way with regard to it; but he commends to all who may have a scruple on the subject to study De Montfort's treatise on *The True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*.

Concerning the historical and traditional basis upon which the story of Mary's life here given rests, Cardinal Vaughan has to say that "Much of it is pure conjecture, pious tradition, and the result of devout and loving meditation." No Catholic who knows his church's teaching on the subject of tradition will attach more weight to this qualification than it implies, for, as his eminence takes care to add immediately, "the words of the Gospel are full of truth and grace, and they form the foundation of this little work." We must not forget that the early literature of the church is rich in matter relating to the Mother of God, especially regarding the period subsequent to the Ascension of our Lord, and this literature has never been seriously questioned. The portion of her hagiology which has the daily life in Israel for background needs no guarantee for authenticity as to general statement. We can readily accept such help as those long-treasured traditions bring us, and as they tend to lead us toward the study of the Jewish system, ecclesiastical, civil, and domestic, in early days, we shall derive much profit from its perusal. There are many passages in the New Testament, especially in the Gospels, that require for their intelligent study an intimate acquaintance with the laws and customs of the chosen people. Sufficient light is thrown on this subject for the profitable perusal of the work, by the author of this biographical sketch and commentary.

Architecture may have a magnificent future before it in this country, but as yet it has developed no distinctive character,

* *The Life of Our Lady, Scriptural, Traditional, and Topographical*. Compiled from approved sources by M. P. With Preface by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

speaking generally. The appearance of a voluminous work* on the subject, from the pen of that distinguished authority, Mr. Russell Sturgis, the president of the Fine Arts Federation of New York, and past president of several other associations for the cultivation of architecture, affords proof that the interests of art are not lost sight of in all the rush and bustle of a time of rapid growth. Although nominally a study of European architecture, the work carries the student, by a natural current, beyond the confines of Europe, although the temptation to follow the wanderings of the genius of building back to its immemorial source in the middle East and the mystic Egypt has been resisted. Mr. Sturgis's work may be at once described as a practical one, and its scope is professional rather than æsthetic. Much care and labor have been expended in the aim to make it a valuable work of practical study, both for architect and engineer. His own views on the subject of study in this way are clearly stated. "It is better," he says in his preface, "to sit at home with a plan and twenty photographs, with a sense of what their architecture truly means, than it is, without that sense, to visit the cathedral itself, or all the cathedrals of France." If he means for professional purposes merely he is doubtless right, but we prefer to dispense with the architectural instinct if such be its effect upon the ordinary artistic mind.

We have yet to learn, it seems, what relations art bears to region, period, or spiritual plane. There is nothing that marks man's ascent from the natural state so decidedly as his progress in this beautiful gift. It was the first form in which the innate yearning of the soul for truth and beauty came to the councils of his material needs. It does not need to be an architect to feel to the full the solemn beauty of the great minster or the majestic harmony of the temple whose colonnades and peristyle seem to endow it with wings and crown to soar with the rapt spirit to spheres where thought casts off the trammels of matter.

The views which certain minds entertain with regard to architecture, especially ecclesiastical, were pointedly illustrated by a contributor to a New York weekly periodical which at one time enjoyed a respectable literary reputation. The writer, in a description of some excavations at the site of the ancient Carthage, complains of the landscape being disfigured by the

* *European Architecture: A Historical Study.* By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., F.A.I.A. New York: The Macmillan Co.

tasteless erections which French zeal has placed upon the summit of the citadel and the Bozrah. One of these structures is the memorial chapel to St. Louis, placed there at the expense of the French government. This the writer denounces as "carpenter's Gothic." Another of them is the great cathedral which the late Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage, erected in pursuance of his idea to make Carthage again the great ecclesiastical centre of Northern Africa. We do not imagine that the reputation which the French have won in artistic affairs is likely to suffer much from the school of pro-pagan archæologists.

Returning to Mr. Sturgis's book, we cannot omit to note the great number of excellent illustrations which he has given in elucidation of his critical and technical description. Some of these are singularly fine; diagrams and sectional drawings often explain the author's meaning mathematically. The photographs are not many, but those given are good. The letter-press of the work is all that could be wished for so important a production.

The American Book Company continues to give us an admirable selection of reproductions of the past masters in literature, more for the use of teachers than for the class who follow Charles Lamb's plan of falling back upon old books whenever they hear of the issue of any new ones.

Amongst the latest output is Racine's *Iphigenia*, Carlyle's *Essay on Robert Burns*, and the *Immensee* of Theodore Storm. (In the notes on *Burns* the editor displays his regard for historical truth by classifying Sterne, Goldsmith, and Burke as Englishmen! Geographical and ethnological distinctions are of no consequence, apparently, in this literary personage's eyes.) There is also a *Handbook of Greek and Roman History*, by George Castegnier, B.S., B.L., which is not much more pretentious than a dictionary reference. This present edition of *Immensee* is the thirtieth—a fact which bears out the claim for this German story that its author was the best writer of short tales of his day, because the most tender and sympathetic. The first edition appeared in 1852. There is something in this fact for the searcher after the sensational and the abnormal in literature to ponder over.

The Story of the Romans, also issued by the American Book Company, is likely to be a popular work for the younger class of historical readers. The author, H. A. Guerber, treats his subject in an easy conversational way, and he dresses up all the old myths, by means of this device, in a very attractive guise.

There are some fine plates in the work in addition; and this method of fastening attention on historical studies is one that can hardly be overrated in the case of the young.

Hoffmann Brothers Company, of Milwaukee, Wis., have just issued a most useful pamphlet for the use of Catholic Missions and private distribution. It is the story "A Secular Priest" tells of *A Wonderful Conversion and its Results*. It is a strong story of real life and a powerfully affecting one withal; and it points the moral of the mixed marriage evil in a most impressive way. The pamphlet is issued at a trifling price, and can be had of all the Catholic publishers.

We are gratified to find a new edition of Lady Lovat's biographical sketch of *Clare Vaughan*,* issued by the Cathedral Library Society of New York. It is a story whose perusal must prove of great efficacy in convincing halting minds of the abiding power of faith and love in the church when men and women can be found to sacrifice all for God and humanity in the earnest and devoted way that Sister Mary Clare and so many others are found doing. In his preface to the work Cardinal Manning declares his conviction that the life of Clare Vaughan was truly Franciscan in its love of God. It was not a long life, but it was more full of glorious sacrifices and beautiful deeds of grace than many a one of patriarchal measure. It is consolatory to think that while England is nominally a Protestant country, she can boast of such fervent Catholicity as the example of the Vaughan family shows. Seldom, indeed, do we find one family giving six priests to the church, and all its daughters to religion, as in this case. The style in which Lady Lovat relates the story of this bright but brief career in God's service is irresistibly winning. In the new edition is given a fine half-tone portrait of Clare Vaughan in her home days, as also views of the Vaughan mansion and other relevant pictures. Some hitherto unpublished letters of hers are likewise embodied in the volume, thereby much enhancing the value of this edition above that of the original one.

An admirable little prayer-book for the use of all who desire to know the meaning of the different portions of the ceremonial of the Mass has just been published by Pakenham & Dowling, of New York. It is not only handy in size but completely explanatory, and contains all the Gospels at Mass, as well as prayers needful for all occasions of life. Many beautiful plates, illustrative of the chief features of the Mass, help to an

**Clare Vaughan*. By Lady Lovat. New York: Cathedral Library Association.

understanding of the text. It is the best prayer-book in point of selection and production we have seen for a long while. The compilers are A. E. Kenney and Elvira Quintero, and it bears the archbishop's imprimatur.

We note with pleasure that the Messrs. Benziger have already exhausted the first edition of *The Round Table of Catholic Writers*, and have a second one ready. This is an indication of a more hopeful state of things for Catholic literature than many would have been ready to concede only a little while ago. We would be inclined to think that still better results might be looked for were a cheaper edition put on the market soon.

I.—ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S "CHURCH AND MODERN SOCIETY."*

Some profound reflections are awakened by the appearance of a volume of essays and lectures by Archbishop Ireland. Delivered or written on various occasions and places, in connection with many different events, they represent the views of one of our most active and clear-headed thinkers on questions which lie at the root of modern life and progress. The title of the volume fully covers its scope and motive: *The Church and Modern Society*. The march of events everywhere has a common trend. A solution of the troubles which threaten the framework of our present order is the one demand of the age. In the civil polity there is no universal panacea to be found: it is only in the great spiritual power which is of divine plantation that the sovereign remedy resides. How far the church should advance to meet the army of seekers is a subject which has created in the ranks of her own sons a wide diversity of opinion. Both by precept and example Archbishop Ireland has asserted his belief in the principle of greater human activity on the part of churchmen—a practical determination of the problem, that is to say, before the storm-clouds have had time to concentrate their forces.

In all countries this vexed question is surrounded by a web of difficulties, but in the United States the web becomes a tangle. There is no analogy to the position here to be found outside. A population cosmopolitan to a degree unknown, in numerical proportions, in any other region of the globe, perchance, outside of Austria, is the first condition to be faced; a vast preponderance of non-Catholic sects, all more or less animated by a spirit of unslumbering hostility to Catholi-

* *The Church and Modern Society*. By Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. Chicago and New York: D. H. McBride & Co.

cism; a public policy animated by the worthy purpose of eliminating all nationalistic tendencies and welding all the incongruous elements into a homogeneous state. The neutrality of the state regarding religious denominations is the one favorable circumstance; but one of enormous value, all drawbacks notwithstanding. It has given the Catholic Church a free field for the development of her enormous resources in intellect and magnetic force, and the results of the opportunity thus afforded have been so far wonderful beyond modern precedent. Untrammelled by connection with the state, the church here has thriven in the twofold task of saving souls and educating men in the ways of noble citizenship as it never throve elsewhere. Archbishop Ireland has been a mighty force in this vast undertaking. His ideas have been not always acceptable all round; his pace to many has been too swift; his principles have been challenged as impracticable and utopian. But no one can deny the boldness and the grandeur of his citizen ideals. They are worthy of the Christian Knight fighting his way through the valley of danger and temptations. The book in which they are contained might in a sense be taken as a complete manual of true citizenship in a great republic of the free. Whether the reader goes the full length of the *dicta* laid down, or not, it cannot be denied that the arguments presented are forcibly supported and clothed in all the fine raiment of a brilliant intellectual wardrobe. The most contentious of the archbishop's propositions, as we all know, was that touching State schools and Catholic education. He reproduces his discourse thereon, delivered at St. Paul in 1890, before the general convention of the National Education Association of the United States, but in doing so he prefaces the paper by the observation that "It is to be confessed that the day of union between the state school and the parish school does not seem nigh. Public opinion is not ready for any form of compromise, and public opinion must be respected." Thus does he give practical example of that good citizenship which his precepts inculcate; but we may add that the integrity of good citizenship cannot be weakened by a patient and hopeful effort, on moderate lines, to create a better condition of the public mind. This book deserves the most thoughtful attention of every earnest thinker in America. We shall return to this book later on in a more extended notice.

2.—LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.*

There is no more interesting and attractive doctrine of the

* *Love Stronger than Death.* By Josephine Marie. Cathedral Library Association, New York.

church than the one comprehended in the article of the Creed, "I believe in the communion of saints." Among the numerous questions that are presented at the non-Catholic mission there is none that is more in evidence than "What becomes of our dead?" "Can we commune with them?" and the satisfaction of soul and consolation for bereaved hearts that are found in the teaching that after death has done its worst, when the bodies of our loved ones are being hurried along the dismal road that leads to the tomb, their souls will live for ever, and love stronger than death may penetrate the veil and bring to them refreshment and light.

In the dainty volume in hand the plain theology of the doctrine has been garbed in a most beautiful way. All the sweet and touching things that have been said by poet and saint of the life beyond the grave seem to have been gathered by the author as one would cull a bouquet of exquisite flowers, plucking only those which are rarest and sweetest.

The Scripture texts, too, concerning this deep, mysterious doctrine of life and death have been selected with the best judgment and thought by the author in order to strengthen and embellish her arguments concerning the doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

The volume, bound in purest white, with its title arranged with good artistic effect in violet and silver, will win its way to many a bereaved heart, like a gleam of sunshine into a sick-room; and in this way is well calculated to do good missionary work at a time when the heart is most susceptible to the best religious influences.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Explanation of the Our Father and Hail Mary. Adapted from the German by Rev. Richard Brennan, S.T.D. *Explanation of the Salve Regina.* By St. Alphonsus Liguori. *Imitation of the Most Blessed Virgin.* From the French, by Mrs. A. R. Bennett-Gladstone.

MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici and Urn-Burial.

SEALY, BRYERS & WALKER, Dublin:

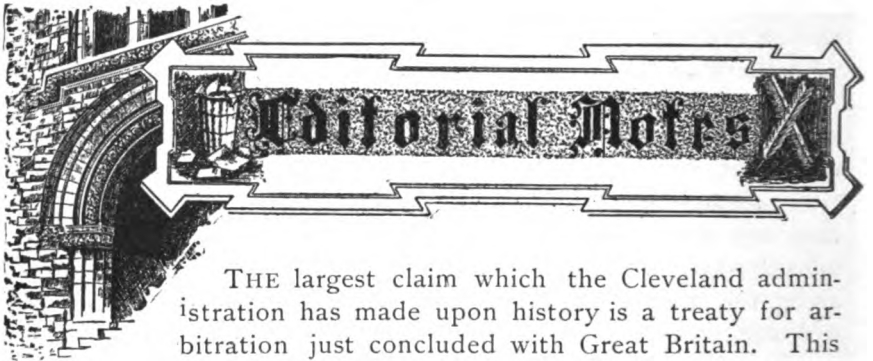
Sermons and Lectures by the Rev. Michael B. Buckley. Edited by his sister, Kate Buckley. With a Memoir by the Rev. Charles Davis.

WILLIAM H. YOUNG & COMPANY, New York:

The Chaplain's Sermons. By Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

Elementary Meteorology, for High Schools and Colleges. By Frank Waldo, Ph.D.



THE largest claim which the Cleveland administration has made upon history is a treaty for arbitration just concluded with Great Britain. This instrument is perhaps the most important one ever agreed to by two first-class powers. Its object is to obviate all appeal to war, save in the last resort of national honor or national guardianship of territory, in future disputes between the two governments. It excludes from its provisions, however, the unsettled questions over the Venezuelan and Alaska boundaries; but this is the full sum of its limitations in international controversies. The effectuation of this treaty is regarded generally as a great forward step toward the desiderated goal of universal peace, and the reference to the quiet tribunal of common-sense of questions for whose decision, under other circumstances, the murderous aid of war must have been relied on. But it is not yet clear that the treaty will be ratified by our Senate.

One of those surprises which sometimes upset all political calculations has been sprung in Ireland over the disclosures and the Report relative to the Financial Relations Commission. A universal outcry for redress has arisen, uniting in one voice peer and peasant, Tory and Nationalist, Protestant Churchman and Catholic prelate. For the first time since the Union the titled landholders have come upon the same platforms with the popular representatives, and the alliance between the Unionists of Ireland with those of England, if not absolutely shattered, is in imminent danger. One good effect this most welcome and unlooked-for *rapprochement* may have. It may sweep out of view the petty factionist leaders who have long been paralyzing the right arm of Parliamentary agitation by their disgraceful attacks upon old comrades-in-arms. When the discussion on the Report comes on at Westminster a great change for the better may be confidently expected in the prospects of long-suffering Ireland.

If the Holy Father, in effecting a change of rectorship at the Catholic University, had desired merely to apply a practical test to the spirit of modern progress, he could not have hit upon a happier method. When he has read the reports of the extraordinary demonstration at Worcester, on the occasion of the formal leave-taking of Dr. Conaty from flock and friends, he must feel indeed that in this country, so often misrepresented, progress is no mere empty word. Practically the term friends, in Dr. Conaty's case, embraces the whole city of Worcester. In that old place, representative of all the ancient narrowness as well as all the potential greatness of the New England character, great and little, gentle and simple, Protestant and Catholic, all vied with each other in testifying to their unbounded admiration of Dr. Conaty as priest, as scholar, as friend and benefactor. Especially did the Protestant and professional element place itself in evidence. It may fairly be doubted whether a higher tribute of praise has ever been tendered to any man, under such circumstances, than the words of valediction addressed by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University. And it was not merely as the individual the learned professor spoke, but as the mouthpiece of enlightened Americanism, expressing his admiration for that church and its teaching, its educational system, and its mission of civilization, which Dr. Conaty represented; and not less warm and affectionate were Dr. Hall's references to Dr. Conaty's beloved predecessor.

It is well to remember that this ovation was the spontaneous expression of New England devotion to a Catholic priest, and that this Catholic priest won his way to the New England heart because he entered the arena of public life and took a bold stand for Temperance and good citizenship.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

JAMES ANDREW JOSEPH MCKENNA was born at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on the 1st of January, 1862. He received his preliminary education in St. Patrick's School in that city; but, as his father died when he was yet a child, circumstances forced him to become a wage-earner before completing the course. In 1879 he secured an appointment on the clerical staff of the P. E. I. Railway. He resigned in 1883 to continue at St. Dunstan's College, near Charlottetown, the studies he had never relinquished; but his health compelled him to discontinue attendance at college, and he died under private tuition. It was at this time that Mr. McKenna began writing for the press, and his contributions soon found a place in the leading local weekly.



J. A. J. MCKENNA,
Ottawa, Can.

Early in February, 1886, he removed to the Canadian capital to correspond for an island journal, and with the intention of devoting himself to newspaper work. Shortly after his arrival, however, he was employed by Sir John Thompson, the then Minister of Justice, in the preparation of the Riel papers for submission to Parliament; and when this work was finished he was offered and accepted the post of second secretary to the then Premier of Canada, Sir John Macdonald. When the late Hon. Thomas White took charge of the Indian Department, in the fall of 1887, Mr. McKenna became his Secretary for Indian Affairs; and when Mr. White died some months later Mr. McKenna was given an important position in the Indian Department, which position he still holds.

Mr. McKenna thus exchanged an opening journalistic ca-

reer, made rosy by young hope, for the snug security afforded by the civil service of his country; and it is only in his leisure hours that he employs his pen in literary work. He has confined himself in the main to historical studies, biographical sketches, short articles, and occasional reviews, which have appeared sometimes over his own name and sometimes anonymously in local publications and in leading periodicals in this country. The bulk of his longer essays have been written for THE CATHOLIC WORLD. His "Sir John Thompson: A Study," which appeared in the March number (1895), is a good sample of his style. A writer in the *Ottawa University Magazine* considered it "the fullest and most accurate estimate of the dead premier ever written." Of its author the same writer said: "The volume of his work is already considerable. It is well done and gives promise of more and better. He has his own way of regarding men and things. He has been, and he ever will be, nobody's docile pupil. He has disciplined himself well in thinking and observing, and his eye and ear are naturally quick and true. . . . His style is clear and direct, being merely the verbal reflex of a powerful and well-cultivated intellect. Everywhere you will find good thought and earnestness wrought closely into the fibre of his work, but not enough of either to bar his way to a wide popularity."

Mr. McKenna would have more literary work to his credit did he not take so active a part in philanthropic movements. While yet in his teens he assisted in organizing the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Prince Edward Island, and since coming to Ottawa he has been closely identified with the management of the St. Patrick's Asylum, a large charitable institution controlled by a council elected by those who contribute to its maintenance. He served as secretary for seven years, and the other day, although the youngest member of the council, he was unanimously elected president. He was one of the founders and the second president of the Children's Aid Society of Ottawa, an association in which clerical and lay representatives of the different religious bodies join in the work of rescuing ill-treated and neglected children; and he recently declined reelection to the presidency in order to be in a position to devote more time to the affairs of the asylum and to the development of the Columbian Club, a society lately formed in St. Patrick's parish for young men, of which he is also president.

Mr. McKenna is not one of those reformers who consider

that a broad philanthropy takes the place of religion. He has always evinced a deep interest in the work of diffusing a knowledge of Catholic teaching. A paper read by him, entitled "A Neglected Field," led to the formation of the Catholic Truth Society in Ottawa, in the presidency of which he followed the late Sir John Thompson. He attended the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press in Columbus Hall, and on the invitation of Father Elliott read a paper on "The Outlook in Canada." He is a strong advocate of the use of the public hall and the daily secular press for the diffusion of religious truth.

Mr. McKenna married, in August, 1887, Mary Josephine Ryan, an accomplished lady of Ottawa, and the union has been blessed with four children.

LELIA HARDIN BUGG is a young writer who leaped at once into fame and five years she has published four books, and now in press, has appeared at

vals attached stories in our Her first lit-
Correct Thing has passed editions, and first novel, was high praise and icism both here taking its place the works of appeal to the Her article on



LELIA HARDIN BUGG,
Wichita, Kas.

popularity. In has published two more are and her name frequent inter- to articles and best magazines. tle book, *The for Catholics*, through twelve *Orchids*, her received with extended crit- and in England, at once among fiction which cultured taste.

Agnes Repplier in a recent number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD brought to her a charming letter of acknowledgment from the gifted essayist.

Lelia Hardin Bugg was born in the picturesque hamlet of Ironton, Missouri, of aristocratic old Southern lineage, and counts among her ancestors more than one brave soldier of the Revolution.

Fortunately for this child of promise her early training was entrusted to the Right Rev. Bishop Hennessy, then pastor of Iron Mountain and Ironton, and to him and to her grandmother,

who was a convert, she owes her faith—for all her relatives are Protestant.

She was sent to the Ursuline Convent at Arcadia, Mo., where she was graduated in her sixteenth year, and another year was spent with the Ursulines in Dallas, Texas. Afterwards her studies were continued in private, and under the wise supervision of Bishop Hennessy she became acquainted with the best in the world's literature.

Next to books Miss Bugg loves music, plays the piano and harp, and is a discriminating critic.

She is much given to travel, and has seen the most interesting places in the United States and Canada, and expects to go abroad very soon.

Miss Bugg resides in the suburbs of Wichita, Kansas. Her daily life is very simple; the mornings are given up to writing or study; the afternoons and evenings to society, reading, music, works of charity—the duties and diversions which seem to belong to a young woman's life.

Miss Bugg is much sought after by the social world, for which her exceptional training, rare abilities, and brilliant conversational powers have admirably fitted her.

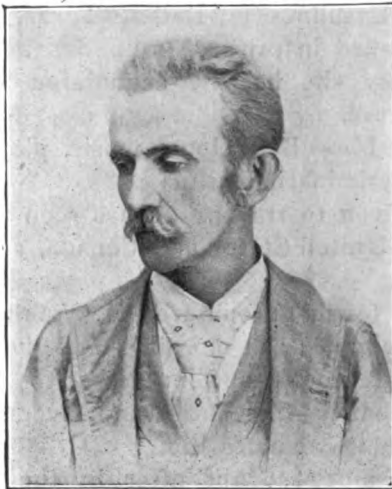
Her first story was written at the mature age of seven, and was entrusted, without the formality of a postage-stamp, to the United States mails. Considering this early bent, and her present inclinations and achievements, it is safe to say that Lelia Hardin Bugg will win her greatest fame as a novelist.

PAUL O'CONNOR, a story-writer of some merit, as well as poet, was born in the city of Cincinnati, in 1848, of Irish parentage, being the fifth of seven children. He acquired the groundwork of a common-school education, but was taken from his studies before he had formed any comprehensive acquaintance with English grammar. He was, however, awarded the prize in a competitive examination in rudimentary knowledge by a vote of his schoolmates.

He was put to work at an early age, and learned the wood-carving trade, living as a boy through the stirring battle-scenes of the war, which produced an epic impression upon his mind. This accounts to some extent for his passion for war-stories, in which he has achieved some distinction in the periodicals. His ballad-poem, "The Lone Sentry of the Blue Ridge," set to music by himself, and written partly on pieces of sand-paper in a workshop, ranks very high among his compositions.

He had scarcely entered upon the life of a mechanic when a desire for self-improvement asserted itself in him with such power of intellectual exclusion as almost to make him forget his trade. He was no longer a prentice, but an absent-minded muser.

Fondness for reading had been the passion of his boyhood; a literary life his boyhood's dream. Appreciating the fact that a knowledge of letters could be gained by self-instruction, he set to work to secure it; and at the end of some years of night study, while he toiled at his trade by day, he had cured an enviable knowledge of contemporary literature. Thus equipped, he embarked in the world of letters.



PAUL O'CONNOR,
Covington, Ky.

He naturally drifted into secular writings through the influence of his reading, the romantic being congenial to his mood, the inventive a necessity of his education, which forced him to originality.

He is the author of a recent lyrical litany, "Hymn to the Virgin," which is being sung in the Catholic churches and academies throughout the country—a consummation of some singularity in the life of a poet who knew little of academies.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Catholic Winter-School is announced for a second session at New Orleans, La., to begin March 4 and continue to March 20. In the difficult task of securing the lecturers the Rev. Francis V. Nugent, C.M., has been assisted by a committee representing very considerable experience in such matters. Among those who have been already engaged are the Rev. M. A. Knapp, O.P., of St. Hyacinth, Can., who will lecture twice, once in English and once in French. His subjects have not yet been made known.

The Rev. W. Power, S.J., whose lectures on ethics last year were so well received, will deliver three lectures on Reason and Revelation.

The Rev. J. F. Mullany, LL.D., will deliver two lectures on Some of the Phases of Modern Thought and the Church.

The Rev. M. S. Brennan, A.M., of St. Louis, who lectured on astronomy last year, will deliver three lectures this year, his subjects being Solar Physics, European Travel, and Cyclones: Their Causes and Laws. He is specially qualified to discuss the last-named subject, having made a study of cyclones, and having been in the midst of that greatest of tornadoes which wrecked St. Louis a short time ago.

Professor Brown Ayres, of Tulane University, will deliver two lectures on Science.

Miss Helena Goessmann, of Amherst, Mass., will deliver four lectures on The Historic Women of Shakspeare, and among them she will treat of Joan La Pucelle, known as Joan of Arc, who figures in Shakspeare's Henry VI. She will deliver also one lecture on The Christian Woman in Society, Ethically and Historically Considered.

It is hoped to have lectures by the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. Archbishop Janssens will invite the Delegate, Monsignor Martinelli, and his attendance at the Winter-School is eagerly looked for.

A course of lectures for teachers will be under the direction of Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, of Malone, N. Y. The lectures will begin March 4, but the religious exercises opening the school will take place on Sunday, February 28.

The railroad managers will extend the excursion tickets of visitors to the Mardi Gras festivities, so as to enable the holders to remain in New Orleans for the Winter-School.

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The New York City Board of Estimate lately took up the request of the free circulating libraries for money. The board was liberal with them. The sums allowed the libraries for the year are as follows:

New York Free Circulating Library,	\$50,000
Aguilar Library,	20,000
Webster Library,	2,500
Cathedral Library,	3,500
Mechanics and Traders' Library,	15,000
University Settlement Library,	2,000
Washington Heights Library,	2,000
Riverside Library,	750
Maimondes Library,	750
St. Agnes' Library,	100

Before the amounts were definitely agreed to there was much discussion. Ex-Judge Henry Howland spoke for the New York Free Circulating Library. He asked that the library be allowed \$68,000, or 10 cents a volume on the library's circulation of 680,000 during the year ending July 1. He said that the late election and the experiences of the past had shown the educational value of the free circulating libraries. Much work had been done during the year in connection with the schools.

Mayor Strong said that he fully appreciated the work of the library. The amount allowed it, \$50,000, was \$15,000 more than was allowed last year. The Aguilar Library received \$6,000 more than it did last year. Everett P. Wheeler obtained for the Webster Library \$500 more than it got last year. All library allowances were increased.

The advantage of this plan is that the city finds a distinct public advantage in securing the co-operation of private enterprise. It is founded on a principle that is capable of large expansion in many ways. Not the least benefit thus secured is the element of competition, which is the life of trade.

* * *

The rector of Holy Rosary Church, Rev. F. Wall, D.D., of New York City, has arranged an interesting series of lectures for the members of the Rosary Reading Circle. The first lecture of the course was given by Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith. His subject was The Novel, and How to Use it. Mr. Henry Austin Adams delivered the December lecture, Cardinal Newman, in the parlors of the Holy Rosary Lyceum club-house. The January lecture was by Rev. Dr. Smith, History, and How to Read It. Mr. Adams's subject in February will be Cuba, and Rev. Dr. Smith will speak of Poetry, and How to Enjoy It, as a subject for the March lecture. In April Mr. Adams will lecture on The Play's the Thing, and in May his subject will be A Modern Apostle, Frederick Ozanam.

* * *

In the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, published at Youngstown, Ohio, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan is conducting a very interesting study of American literature, with reference to the ideas which have dominated American civilization. He adopts the theory of Matthew Arnold, that literature should be taken as the exponent of a nation's life. A general statement of his plan is given in these words:

We shall endeavor to keep in view from the very outset the great agencies which determine the character of a literature, namely: Race, Environment, Epoch, and Personality.

Hand-in-hand with the study of American literature should go a study of American history, for these twain are sisters, and from the vantage-ground of historical research does the literary scholar see with a clear and unerring eye. Literature is the life of a people; history its phenomena.

In the work before us it will be necessary to make a close historical study of the two colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts, as these are what Lowell has called them: "The two great distributing centres of the English race in America."

For the purpose of classifying the periods, we shall in the main deal with the genesis and development of American literature under the following headings: The First Colonial Period, The Second Colonial Period, The Revolutionary Period, The First Creative Period, The Second Creative Period.

Again, the writers of these periods will naturally divide themselves into historians, poets, and novelists. Each paper may be expected to suggest some master-piece for close analysis and study, and this literary production can form the main topic of discussion at a subsequent meeting of the Catholic Reading Circles.

In our estimate of American literature we must be on our guard against two

unfortunate failings—provincialism and colonialism. Provincialism is, as Brander Matthews recently said, local pride unduly inflated. “It is the temper that is ready to hail as a Swan of Avon any local gosling who has taught himself to make an unnatural use of his own quills.” Colonialism is an undue deference towards foreign opinion and a too ready acceptance of foreign estimate upon our own writers.

That our studies may be thorough we must go beyond the manuals of literature and touch with our minds the quickening life of each literary product in prose or verse. Our standard should not be that of England or France or any one country, but rather the permanent, absolute standard of the whole world set up through the ripening judgment of centuries.

Our own day has, without doubt, more interest for us than the twilight of American life and letters, yet we must not forget that the rude lyrics and ballads of colonial days reflect as truly American life and thought as the most polished epic or idyl of a Longfellow, a Stedman, or an Aldrich.

There should be no North, no South, no East, no West in our literary appraisal. Provincialism is death to high ideals. Literature takes color and form from its surroundings, but its standard is based upon the universal taste and judgment of the people.

It is true that, devoid of the spiritual, an art-product is meaningless, yet nothing so ill becomes a critic or a literary student as holding in his mind the faith of an author while passing judgment upon his literary works. We hope to do justice to every American writer of note, Catholic and non-Catholic, and shall see to it that such illustrious names as Brownson, Shea, Ryan, and O'Reilly find a place in our studies as builders and toilers in the great temple of American letters.

Let us, however, see to it that in our study and estimate of American literature we do not attempt to galvanize mediocrity into greatness, simply because an author professes or has professed the Catholic faith. We Catholics should demand entrance into the temple of American literature by a front door, not by any side door.

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The first of a course of lectures on *The History of Our Own Times*, given by Mr. Henry Austin Adams at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Philadelphia, is thus described by Miss Sara Trainer Smith in the *Catholic Standard*: It was a most interesting preparatory talk, clearly outlining the course, awakening and increasing the interest with every sentence. Mr. Adams has been lecturing on literature in the convent schools for two or three years, finding the pupils well grounded and quite familiar with the makers of literature and their works, he has also discovered that they need to be acquainted with the world for which their education endeavors to prepare them. Together with the superiors, he has arranged to give the pupils and their friends as fair a glance at that world as is possible from the lecture platform. The lectures are six in number, and will each occupy an hour or a little more in delivery.

The history of our own times has come to be considered that period which embraces the reign of Queen Victoria, because her accession to the throne in 1837—through no act or intention of hers—marks the change which began to alter every condition of life and which has carried us far away from the old order of things. For several centuries, as Mr. Adams reminded us, there had been little or no change in the manner of living of civilized nations. When Queen Victoria came to the throne her people travelled as their great-grandfathers had travelled, the rich were served as their forefathers had been, and the poor labored as the poor had long labored, without hope and without help. The laws were harsh and

the punishments for crimes severe and relentless. In short, the intellectual life, the industrial life, the social life, and, above all, the religious life of England and America, of the Continent and of the whole world, has changed more or less during the last sixty years as never before in centuries. This is our own time. We belong to its growth; we are part of it; we are to help it in its advance or hinder it and cripple its good works.

There are many of us to whom Mr. Adams will do a great favor in setting before us so clearly and concisely the state of the world and our position in it. As Catholic women we hold a most exalted and responsible position. We dare not waste an hour, a thought, or an intention. We have much to do, and we must prepare to do it. It is not to be done hastily or impulsively, nor in an unwomanly manner. With all the loveliness and gentle strength of Catholic women as the ages have shown them, we are to do the added tasks and bear the added burdens of a widened life; we are to make it a perfect sphere, rising higher, going deeper, all embracing on every side, and yet dependent to its farthest limit upon the centre from which it proceeds, upon the faith on which we must build, and which is unchangeable and incorruptible.

* * *

The Rev. P. C. Yorke, chancellor of the Diocese of San Francisco, lectured recently to a large audience in the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, on the church's relation to labor and what she has done for the working-man. According to his computation there are 20,000,000 people in this country who live on wages, three and a half million of whom are women. Whatever helps the wage-earners helps the masses. The Catholic Church is the church of the people—even of hod-carriers, if you will have it so; the church of the great laboring masses—a church whose structure was built by the pennies of the poor. It is open all day for even the humblest. There are no private interests in the way of the priest, who has neither wife nor child. The poorest man may command him to the sick-bed at midnight. This is all in keeping with the religion of Him that had not where to lay his head. The Catholic Church went into Rome teaching the dignity of man, setting its face like flint against all opposition to the just claims of labor.

The old monks taught the people how to work, how to farm; and the great cities grew up around the monasteries where it was taught. "To work is to pray." Remember, too, that the church established the great guilds and working-men's societies. In the middle ages the rich were not able to grind the faces of the poor because of the protecting influence of the church.

Coming to the present, the speaker said that Pope Leo's recent encyclical called attention to the fact that there can be no permanent settlement of the differences between capital and labor until the Golden Rule is applied to all. Against the law of supply and demand Christianity offers the benign Golden Rule. Some care not whether the poor get work or not, so they can get rich. If a man makes a contract to pay his laborer less than a living wage, the contract is void by nature's law. The employer who forces down wages, depending for his success on men's necessities, commits a crime. It does not satisfy justice that the employer forces the poor wretch he hires to a minimum just because the poor worker is struggling between the devil and the deep sea. Every cent earned in this way is a sin that cries to God for vengeance.

The speaker deprecated the practice of many girls who work for low wages to make "pin money," thereby forcing poor men and women in need to work for almost nothing. He read the Pope's denunciation of the excessive demands upon working children, held that all children ought to be educated, and pleaded to have for every working-man a day free from toil. In conclusion he said that the American Protective Association was a thing instituted by capital to divide labor, and, by preventing strikes, reduce laborers to the condition of serfs. M. C. M.

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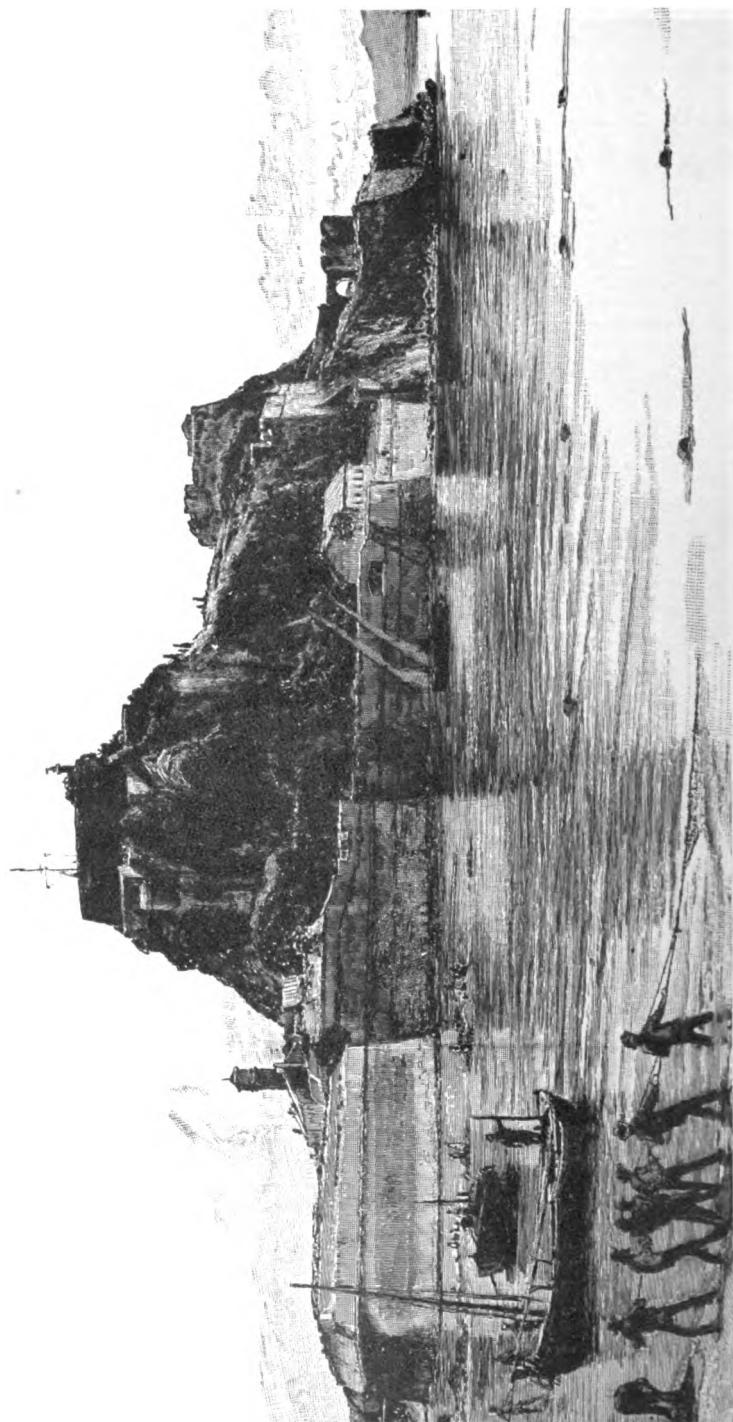
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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIV.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 384.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

BY WILLIAM L. MOORE.



OLL! mournful bell, from the
abbey tower:

Ring out to the gloomy sky!
Tell to the cold gray earth the power
Of Death, and that all must die!
For all men die, and die they must;
Remember, man, thou art but dust!

Tell to the king in his gilded hall,
Tell to the beggar at the gate,
From the slime of the earth they are
fashioned all;

To return to earth is their common
fate!

For kings have died, and beggars
must;

Remember, man, thou art but dust!

Tell to the babe in the dawn of life,
Tell to the old man bowed with years,
That death is the end of earthly strife,
The end of earthly hopes and fears!
For the youthful die, and the aged must;
Remember, man, thou art but dust!

Tell to the sinner—scarlet stained;
Tell to the just—the pure of heart,

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That life for each a grave has gained!
Only beyond the grave they part.
For sinners die, as die the just;
Remember, man, thou art but dust!

Then ring, O bell, in the abbey tower;
But tell them Who moulded this house of clay!
Tell of the "living soul," and its power
To leave its prison, and live for aye!
For souls die not, though bodies must;
Remember, man, thou art but dust!

Tell them to render to dust its own,
But the soul to God from whom it came!
Till the Angel's trumpet at last is blown,
And the body—glorified—lives again!
To life through death—so die we must;
Remember, man, thou art but dust!



PUBLIC OPINION AND IMPROVED HOUSING.

BY GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



IN the last issue of this magazine I made some observations concerning the connection between the dwellings and the morals of the poor; and suggested that public opinion might be advantageously stirred upon the question. "Let alone" has ceased to be the motto even of the school of political economy which was known by that title, and to whose doctrines it is hardly an exaggeration to say must be attributed the whole or almost the whole of the cruel blundering which so fearfully blighted the lives of three generations of the industrial classes from the last quarter of the eighteenth century to the period that began in 1870. Those who have taken up the study of social science within the last few years as a mere exercise know nothing of the appalling evils which beset the lives of working-men. In an article in this magazine some time ago it was, at least, implied that England was saved from revolution by the interest which the leisured classes took in the concerns of the workers. The views of the Social Science Congress of each year became matter of legislation in the succeeding one—perhaps not always to the extent which the philanthropist hoped for, but to some extent; and even in such halting legislation there was evidence of the influence of high-class sympathy with low-class needs.

HIGH REASONS FOR AMELIORATIVE ACTION.

Those men and women who desire to bring about a better tenement-house system in New York have the example of their own class in England as an encouragement and guide for their efforts. They have the same interest, even apart from philanthropy, that the better classes in England had in this as well as in all phases of the improved life of the working people. On the content of these the security of the higher orders depends—the security of the whole country in fact. It is well worth exertion and sacrifice to charm away the spectres of unrest and anarchy. No one who has examined the condition of the working classes, in this and other cities, but would be prepared for

wild ideas among many of them ; no one who has felt the pulse and looked into the eyes of the whole body of toilers, but will say that there is discontent over the whole range of the working classes ; so that the wild ideas of the more reckless have a sort of support in the passive sympathy of the most moderate. The wealthy people, then, would act sagaciously in their own interest, wisely for the state, well for all interests in time and eternity, if they engage themselves with energy in the work of the amelioration of industrial life. Now, one aspect of this is the character of the abodes of workers ; and this is directly in their path owing to the labors of the Tenement-House Committee of 1894, which have attracted a very natural interest to the subject among all who have some sense of the responsibility annexed to honorable life.

But an academical horror of infectious disease, of vice, of crime, of maimed lives and wretched deaths, is nothing, or very little. People who are very hard, and cruel for that matter, are often able to charm one by the sweetness and softness of their sentiments. In the *salons* of the eighteenth century the ideas which took shape in the French Revolution were elegantly expressed by men of fashion while they exchanged snuff-boxes. The great noble who lisped with approval those doctrines of the Social Contract which would not leave him a shred of title to the château and domains that had come to him through crusaders, soldiers, statesmen, ground his peasants to the very earth, fleeced them of hide and hair by his exactions. What is needed is effort, not theory. The better class of citizens of New York is required to take an active part in promoting and sustaining public opinion in an agitation to improve the condition of the poor generally within reasonable limits, but especially in securing for them those things of utility, convenience, and comfort which belong to civilized life.

THE SOPHISTRIES OF SELFISHNESS.

There is hardly a question that bills to regulate the construction of tenement-houses will be opposed in the State legislature by owners of sites ; that measures to make more stringent the enactments affecting tenement-houses and lodging-houses will be opposed by landlords ; that the influence of speculators not included in these two categories will be cast in the same scale ; and behind this interested opposition the sentiment will be invoked that such restrictions upon property, interference with private rights, and discouragement to enter-

prise, as must result from the adoption of the measures submitted here are un-American. Of course they are not un-American, no more than to restrain a man from wantonly setting fire to his house in a crowded street in the heart of a city would be un-American.

THE "FREEDOM-OF-CONTRACT" BOGEY.

It must be borne in mind that the proposal submitted is already implied in the principles of city government even now in force. In the last article reference was made to the case of the Health Department of the city versus the Rector and others of Trinity Church. *Prima facie* the acts imposing a penalty on a landlord who did not afford his tenants a sufficient supply of water on each story of the building were an elaborate interference with freedom of contract. The Consolidation Act, on which the action was brought, had, in sections previous to that regulating the supply of water, provided for the proper construction and ventilation of tenement-houses. At first sight these sections would seem to be an unwarrantable interference with the rights of owners of property. If the owner of a site chooses to run up a rookery in defiance of every law of hygiene, and fills it with the human vermin that have no choice but to take his rooms, there is nothing in the law of landlord and tenant to prevent him. If an employer can obtain work-people at starvation wages or at wages that are the barest pretence of payment, the law of hiring has nothing to say to the matter except to enforce the contract.

THE PUBLIC RIGHT OF SELF-DEFENCE.

But into the law of landlord and tenant in the first case are imported enactments of police which so modify the ordinary contract of tenancy as to aim at preserving the health of the tenant, and the public health as far as it can be done. It was not nominated in the bond when the landlords "of the veritable slaughter-houses" drew great rents; or when the slum-landlords, because of the mine of wealth contained in the houses of pestilence which they let, arranged everything under conditions of contract which produced a harvest of death and caused seeds of weakness to be transmitted to future generations, let those dwelling-places which poisoned life so that whatever idea of right or decency or purity might have once existed was blotted out—it was not nominated in the bond in those days of freedom of contract, the days of *laissez faire* political

economy, but it is nominated now by police regulations which to some extent embody the right of the municipality to be protected against preventable disease, immorality, and crime. This, no doubt, is an invasion of private rights: so thought hosts of proprietors who, in the teeth of police regulations, packed creatures into every space, refused them air and water, and endangered the health of every citizen; so thought landlords before there was any pretence of sanitary supervision at all; until one wonders how it was that New York escaped such a visitation as those plagues that time after time depopulated the cities of Europe and Asia. This immunity from disease cannot last for ever. It is due to two circumstances in great measure: the situation of the city and its growth. I need say nothing of the drainage facilities New York enjoys, nor of the pure air from the great rivers which would be a health-preserving agency of incalculable value in the worst sanitary system; but I may call attention to the soil from which as yet no fatal organisms rise to cloud the atmosphere, or in which no such organisms have made their rest to an extent that may not be coped with. The soil of European and of Eastern cities is made up in part, moulded in part, and crusted over in toto, from the refuse of the countless generations that lived in them and the clay of the same that was buried in them.

DUTY OF AN ENLIGHTENED LANDLORDISM.

As I have just said, an allusion was made in the February number of this magazine to the case of the Trustees of Trinity Church. It was made in no unfair spirit, but I think that these persons, while in that instance they may have conscientiously discharged their duties as legal owners of trust property, are still not absolved from the duty of joining their fellow-citizens in an agitation for general improvement. It is not an uncommon thing to find landed proprietors in the United Kingdom who as trustees of estates under settlement put such pressure on the limited owner as may compel him to act in a harsh or illiberal manner to his tenants, yet the same persons when dealing with their own tenants evince an equitable spirit. Taking such a course as has been suggested would mark the distinction between the trustees of Trinity Church and the slum-landlords whose rapacity led to results which could only be adequately dealt with by a law that would visit on them the extreme effects that followed a conviction of felony in old times. Nor would this be a turning back to

principles of a comparatively undeveloped condition of society. The safety of the public is superior to private rights and interests of all kinds ; and the fact that this principle was realized in earlier times does not prove that its adoption would be a sign of retrogression. The principle may have been unjustly applied, it may have been used as an instrument of arbitrary power in former times—it was so enforced by the Star Chamber—but there need be no fear of such a misapplication now. The most advanced assertor of the authority of individual right, Mr. Herbert Spencer, is polite enough to concede that one ought not to exercise his private rights to the injury of others. No doubt he bases the restriction on the experience that one will not be permitted so to exercise his private rights ; but the admission implies that as a matter of police a house from which infectious disease menaces the health of the population should be abated as a public nuisance.

PROPITIATION OF THE OPPOSITION A USEFUL PLAN.

The solution of the problem of better housing for the poor resolves itself considerably into a question of compensation for the taking of private property. I think the subject of expense to the public is one of a very secondary character. It seems no doubt that the cost of improvement schemes in England has added largely to the rates, and some dissatisfaction has arisen in consequence. This was to be expected. In every place there are persons who object to benefits of any kind for the public because of the additional burden on property. Public education had its opponents in English urban and rural districts, so had industrial schools, so had improved water works for supplying corporate and non-corporate towns. I am, I think, in a position to say that in parts of the United Kingdom resistance to useful reforms and to schemes for promoting material prosperity was bought off, as it were, by conferring a large part of the administration of the particular matter to the most active opponents. It will, I think, hardly be believed that some old municipalities in the United Kingdom were slow to avail themselves of the act which enabled corporations and boards of towns commissioners to establish public libraries. Nothing but a public opinion which flooded these antediluvian bodies with new blood would have prevented that excellent enactment from being a dead-letter, so far as some towns were concerned.

THE CLASS OF INVETERATE OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

The opposition of the selfish, ignorant, or prejudiced may be put aside. There are some to whom advantages conferred on the lower orders of society are a source of malignant bitterness in comparison with which any real evil they might experience would be of a trifling character. These are the people who find in education for the poor, fair wages, wholesome food, good clothes, a little time for reasonable recreation, a subversion of society. "It is meat!" said Bumble when *Oliver Twist* struck down the cowardly bully that had outraged him. It is the same with those persons who were workmen themselves, or the sons of workmen, but who look upon the workman as a machine to be used and thrown aside when he loses strength, those persons whose humanity is expressed in a contribution to some charitable institution, or some platitude over the walnuts and the wine at a club dinner. Their opposition, no more than that of the selfish or ignorant owner of property, which he dreads may be affected by the improvements called for by all who are wise, just, and humane in this city and state—their opposition no more than that of the others need be taken into account. If such alarmists or such vampires of society had their way, not a single one of the great forces to which they owe their wealth would have been started, or at least reached their present development. These are men of the kind who opposed the introduction of railways, the employment of steam in ships; who did what they could to prevent the horrible old oil-lamps, which only made darkness visible in the streets, from being replaced by gas ones, who surrounded the telegraphic system with such difficulties that it is a marvel that mankind has yet seen the transmission of its thought from one end of the world to the other.

IMMENSE RESOURCES OF NEW YORK.

Concerning the expense which must attend improvement schemes, as I have said, there cannot, at least there ought not to be much difficulty. The taxation of New York is a bagatelle in comparison with that of any municipality in the United Kingdom—or, more correctly, there is no comparison. In addition New York is advancing by leaps and bounds, with the result that its taxable capacity is enlarging beyond the possible growth of its burdens. The only difficulty is with regard to

the question of the powers to be conferred on the local authority and the manner of controlling the exercise of them.

THE QUESTION OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

It has been suggested that all the legislative and administrative powers of the state government should be conferred upon the local authority within the area of its jurisdiction. In other words, that it should be for its own area a state within the state. This is unquestionably the principle of the new system of local government in Great Britain. Any difficulty in construing the extent of the delegation would be obviated by clauses conferring the powers: so that everything not included was excluded from the contemplation of the legislature in passing the act, and therefore retained to itself.

COMPULSORY IMPROVEMENT POWERS NEEDED.

In the recommendations of the Committee of 1894 we find a proposal to adopt the system employed in England under the acts for artisans and laborers' dwellings with regard to unsanitary buildings. These acts confer powers of destroying the buildings on reasonable compensation. It does not seem that any serious objection can be urged to the adoption of the principles of these acts, though possibly something might be said concerning the methods of inquiry into the amount of the compensation. That is only a detail, however; but it seems clear that in the case of buildings of this class the idea must be got rid of that they should be treated with the tenderness shown in the case of other property taken under compulsory powers. The moment it is proved that the buildings are unsanitary there should be no presumption in favor of the owner against the local authority. Whether this precaution is necessary in this country or not, it certainly would have been necessary in the United Kingdom under the earlier acts mentioned, and should be kept in mind in assessing the compensation under the latest. There was an idea that for compulsory purchase at least ten per cent. should be added to the value—at one time it was laid down that it should be as high as fifty per cent.—while the value itself was measured by a scale which would justly excite the envy of venders in ordinary cases. Those buildings that are unsanitary, but not so bad as to be a public nuisance, would come within the principle of compensation; but they would come within it on technical rather than equitable grounds. Consequently the amount of compensation

should be estimated on a calculation of what the cost of putting them in a sanitary condition would be. The difference or surplus would be the amount payable to the owner. Similarly where buildings were overcrowded, or were used for immoral purposes, and yielding an increased rent in consequence of such overcrowding or such purposes. The value in such cases should be estimated on a rental for similar buildings in the same part of the city let under the legal and normal conditions as to the number and character of the tenants.

THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

A considerable part of this paper has proceeded upon the line that improvements were especially to spring from the consideration of the physical health of the population. There is really a far more important question: that of the moral health. Even if it could be proved to demonstration that what is now happening in Bombay could not happen here, that there is in the soil of New York a safeguard against all forms of zymotic disease—that great danger of civilized mankind—still the moral plague from overcrowding, from filth, from fetid air, from darkness would remain to destroy the society that tolerated such evils. It is of the very rudiments of the common sense of mankind to say that surroundings have an effect in shaping character. The earliest speculations in political science have recognized the influence of natural features in determining the quality, and therefore the destiny, of a people. It is as certain that the dreadful environment of a New York tenement-house in the bad parts of the city will put its mark upon the soul as the mountains which stamped upon the Swiss hunter a love of freedom, or the coast-line which entered into the Athenian's spirit like a spell to make him foremost in enterprise and richest in all the gifts of the intellect and imagination. No one can dispute it.

THE POST OF HONOR.

To the priests of the church in a particular manner does the duty belong to help and lead in the work of social amelioration. They represent the greatest influence in the world. No one can over-estimate the knowledge of mankind, the sympathy and moral power of the Church. No human organization has ever possessed her experience or her instinctive wisdom, or her fearlessness in enunciating truths of society for the benefit of all, its weakest and its strongest. She was the protector of

the weak when lawless law was at its highest; in championing their cause she has received her severest wounds; but she is as strong to-day in emancipating negroes in Central Africa as when she broke the feudal fetters of the serf or the iron code of Roman slavery.

Bearing her spirit in their hearts, her priests must face this problem of the hour. Even their opponents admit the hold they have over the poorer members of their flocks. The suppressed resentment with which the efforts of humane people to relieve distress in England is received proves that there is some want in the method of bestowing relief. The same applies to instruction carried to the homes of the industrial classes. It is hard to define the difference, but some sense of superiority is carried about by those benevolent people, lay and clerical, with the result that they do very little moral good, whatever material benefit they confer; but the priest is so pervaded by sympathy that for the time he is one with the pauper, the drunkard, the sinner, the outcast. This opinion is not merely mine. It was expressed by Mr. Hobson in the *Contemporary Review* for November; and he certainly is not in love with the church or the priests.

But to the essential work of the priesthood—I mean that which may be in some way called its professional work—the wretched, spirit-killing, life-destroying surroundings of the poor are an immeasurable obstacle. There are difficulties inseparable from the moral law and the manner of its adjustment to the orders of society. Such surroundings suggest strange problems concerning the justice of God, the distribution of his gifts, as well in quantity as in the character of the recipients. How can a priest preach sobriety to a man whose frame is on the rack from the action of an atmosphere affecting the nerves in a more pernicious degree than overwork or bad diet could affect them? how preach patience in the sight of a wife dehumanized by her life? how preach it in the presence of children whose existence instead of being a blessing seems laden with the curse of a future of calamity and crime? Impossible!—or at least it is preaching to the tempest or to the lightning.

Now, as I have said, to the priest, who is bound to recognize Christ's holy law, that the blessings of life are the right of all His brethren, that with Him there is no privileged class, that His is a kingdom of universal brotherhood, and that this Church of His is the great social fact on earth; to the priest the duty is plain that he cannot withhold himself from any

work which tends to the advantage of the race, and particularly that part of it which the Lord Christ loved with an especial love.

Nor is this suggested in the way of advice. I know the difficulties which surround the lives of men spent among that part of the population which is not endowed with the gifts of fortune. I understand the claims of the people on the lives of the priesthood. No moment of a priest's life is his own; his sleep is liable to be broken at any hour of the night by a call to the bedside of the sick or dying, and the day has its full measure of duties too. Amateur benevolence is a very good thing, but it may be very little more than an officious recreation; while the time given by the priest to any work of social amelioration is taken from a life ruled by the most exacting calls. Yet, while understanding this, I humbly point out how important to their strict duty must be the aid to be derived from material comfort and improved physical conditions among the poor. In entering heartily into the work of social amelioration generally, and into this particular instance of it, they must acquire an influence on men of all degrees of life outside the church which, please God, will prepare for the time when one thought and one interest shall unite the whole American people.



MOTHER AND SON.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.



HERE were two objects for which Mrs. Landrey would at any time have laid down her life: her church and her only son.

Vincent Landrey was an idol from the moment he uttered his first little cry in the world, waiting with its choicest treasures for his coming. His father spent hours bending over the baby-form in the nursery, dreaming all the proud dreams an ancient house weaves around the first-born; his mother clasped him to her bosom, thanked God for him, and acknowledged that she had never known perfect happiness until then. And the day on which the baby was christened—when the names that had been selected months in advance were bestowed with all the solemnity of the church—was kept as a sort of festival in the great family, even down to the poorest second-cousin.

"Vincent Charles Lannau," the names of his father, maternal grandfather, and great-grandfather, received in religion and in law, were changed at home for the rather indefinite terms of "baby," "darling," and "cherub." There were various other distinguished ancestors, and many prominent collateral kinsmen, living and dead, who might come in for consideration on a future occasion, but who could have no place in the naming of the heir-apparent.

The baby thrived and grew strong, and early manifested the family traits to his mother long before a mere outsider could have seen in him anything but an infant with a rosebud mouth, an indistinct nose, and no hair to speak of, with very well developed lungs. The cherub never cried; but he screamed on the slightest provocation, or on no provocation at all, according to the private conviction of the nurse.

His mother kept him in blue and white, the colors of the Blessed Virgin, until he was old enough to be put into knickerbockers, and she taught him his prayers herself, first in English and then in French, for the primeval American Landrey had come to the United States from France by way of Canada, and Mrs. Landrey had been a Lannau, a family sprung

from the same fair land. In her unspoken thoughts Mrs. Landrey separated the inhabitants of the world into two classes, those who were of French extraction, and those who were not. The boy had private tutors, later on was sent to the best schools, and when old enough he was taken on annual vacations to Europe. When he was nineteen his father died, and Vincent started with his mother and young sister for Japan and the far East, a journey undertaken at the urgent suggestion of friends as a diversion for their grief. And Mrs. Landrey's grief was deep and lasting. She had loved her husband with a singular and unselfish, even if an exacting love, and she had loved no other man, for she had been married at twenty, and had passed almost from the school-room to the altar. But she knew in her heart that her grief for her husband was as nothing to the agony that would have maddened her for her son.

After completing his college course Vincent was sent abroad for two more years of study at a foreign university, and another year was given to travel, so that he was a man of twenty-five when he finally returned to St. Louis to take his place as the head of the Landreys in the world of business and of society. That place was one to be proud of: an inheritance of eight millions of dollars, coupled with an honorable family name, was something to make the worldly envious and the thoughtful sober. All this money belonged to Vincent except some two millions of dollars willed to his only sister Hortense, and a life annuity to his mother. The world—his world—made much of his return, and life seemed again full of happiness for Mrs. Landrey.

She was still a handsome woman—tall, of superb proportions, with black hair showing only a stray thread of gray, and dark eyes which could melt and flash and freeze and blaze, under their thick black lashes—wonderful eyes they were, eyes that revealed her soul in spite of herself. She had shapely white hands, large and firm, with straight fingers and pink palms, crossed by the lines that indicate pride, courage, a love of the beautiful. Mrs. Landrey had other traits besides these, admirable traits for the most part, which her environment had not brought out so distinctly. As for some others not admirable—who is there without faults? Every soul has characteristics not revealed until illuminated by the search-lights which life throws over its most secret recesses—sometimes brought out by great sorrow, sometimes only through great happiness.

After her years of mourning Mrs. Landrey had taken up the threads of her life; and her place in society, in works of charity, in parish concerns, knew her again as of old. More than one man had offered her consolation—a new love and a new name, but she had positively, rather haughtily refused. Was she to be called by one name, her son by another? To be fettered with obligations which might conflict with her obligations to her boy? Were men crazy that they could dream of such a thing?

As to her piety, no one could say that it was not fervent and deep. All her life she had been a devout attendant at the services of the church; on many a cold morning she had walked to Mass rather than take out the coachman and horses. When Lent came she laid aside the garb of fashion, forsook the haunts of pleasure, her needle was busy for the poor, her carriage waited in the purlieus of poverty, and her hand smoothed the brows of friendless sufferers in the charity wards of the hospitals. The feasts of the church were made days of beautiful observance, and the prayers and the chants and the liturgy were to her a precious heritage. Never in her life had she committed a wilful mortal sin, and as for her predominant passion she tried as well as she could to overcome it considering her profound ignorance of it. In this ignorance she was not alone. Pride has been the curse of the world, she would have told you readily enough; but in her own case she called it something else. And in some of its aspects there was something fine about her pride. Why should not one appreciate the blessing of having been born a Lannau and married to a Landrey? The original American Lannau made a fortune early in life, and rapidly became an important person in the affairs of the French settlement gradually making its way from a village into a city.

Another ancestor had come over to America about the same time, and peddled colored buttons, of the kind most favored for necklaces, to the Indians; but this was a mere detail of family history. Mrs. Landrey did not believe in burdening the memory with transactions so uninteresting. It was enough to remember all the deeds of valor and honor and goodness and usefulness of the gentlemen whose portraits adorned the family mansion.

To her nephew, Owen Torrington, Mrs. Landrey was a character-study. Owen was the only son of her husband's half-sister. Hortense Landrey had married a Protestant on the

usual conditions, and died when her first child was born. Two years after her death Owen Torrington, senior, married again, and the second Mrs. Torrington was a strict Presbyterian, who did not consider for a moment that her husband's promise to his dead wife had any binding force on her; hence she brought up the boy in her own church. The Landreys protested, of course; but family peace seemed a dearer thing to Torrington than the wishes of relations-in-law, so the step-mother had her way. Owen was three years older than his cousin Vincent, but the two boys were always fast friends until their pathways parted to ascend divergently the mountain named Higher Education.

Young Torrington went to Harvard, where it was his misfortune to get in with what is notorious the country over as the "Harvard fast set." Before the allurements so temptingly offered the poor boy went down like a reed in a tornado. At the end of his four years he was already worn and cynical spiritually, although athletic, brainy, and ambitious to outward showing.

Owen often thought of his cousin, and there was a vague, regretful envy in his thoughts as he recalled the rosy-cheeked, innocent boy, so manly and honorable, so true a little gentleman, and so pious. Piety in Vincent as he hurried off to Mass, or excused himself from some boyish frolic because it was his confession-day, seemed higher and manlier than piety in the abstract had appeared to Owen. The boys corresponded from time to time, but not frequently enough for either to keep in touch with the other's spiritual or mental attitudes. Torrington, not being the heir to millions, returned to St. Louis and settled down to work. Sometimes in the vacations he had seen something of his cousin, but Vincent was usually off at some resort with his mother, or else abroad; so it might be said that the two had parted as school-boys to meet after the lapse of years as men.

Owen was curious to see what Vincent would do with his life; he fully expected that it would be something beyond the ordinary rounds of business and pleasure that made up the lives of the average youths of his own kind. Would his multi-millionaire cousin turn public benefactor, patron of art and education, collector of pictures and china, or found a co-operative colony and beggar himself in his efforts to bring prosperity to his fellow-men? But to all appearances Vincent Landrey began his career as a man very much like other rich young

men with refined tastes, and the education and training of a gentleman.

The first little shock on his cousin's account came to Owen Torrington when he called at Mrs. Landrey's at eleven o'clock one Sunday morning, and was told that Vincent had not yet made his appearance.

"The poor boy was not feeling very well this morning, and so did not get up for church," explained Mrs. Landrey. Torrington, who knew for certain that Vincent had been playing billiards at the University Club until midnight on Saturday, was discreetly silent as to his private opinion of Vincent's illness, as he murmured some empty phrases of conventional regret and followed the footman up the grand stairway to Vincent's sumptuous quarters.

"Halloo, youngster! I thought I'd find you with prayer-book and beads at this hour," called Torrington, as Vincent raised himself lazily in bed, and turned his beautiful black eyes, so like his mother's, in the direction of the approaching footsteps.

"I had a beastly headache this morning—my pulse was beating like a trip-hammer—so I claimed the privilege of a sick man," answered Vincent, but not very glibly.

After that Owen watched his cousin, partly from his old love for him, partly as a philosopher of human nature; and he did not have long to wait to find that Vincent was—well, just like himself, like dozens of other young men of his set, unblushing hedonists all of them.

Vincent had been at home a year when a newspaper given up more and more to the exploiting of sensations and the airing of family skeletons, hinted broadly that young Landrey was paying marked attentions to a pretty chorus girl, in a comic opera company then filling an engagement at a summer theatre. Although the girl drew her modest weekly salary as a member of an opera company, she earned it with her dancing, not with her voice. Owen looked on, sadly in some moods, with amusement in others. But when he ventured to broach the subject of the chorus-girl in a bantering way to Vincent, he was met with a decided rebuff.

One evening in early autumn, as the cousins sat smoking together in a cozy corner of the club, Owen broke the silence by saying, apropos of nothing that Vincent could lay hold of, "Do you know, Vincent, without meaning to do it, you have taken a great deal away from me?"

Young Landrey stirred uneasily, and a tinge of color surged to his fair, smooth brow.

"You used to embody an ideal to me," continued Torrington, "but I find that you are—merely a reality."

"Hang it all, Owen, a fellow gets into the current and can't help himself!" answered Vincent. "I know what you mean, but you can't expect a man to remain a boy all his life?"

"No, but you were such a sweet boy! I really had some fear for you that you might go into a monastery and sell all your possessions to give to the poor."

"I say, don't be irreverent, Owen. Quotations from the Scriptures aren't in your line. Stick to Horace!"

"I'm in earnest," replied Torrington. "I really did expect something out of the ordinary from you."

Owen as a student of human nature and human vagaries often wondered what Mrs. Landrey thought of Vincent's ways—that was the rather vague epithet which expressed a great deal.

Once Owen came upon his aunt unexpectedly in a little reception room where she was earnestly engaged in giving a religious instruction to her under footman, a young Swede who had manifested a desire to know something of the old church.

Owen was too much like one of the family to cause any postponement of the lesson. Quite possibly Mrs. Landrey thought that a few stray seeds might fall on the youth's own neglected soul.

After the lesson was over, Torrington picked up the little catechism out of which Mrs. Landrey had been dealing words of wisdom to the stalwart young Swede, and glanced through it, carelessly at first and then with awakening interest. His aunt was called away to put her name down for a subscription to the cyclone sufferers, and Owen was left alone with the catechism.

When she returned she was greeted with the question, "Aunt Mimi, do you believe everything in this little book?"

Mrs. Landrey flushed, and there was a gleam in her still beautiful eyes. Owen perceived that he had made a mistake.

"I didn't mean—my question doesn't mean just what it says," he floundered on, feeling that he was in a difficulty. "We can believe a thing in a sort of way, and not believe it practically, don't you know? Something like this, Aunt

Mimi: we all believe in a general fashion that poverty, according to the Scriptures, is a more perfect state of life than wealth; that the man who works with his hands to support his wife and children is a nobler sort of man than the one who doesn't work at all; but as a matter of fact we don't believe anything of the sort; if we did, the idlers would give their surplus to the poor and buy a spade. We don't believe that the duke who has never worked in all his life, either with his hands or his brains—when he has any—unless baccarat and yachting spell work—is inferior to the man who club-hauls the sails for him, or the man who tills the ancestral acres. Do you actually believe, for instance, that the average young man as you and I and the world know him is on the same plane religiously speaking, and as this catechism says he is, with the poor wretch who breaks another commandment and steals a dollar or forges a check?"

Mrs. Landrey was rather an inscrutable person when not taken unawares, but she could not repress a certain haughtiness of tone as she replied: "My dear Owen, I really must decline to commit myself in regard to the average young man—I know too little about him—but you must have a very low estimate of your class if you place him on the same plane with a sneak thief or a forger!"

"Just like a woman," commented Owen mentally, "to shift the burden of the proposition from the hard-and-fast answers in the catechism to my opinion—as if I had any!"

The young man replied aloud: "I didn't know that my opinions counted one way or the other; they have nothing to do with the argument. I was merely trying to find out whether these answers in the catechism bind you literally, or whether they admit of a mountain of mental reservation."

Vincent, who had come in during the heat of the skirmish, here interposed a comment in a lighter vein, and succeeded in turning the conversation into a smoother channel.

But Owen Torrington bought a catechism of his own, and a prayer-book, and read them most diligently; he even spent an evening at home, using the midnight electricity whilst he studied and pondered over questions polemical and dogmatic. Then, at the risk of Mrs. Landrey's further displeasure, he asked her again if she firmly believed everything in those books, without any mental reservation whatever, just as she believed that the sun would set, or that she had been born into the world and would go out of it. And when he received an earnest and

impassioned answer in the affirmative, he looked at his relative through narrowing lids, and was unusually sober and thoughtful for the rest of the day. When he met Vincent at the club that evening Owen said to himself: "If I had a mother who believed as your mother says she believes, and she let me come to the pass you are in, how I should hate her!" And yet Owen very well knew that Mrs. Landrey loved Vincent as she had never loved any one else in this world!

In the early autumn when people were straggling back to town from mountain and sea-shore, and democratic farm-houses, and matrons were uncertain whether to rejoice at their freedom from all social duties, or to bemoan the burden of starting the domestic machinery, in that interval between the gaiety of the summer and the greater gaiety of the winter, Owen went to dine quite informally with the Landreys. Owen had enjoyed but a beggarly two weeks' vacation, and Vincent, for reasons best known to himself, had remained in town until quite late in the season; but Mrs. Landrey and Hortense had been away since early June. It was now October.

The conversation turned on a young man of their own set who had disgraced his family by marrying a girl, to whom marriage was due, belonging far down near the base of the social pyramid.

Mrs. Landrey said emphatically that his family owed it to themselves and to society to have nothing to do with the pair; that such disgrace as his should have the sepulchre of oblivion.

Her vehemence amused Owen in the light of his recently acquired knowledge. Mrs. Landrey claimed to believe that there is no evil comparable to the evil of mortal sin; that death, poverty, exile, were as nothing to this awful thing called sin, the logical complement to which would be reparation. Yet she was for meting out the severest punishment to a sinner, not for his sin but for his atonement of that sin. It was as if one professed to be sure that two and two make four, but denied emphatically that two from four leaves two.

"Ah, my beautiful aunt, you have heard of the chorus girl!" Owen commented to himself.

As he walked home that night, the glorious harvest moon lighting up the broad street, and bringing out in poetic outlines the beautiful new mansions lining the way, his thoughts were still in the same groove. Here was a woman, he mused, who professed Christianity, and practised the world's code—a

woman who could turn her son out into the street for marrying beneath his own station—who would no more invite to her house a poor wretch who had cheated at cards than she would a leper, but who could smile her sweetest on men who were, according to her own creed, on the high road to hell.

“My dear Aunt Mimi, you are a charming humbug!” he apostrophized aloud, and then turned quickly in terror lest a chance policeman had overheard him.

After that it was many moons before Owen again looked into the little catechism.

Owen was puzzled at the contrast between Vincent and his sister. Hortense Landrey came very near to being Torrington’s ideal of what a young girl should be—pure, sweet, innocent, loving, sympathetic, loyal in friendship, beautiful, high-bred. Hortense had been shielded from even the knowledge of evil, and hedged in with every safeguard. Her playmates had been carefully selected, and the books she read; even the domestics who came into her life were scrutinized both as to their morals and their accent; the ugly, sordid world had not so much as touched her with the hem of its garments—only the world beautiful had revealed its secrets to this young girl, dainty as a rosebud with the morning dew still upon it, blooming in a walled garden where not the vestige of a weed had ever been allowed to take root. From the loving vigilance of a fond mother Hortense had passed under the greater vigilance of a convent school where only the elect of maidenhood were welcomed. And wherever she had gone—to Europe, Mexico, Florida—all the places where the American girl is found in charming if superfluous numbers—her mother too had gone.

And as a young lady in society, the protecting care over her had been almost as great. Hortense had been handled, to change the metaphor, as the rarest bit of porcelain, whilst her brother had been left to float down the stream, taking his chances with the veriest earthen jars.

And yet Mrs. Landrey would have walked over the dead bodies of fifty Hortenses for her son!

It was very puzzling. In the meantime it was diverting to watch Vincent in a perfectly open way; for Vincent’s acts, to do him justice, were usually open to the world, if the world cared to look.

The opera company had long since taken their blonde wigs and beautiful persons away from the summer theatre, and were, it is to be hoped, considering the American climate, dis-

porting themselves in attire not quite so abbreviated. But May Levering, the chorus girl who had captured Vincent's fancy, remained behind. She drove a pair of matched ponies in Forest Park, and diamonds twinkled from her pretty ears.

Owen found himself more and more at sea in regard to his cousin. Clearly Vincent's theories—the theories according to which he had been brought up—of self-denial, self-restraint, victory of duty over inclination, the higher life over the lower, mind over matter, reason over animal passion; the code of the philosopher added to the precepts of the Christian, were not the canon of Vincent's daily life.

And the young man himself merely laughed or hummed the latest song when Owen, with the familiarity of friendship and kinship, tried to get Vincent's mental attitude towards his own conduct. No one was more popular than young Landrey; the polished, agreeable companion, the warm friend, the loving brother, the devoted son, the courtier in society, the honored millionaire in the world of business, the genial favorite everywhere, went on his rose-strewn way.

If his mother had any misgivings on account of her son no one was the wiser. Certainly not Owen Torrington; and this student of psychology often wished, when he met his aunt and Hortense coming from church, prayer-book in hand, and knew that Vincent was lounging over the morning papers, that he could turn a Roentgen ray on the soul of the queenly, inscrutable matron.

When he looked at Vincent Landrey, the people that make up the world, considered as sentient beings under an eternal law, seemed more of an enigma than ever. It was like having a key that would not fit into the lock.

The winter was well established, the first snow of the season had confirmed its title, when the cousins again found themselves together after dinner in their own especial club corner.

"Owen, my dear boy, do you know that you have contracted the beastly habit of staring at a fellow as if you wanted to find out something?" said Vincent Landrey to his cousin. "You don't happen to be a mind-reader, do you, or an amateur detective, or a Hoodoo or a Hindu, or something that is uncanny and not quite respectable?"

Owen Torrington blushed guiltily, and knocked his cigar ashes with unwonted deliberation into the little silver tray at his side.

"I beg your pardon, Vincent; I'm afraid I was staring. To tell the truth, I do want to find out something—a secret that is as old as the Sphinx—as old as Adam."

"The *Cyclopædia Britannica* might help you; I know I can't. Secrets aren't much in my line," retorted Vincent with an easy laugh. "That prolonged scrutiny of yours makes one feel that one had been weighed in the balance and found wanting—something like a Mexican silver dollar, or a punched quarter."

Vincent was uncompromisingly for the gold standard, and so his comparison expressed measureless inferiority.

"Halloo, Landrey! How are you, Torrington?" interrupted a cheery voice belonging to a handsome, athletic-looking man with a blonde mustache; and the owner of the mustache, and a mile or two of stone-front houses in good localities, advanced towards the cousins.

"How are you, Bangs?" responded the two in the meaningless phrase of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

"Hurry, Vincent, my boy, or we shall be in for a scolding," continued the blonde one addressed as Bangs, but whose visiting cards gave Sydney Armstrong before the commonplace patronymic.

And then Torrington knew that Vincent had an engagement of which he had not cared to speak.

"I've a spanking new team that I'm going to try to the cutter this evening, Owen. Come out and see my beauties," invited Vincent, as he rose to go with Sydney Bangs. The three young men went into the coat-room, and soon Vincent and young Bangs emerged encased in heavy overcoats and fur caps, as if for arctic snows.

"We are going to make a night of it," explained Bangs easily. "Sorry you can't come with us."

Torrington shared this regret tacitly if at all, and ran lightly down the steps and across the broad flagging to where Vincent's cutter, with his latest purchase in horse-flesh, was waiting.

It was a clear, cold, sparkling night, with the snow over everything, its spotless expanse of white broken only in the middle of the street by two dark paths made by passing hoofs and wheels, and on each side the gleaming stretch of stone sidewalks where busy shovels, in the hands of thrifty poverty, had cleaned the way.

The stars seemed gloriously bright and mysteriously remote; a waning moon had barely risen over the housetops. A whiff

of keen frosty air, the sweet jingle of silver sleigh-bells, the glitter of flying snow as the horses, eager to show their metal, lifted their feet in spirited grace, and the two on pleasure bent were off.

"Young blood must have its fling, I suppose," mused Owen. "Vincent is a handsome chap—strong and straight and well-featured as a Viking or a Greek god. I dare say he will marry soon, and settle down. It's a wonder that he has escaped the mammas as long as he has. Aunt Mimi must be something of a dragon to keep them from capturing her treasure of a boy. Matrimony would be the best thing for him—it might prove a counter-irritant, if it happened not to prove a blessing. Vincent will make a good husband, like the rest of the Landreys, if family tradition count for anything—a model *paterfamilias* heading the procession to the family pew on Sundays, and figuring in the Citizens' Reform Club, and on all the charities. In the meantime—he is sowing his wild oats! Who reaps, I wonder, those limitless crops of wild oats? Certainly not their sowers!"

Owen sighed, and turned to go back to the warmth and brightness of the club. He looked up the street, and Vincent's cutter, already many blocks away, seemed like a flying black speck in a track of white.

And that was the last time he saw his cousin alive.

Owen reached home very late from the club, having vainly tried for hours to defeat a visitor from Detroit at billiards, and was just sinking into his first doze when he was aroused by a violent commotion at the side entrance, and scurrying feet through the halls. A frightened maid came to his door and said that Mrs. Landrey's Thomas was there, and Mr. Vincent had been killed! and would he come at once?

Lights gleamed from the windows of the spacious Landrey mansion when Owen reached it at three o'clock in the morning. A dozen terror-stricken domestics were huddled together in the shadow of the broad stairway, hardly daring to whisper.

Hortense, pale as the marble statue of Diana standing in fearless poise at the entrance, came flying down the stairs—she had evidently been watching for Owen from the arched landing which broke their leisurely ascent.

All at once his blood seemed to freeze as scream after scream came through the half-open door of the library.

"He is in there," whispered Hortense, leading the way to the library—the luxurious, cheery room that had been the scene

of so many happy hours given over to the intimacies of family life and love.

Stretched on a couch before the sluggish embers of a wood-fire in the library was Vincent's lifeless body; prone before him, her arms clasping the motionless form of her darling, was Mrs. Landrey. Two doctors stood in the uncertain attitudes of persons who know that they can do nothing by remaining, and yet who hardly feel free to go.

"Vincent, my darling, my precious boy, speak to me! Oh, my God, give me back my boy! Vincent, Vincent, Vincent!"

Hortense leaned her head against the door, and gasped as if for breath, whilst a shuddering sigh shook her slender figure. Owen stopped abruptly, sick and almost faint. Recovering himself he stepped forward.

"Aunt Mimi," he said softly, and tried to raise the stricken mother in his arms; but she merely looked at him for a moment with wild, staring, unseeing eyes, and tightened her clasp around her dead son.

The tale was soon told: A runaway and the sleigh thrown down a chasm appeared a simple enough explanation for the world at large. But it did not account for the bullet-wound upon the right temple that was hidden by the tangled mass of curls hanging over it.

From the daily papers Owen afterwards learned that May Levering, Vincent's companion on that fatal sleigh-ride, had been taken to the Sisters' Hospital—it happened to be the nearest to the scene of the tragedy—had lived four hours, receiving baptism from the hands of the chaplain before her death. But Torrington did not understand Mrs. Landrey's despairing cry, "Why is that wretched creature alive, while my boy is snatched from me so?"

To Owen, much as he loved his cousin, this mercy—if it was the mercy Mrs. Landrey seemed to regard it—was a bit of equalizing justice. Vincent had had everything; this girl nothing. Temptation had come to her almost as a birthright; her fall had been the sequence to the opportunity that men like Vincent Landrey give to the May Leverings of a sinful world.

As the moans of the stricken mother became more agonizing the two doctors consulted together, and then the elder produced a little vial from his pocket-case, and forced something between the colorless lips. In a few moments the opiate did its work, and the bereft one was unconscious of her woe. Owen and young Dr. Bentley, the assistant to the family physician,

carried Mrs. Landrey up the stairs to her room, Hortense running lightly ahead to show the way.

"Cousin Owen, I am afraid mamma will go crazy," whispered the girl, shaking with sobs.

On Owen Torrington devolved all the sad duties which death demands of the nearest kindred. It was he who saw the undertaker, and summoned the Sisters from St. Joseph's Asylum to keep watch over what had been handsome Vincent Landrey. Mrs. Landrey had been a munificent benefactor to this institution, and they could not refuse her request. And it was Owen who went at last to Father McCarthy, the rector of St. Luke's, the Landreys' parish church, to make the necessary arrangements for the funeral.

"I want a Solemn Requiem Mass, and Father McCarthy himself to go to the grave, and everything," Mrs. Landrey had roused herself to say to Owen when he had ventured into her presence timidly to ask for instructions.

Owen was shown into Father McCarthy's study, a cozy little den with a cheery coal fire burning in the grate, and one or two plain engravings on the walls. The priest, in cassock and beretta, was seated at a big, old-fashioned desk rapidly going through his correspondence. He glanced pleasantly at Owen through near-sighted eyes, and said, "Come in, Mr. Torrington; what can I do for you?"

When Owen had explained his errand there was an ominous change in the priest's look and bearing as he sat bolt-upright in his chair and pushed his beretta to the back of his head.

"My dear Mr. Torrington, I am at a loss to understand why Mrs. Landrey should have sent you on such a mission to me. She knows very well that we cannot give her unfortunate son Christian burial."

Owen was shocked. He did not know the real circumstances, but Father McCarthy somehow did.

The very thought of going back to Mrs. Landrey with such an answer overwhelmed him. He simply could not. Then he made a mistake.

"I have heard that one can get dispensations in your church. Couldn't you as a great favor, a very great favor to Mrs. Landrey, get a dispensation for the funeral of my cousin? I could place at your command any amount of money—hundreds, thousands."

The priest stood up. "Mr. Torrington, Mrs. Landrey is a very rich woman; but there is not gold enough in the city of

St. Louis to buy one square inch of consecrated ground for her son."

When Owen was again outside in the street the crisp cold air seemed to clarify his mental vision. He had been angered with the priest, but anger was giving place to something like admiration.

As he crossed the street he looked back at the house, and caught a glimpse through the window of Father McCarthy still standing by his desk. Owen raised his hat involuntarily and murmured, "To a consistent man!"

Torrington did not relish the task before him. What was he to say to Mrs. Landrey? But fate temporized by giving him first the lesser problem of what he was to say to Hortense; for the girl met him tremulously in the hall. Owen tried to soften the refusal which of itself made softness impossible.

"Poor Vincent! my poor, poor brother!" wailed the girl, the hot tears trickling through her white fingers as she covered her face with her hands.

"It can't matter to Vincent what his funeral may be," said Owen, trying to give a little comfort.

"Not to have Christian burial! to be put into the ground like a dog? O Cousin Owen!" and her tone conveyed the horror of a measureless ill.

"Ah, well, perhaps some other minister will not be so strict. Indeed, I am sure that Dr. Grace of St. Bartholomew's, or any other Episcopal clergyman in the city, would be willing to officiate, and they are Christians—even your mother will not dispute that!"

"It wouldn't do—you don't understand! We are Catholics. Vincent was a Catholic, if he was— Vincent, Vincent, my sweet brother!"

In company with the wretched mother Owen Torrington, an hour later, again stood in the presence of Father McCarthy.

Mrs. Landrey was indignant, insistent, suppliant, piteously tearful. It moved Owen strangely to see this imperious woman on her knees to the priest, pleading brokenly for her boy. Had she been asking for the life of her son she could not have been more agonizingly earnest. It puzzled Owen why she should care so much for a meaningless ceremony; it was almost as if the death of her only son counted for little, his Christian burial for everything.

"I shall appeal to the bishop," came as a final word from the dauntless mother, as she arose from her feet.

All during the drive to the bishop's residence she sat like a stone woman; her lips pinched and drawn and purple, her eyes staring, and yet seeing nothing in this world.

As the young man helped her out of the carriage she leaned heavily on his arm for a second, and then walked unassisted up the broad stone steps. An imposing new mansion had recently taken the place of the modest domicile the great bishop for many years had called his home.

By a curious turn of memory Owen recalled that the last time he had ascended those steps his Cousin Vincent had been with him. They were going to a reception given by a relative of the bishop's, and he could hear again the hum of the orchestra which floated out through the opening doors, and the gay laughter of Vincent as he turned to Owen and said banteringly "Now get ready for holy water."

And Mrs. Landrey had been among the receiving party. Could this poor creature be the same woman who had stood there in the drawing-room, so serene, so majestic, so charming, so winning? If Owen had ever been envious of anything he could have envied Vincent Landrey his mother.

The bishop came in at once to see Mrs. Landrey, with warmest, kindest, courtliest words of sympathy. But he shook his head at the impassioned request.

"I cannot," he said. "Believe me, my poor child, I would if I could!"

So the funeral notice went to the press: "Interment private." The world knew what it meant; the Catholic world knew and grieved.

And the last night came which Vincent Landrey was to spend in his beautiful home. Owen was there to keep loyal vigil, and the two sisters from the asylum.

It was after midnight when a shadow fell across the hall, and Owen glanced up from the book he was pretending to read, to see his aunt coming swiftly down the grand stairway. She had on a trailing house-gown of red velvet, one she had been wearing on the day Vincent was killed. Confined at the waist with a heavy gold cord, and opening over a petticoat of old-rose brocade, there was something almost barbaric in the richness of her attire, contrasting strangely with her dishevelled dark hair, coiled in a mass on the top of her shapely head, and her haggard, white face, in which the lines had deepened and made her old.

In the spacious drawing-room was Vincent in his coffin;

candles were burning around him, and the two sisters were on their knees saying their beads. As the mother pushed aside the portières and entered the room the sisters withdrew to the unfamiliar richness of the hall. Owen had followed a few steps, but she stopped him—"Leave me alone with my boy."

She sank on the floor by the side of the coffin, the heavy carpet giving back no sound, and pressed her lips to the dead lips of her son.

The minutes went slowly by as if weighted with lead, until it seemed to Owen that the mother had been for hours by Vincent's coffin. But it had not been a half-hour when Hortense came stealing down the stairs, followed by Mrs. Tappan, a cousin of Mrs. Landrey's, who felt it her duty to remain with her relative in this time of trial.

"Where is mamma, Cousin Owen? She has been gone so long I was uneasy," whispered the girl. Owen motioned towards the drawing-room.

Mrs. Tappan, whose activity nothing could subdue, repeated the questions in smothered staccatos. Mrs. Tappan was distinctly frivolous; she had been born so and had improved on her birthright. She was conceded to have a good heart—a concession usually made to those who by no stretch of the imagination or the mantle of charity can be said to have a good head. Owen had never liked her, and she did not waste any sentiment about Owen.

Mrs. Tappan bustled towards the door, but Hortense and Owen stood irresolute, fearing to advance, yet disliking to go back.

"Poor mamma! can't you get her to go to bed, Cousin Owen? She will be worn out before—to-morrow"; the girl broke off abruptly, as if she did not let her thoughts stray beyond the to-morrow when the clay that had been Vincent Landrey would be given again to its native earth.

Mrs. Tappan had the courage of her ignorance, and she went forward without hesitation: "Cousin Mimi, you must go to bed," she commanded.

Mrs. Landrey had raised her face from the coffin at the sound of voices.

"Come and see your work—yours and women like you," she answered in a calm, judicial tone. "Your smiles and flatteries and petting and complacent acceptance of everything that sends young men to the devil have put my son in his coffin. My boy—my little boy that was so sweet and so innocent! Oh,

if he had but died in my arms as a baby! Come in, Hortense; why are you standing there? I took care enough of you; it was only my son I neglected. My boy—and I would give my life a thousand times to make you happy—Vincent, my darling, speak to me! My God, it is more than I can bear!”

Owen felt creepy sensations go through him. He was not unfamiliar with death; it had touched him very nearly more than once; but this was awful. His musings were interrupted by Mrs. Tappan.

“Don’t you think that Cousin Mimi is losing her senses over her trouble, Mr. Torrington?”

But something in the words of the stricken mother as she hurled her denunciations at society’s code, as represented by Mrs. Tappan, made him want to say: “I think that she is just coming into them”; he said, instead, “Why no, Mrs. Tappan, I hope not. Aunt Mimi is simply overwrought; if she could sleep it would be the best thing. Hortense, you must take your mother abroad. Go for a cruise in the Mediterranean, or up the Nile. She must get away from all reminder of Vincent.”

“Mamma will never get away from that,” answered the girl.

Mrs. Tappan went back up the stairs, and Hortense, after lingering aimlessly for a moment, followed her. But the mother remained prostrate by her son until the milkman’s cart rumbling over the pavement told that day was at hand.

The sun was sending its first stray beams over the muddy Mississippi when Owen went home for an hour’s rest before his sad duties must again press heavily upon him.

Promptly at nine o’clock the hearse drew up before the entrance to the magnificent Romanesque mansion guarded by two stone lions. It seemed very early; the sluggish winter sun was hardly visible through the chill, hazy atmosphere; there was so little stir in the broad avenue where wealth and fashion had made their dwelling-place that there was almost the effect of stealth in the swift, noiseless movements of the undertaker and his men.

Mrs. Landrey and Hortense entered the drawing-room, clad in the sable garb by which our civilization proclaims its grief. Mrs. Landrey pushed aside the long veil which swept around her like some sad insignia of royalty, and Owen was sorry to see that her eyes were tearless.

The nuns stood aside, and the mother and sister advanced to bestow the farewell kiss. Owen noticed that the stilled

hands were clasping a crucifix. He did not know that the mother had placed it there—the crucifix which a pope had blessed, and which contained relics of a martyred Jesuit. Something holy would go to the grave with her boy!

The coffin-lid was screwed down, and Vincent Landrey went out of his home—the home where everything of love and care and joy and honor and culture and wealth had been thrown around his young life; out of the stately portals where the proudest and highest in the old city had been glad to enter.

A stray gleam of sunlight straggled through the bare branches of the trees lining the street, and touched the silver handles of the coffin almost like a caress. And Vincent Landrey was no more than the humblest day laborer who had gone that day to his eternal rest. The millionaire was to have six feet of earth; so would the laborer.

The words of Scripture used in the English burial service came to Owen:

“He brought nothing into the world, and it is certain that he can take nothing out of it.”

In Calvary Cemetery the snow lay over everything, and, rising from the white bosom of Mother Earth, granite shaft and sculptured urn and gleaming marble cross asked mutely for remembrance and prayers for those for ever beyond the pulse-beats of time.

By the stately mausoleum of his father was the new-made grave waiting for Vincent Landrey. It took only a few moments to lower the coffin, and cover it away from human eyes. Even Owen began to comprehend that something very real was wanting. Not even one little prayer—poor Vincent! The last shovelful of earth was piled on the little mound, and the men with their spades turned away; the mother with a convulsive cry threw herself on the grave, with arms outstretched. Owen Torrington, supporting Hortense, was blinded with his tears, but he could only look on and do nothing.

The time had gone by for ever when any one could do anything.



DEUS ET ANIMA.

BY BERT MARTEL.

Deus :



AIN would I stay, and yet thou bidst me go.
The struggle's one of pain
To leave thee so,
And ne'er again
My love's own loveliness to know.

Thy dear lips quiver as they speak;
How faint and weak
Thou utterest farewell!
Thy sweet eyes nathless smile,
As if they would beguile
Those traitor tears that fell.

Anima :

Yea, Love, the immortal war of good and ill
Rages within my breast,
Striving to kill.
The flesh, the world, the spirit of unrest
In triple bond assault my will.
Therefore, my Love, Thou must remain
To soothe my pain.
For lacking Thy caress,
Trembling, I'd fall in fear,
Beneath the fardel drear
Of sinfulness.





EX-KING MATAAFA, HIS QUEEN AND MINISTERS.

A VISIT TO THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

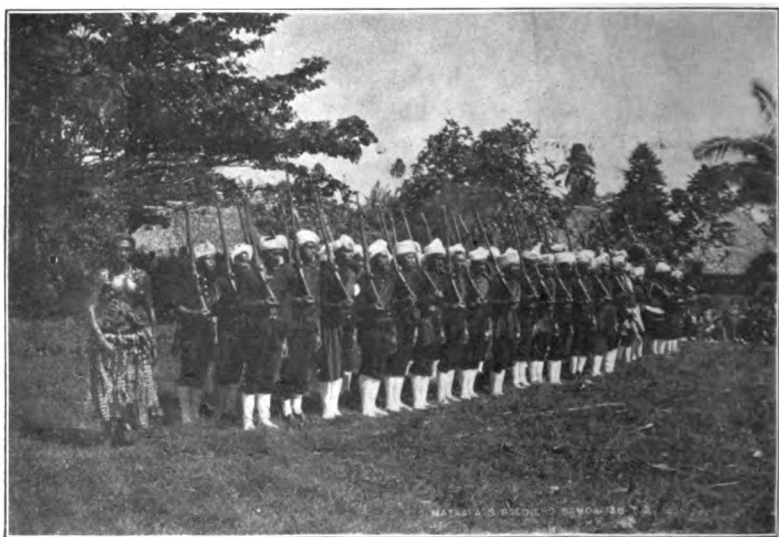


ALMOST the first building that attracts attention on the beach at Samoa is the Catholic church, a substantial-looking building where nearly all the structures are so open and frail. Above on the beach are the Tivoli Hotel, the Old Mission House—a curious old relic—the German consulate, and the premises of a big German firm. The Germans seem to control everything down here, and are correspondingly disliked. In fact, the people, whites as well as natives, are quite discontented with the government they have to put up with. A brusque German is president of the municipal council and draws a salary of some five thousand dollars a year. There are only one hundred and sixty tax-payers in Apia, and they think this is altogether too much for practically doing nothing.

The present monarch, King Malietoa, is very unpopular, especially with the natives, a large majority of whom look upon him as a usurper, placed over them by the aid of foreign force. In fact, outside Apia the deposed King Mataafa is the real king. Some years ago Mataafa became a convert to Catholicity and is a very devout, practical Catholic. The Germans did not like this, and got up the cry that Mataafa would

turn all the islands over to the Jesuits. This was made the excuse for his deposition, which was most unjust, and was vigorously denounced as such by the late Robert Louis Stevenson. When Mataafa was beaten and sent away, and his chiefs put in prison in Apia, Stevenson, whom they called Tusitala—"writer of tales"—was very kind to the prisoners. When released, the native chiefs made a road to his house, which stood and still stands on a high hill about two miles inland from Apia. They would not take food or pay from him, but accepted a banquet when the work was completed. At the banquet the Tusitala made a speech to them, in which he said:

"I will now tell you, O chiefs, that when I saw you working on that road my heart grew warm, not only with thankfulness but with hope. It seemed to me the promise of something good for Samoa. It seemed to me you were a company of warriors in a battle, fighting for one common country. For there is a time to fight and a time to dig. You may fight and you may conquer twenty times and thirty times, but there is only one way to defend Samoa. Hear that way before it is too late. It is to make roads and gardens, and to care for your



EX-KING MATAAFA'S ARMY.

trees, and sell their produce wisely, and, in one word, to occupy and use your land. If you do not, others will. God has given you a rich soil, copious rain. All is ready to your hand, half done. And I repeat to you the thing which is sure. If you do not occupy and use your lands, other people will. The

land will not continue to be yours or your children's if you occupy it for nothing; for that is the law of God, which passeth not away. I, who speak to you, have seen these things. I have seen with my own eyes these judgments of God. I



IN SAMOA THERE ARE SEVEN NATIVE SISTERS.

have seen them in Ireland, and in my own country, Scotland. I have seen this judgment in Oahu also."

He went on to remind them that this was also the advice of their great chief Mataafa, whom they all loved, and they would not be obeying Mataafa unless they carried out this advice.

Mataafa made a good fight for his throne, and had some splendid soldiers; but of course had no possibility of success with the foreign forces against him.

Malietoa, king by the grace of Germany, England, and America, is a very sorry monarch indeed. He is not respected, but rather shunned and despised by his own people, and is

treated with disrespect by the officials of the foreign powers. The king's salary is only some couple of hundreds annually, and this is rarely paid. It would delight the heart of the most rabid social democrat to see the king on his daily outing. This consists of a visit to a celebrated bathing place. He rides an old horse, with the queen behind him, and the royal escort consists of one man, with a piece of an old uniform on him and a gun slung across his bare shoulder. The royal residence is a one-story, weather-beaten house immediately adjoining a little cemetery where lie buried the German blue-jackets who met death at the hands of Mataafa's soldiers. The interior of the "palace" is very plainly furnished, about the only thing to attract the eye being handsomely framed portraits of Queen Victoria and the Emperor William of Germany.

The Supreme Court is another object of interest to visitors. It is presided over by Chief-Justice Ide, late of Vermont, quite a typical representative of that State. The building is little and quite insignificant to look at. Crowds of natives were squatted on the veranda, while others looked in on the judicial proceedings through the open windows. The interior is even more unassuming than the exterior. The walls were plain and simply whitewashed, and the chief-justice sat on a bench like a school-master's desk, and did not look unlike a Yankee school-master, being without any insignia of exalted office or any natural dignity to talk of.

Not far distant was the *Tale-Pui-Pui*, or jail. There are usually between twenty and thirty prisoners. Native soldiers supply the guard. They wore only their *lava lavas* (clothing around the loins), outside of which was strapped the bayonet, while a baton was tied around the waist. The prisoners are employed in making roads. The Samoans have an idea of their own regarding punishment. A big fellow called at the prison and announced that he had come to take the place of a prisoner whose wife was sick and who wanted him home. He could not understand why the exchange would not be made, especially as he was stronger and could do more work than the prisoner. He made a pathetic appeal on behalf of the sick wife, and went away very dejected when he became convinced he would not be accepted as a substitute prisoner.

One of the pleasant surprises of our rambles was the coming suddenly on a convent almost completely hidden in a magnificent grove of cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and banana trees. The day was intensely hot, and the convent was cool and its corridors swept by a refreshing breeze—artificially created, I

presume. A second surprise was on finding three of the sisters were of the native race. The convent is that of the Visitation and the nuns are of the Marist Order. This order is now spread over the Fiji Islands, Samoa, Tonga, New Caledonia, Wallis and Fortuna Islands, the latter being the place where the Blessed Peter Charrel was martyred. In Samoa there are seven native sisters, three at Apia and the others at the different stations. The Apia sisters have three schools. One is for white children and half-castes, and such Samoans as desire to learn English, most of whom are day scholars. Then there is a boarding school for Samoan girls where they are taught in their own language; also a day school for those who do not wish to board there. The two latter schools are free. Sister M. Cecilia gave us much interesting information and plenty of fresh and refreshing cocoa-nut milk.



IN PHYSIQUE THESE MEN CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

These people live a simple, happy life, and have plenty of healthful sports. But their great game is a species of cricket, in which any number can join. It is an ordinary thing to be aroused in the morning by the beating of kettle-drums and the fanfare of trumpets. Getting into the street, you find a procession, composed of both sexes, on the way to one of the other villages to play a match game of cricket. Some of the players are always painted and dressed up in most grotesque fashion. They will have nothing to do with the English bat, but will wield a base-ball club, and the number of players is without

limit. A necessity to the game is the presence of the *Tampo*, or vestal maiden of the village, who presides over all sports. Every village hopes to produce a ruling chief, or at least the wife of a chief; so a maiden is selected to be trained up for that position. A committee of the old women of the village are appointed to watch over her, and are held responsible for her conduct. If she marries any other than a chief or "heir apparent," she has to leave the village in disgrace. She retains her tampopo during good behavior until she marries, then another maiden is selected to succeed her.

With the players the game is quite a serious matter. The fielder unlucky enough to miss a catch has to stand all the prodding in the back of the clown, and all the jeers and gibes of the old women of the village, who hurl at him the most derisive epithets they can think of. When a good hit is made the partisans set up most unearthly yells and beat the kettle-drums like mad people. The game itself generally lasts the better part of a week, and during the whole of this time the horde of visiting players and their supporters find lodging with their opponents. I am sure base-ball would become a perfect craze with these people; and the man who would bring down an American team would at least make a good speculation, and perhaps be elected king.

A food-offering is another of the social institutions in Samoa. This is called "tabolo," and is carried out from the humblest to the highest scale of grandeur. Natives gather from all quarters, by land and sea, in detachments of fifty, all carrying food of various kinds and singing the virtues of the good things they bring as they march along. Nearing the village, a short halt is made and the warriors chant and go through their exercises. It is quite a sight. In physique these men cannot be surpassed, and their almost nude bodies, smoothed with oil, glisten in the sun so that the men look like bronze statues. When the visitors are seen nearing the village the prospective recipients turn out, and, with song and dance, give welcome. The visitors then, with stately tread and much ceremony, march to the clear space and deposit their food-offerings. This done, they steal off to a distance, where squatted down they remain until the food is apportioned, after which all mingle together in feast and merriment.

The picnic as a social institution has a firm hold in Apia. A few miles up from the Tivoli Hotel is the beautiful cataract of Papaloa (long rock), a favorite resort for picnic parties. Part of the "athletic games," so to speak, is for crowds of girls to

jump off the rock into the water below, a distance of fifty feet. Every native, male and female, can dive and swim like a fish.

When the Samoans wish to especially honor visitors they get up a picnic to the Falls of Papascen, or the Sliding Rock, which is situated some six miles up in the woods behind the town. The scenery *en route* is very charming, or rather enchanting. The feature of the picnic sports is the shooting of the falls. The natives start off to slide down the rock into the pool below and the European is usually tempted to follow. It is said the experience is novel and thrilling in the extreme, and that those who have once experienced the fascination of sliding down an inclined plane like a streak of lightning find it hard to leave the sport.

Another of the duties of the tambo, which should be mentioned, is that she presides at the kava-bowl on festive occasions. The smallest social gathering or the grandest palaver makes no difference; the kava-bowl must be present. Kava (the root of the *Piper methysticum*) resembles the dried



HOUSE-BUILDING IN SAMOA.

root of any ordinary tree. When the guests are assembled the root is pounded or scraped into a fine powder. At this point it is handed over to the tambo, who sifts the powdered root with a bunch of fibre prepared from the bark of the yellow hibiscus, while another girl pours water from a cocoa-nut vessel over the mass, which is thoroughly worked until the whole essence of the root is extracted. The completion of this process

is announced by the clapping of hands by all around. The drink is then handed around, the tampo announcing each guest in order of precedence. The drink is wholesome and refreshing, and possesses singular virtue in allaying thirst. But to enjoy



THE WOMEN ARE MOSTLY OF FINE PHYSIQUE.

it one must become accustomed to the taste. A kava-bowl is the most difficult curio to obtain. The frequent brewings coat the inside with a beautiful enamel, and the better this is marked the more valuable the bowl and the more loath the owner to part with it at any price.

Another of the pleasures of outdoor life in Samoa—but it is all outdoor—is the pastime of palolo-fishing. Palolo is a sort of long, green worm which is to be found on the outer reefs only at two seasons of the year. From certain indications of surrounding nature the natives can tell the exact date of its mysterious appearance. A few days previous to its advent reefing parties are formed. The eventful days become a public *fête*, and all the population, native, European, and American, make for the outer reef in every description of boat. If your boat is heavy, the chances are that you will have to get out and almost carry it over the coral gardens, so shallow is the water on the reefs. The palolo is capital eating to those accustomed to it, and so soft that if exposed to the sun for any length of time it will melt away. The event usually winds up with a water *fête*, in which everybody splashes water on everybody else, or they drag each other into the water, or upset the boats and canoes.

A charming feature of Samoan life is that you do not need any money. All the trade is carried on by the I O U system. Go into a store or a hotel or a bar-room and get what you want. The clerk or attendant will push a printed slip towards you. This you sign and walk out. These I O U's are put in

the till. At the end of the month you are expected to come around and redeem them. If you do not, why they go to the profit-and-loss account.

Postmaster-General Davis of Apia is the most remarkable official in the world. The people ignore the government post-office and go to Davis, who, under an arrangement with King Malietoa, prints his own postage-stamps, and pockets the proceeds of the sales. They are recognized by other countries. The currency of the islands is the American, but English money is accepted.

One thing in all the Southern Pacific islands and colonies will strike the traveller, especially if he is of a literary turn, and that is the number of newspapers he will find. A place may look as if it had about fifty inhabitants, and it is certain to have at



A SCHOOL OF ART IN SAMOA—THE TATTOOING PROCESS.

least one and often two daily papers. Apia has two or three. One of the editors opened his editorial review of the year—it was the close of December—by stating that if he fell short of meeting the reader's full expectations, the said reader should consider how difficult it was to write well "after two weeks of holidays." The other paper had a prominent news-item which read that, "owing to the course of nature, John McDonald would be able to supply fresh milk to all who needed it."

As for industries, Samoa can hardly be said to possess any. There is practically but one crop—the cocoa-nut. The soil is never turned up to the plough. Life is tame and primitive in

the extreme. None of those things which a progressive civilization considers necessary are to be found; not a carriage or omnibus, nor telephone, nor line of telegraph, nor mile of railroad, nor a gas-lamp or electric light in all Samoa. The people are amiable and good-natured, and satisfied with their tropical laziness, and do not know, or want to know, anything about progress or enterprise. A New-Yorker can enjoy it for a week or two because of its great contrast and restfulness, but it must eventually become unbearably monotonous. The whites on the whole island number only four hundred. There is one very gratifying fact, namely, the natives have been saved from the curse of rum, which has been the ruin of so many of the South Pacific islanders and other primitive peoples. There are only seven public houses on the island, and these are under excellent regulations.

The outlook for Samoa under the present arrangement between America, Germany, and England is bad. America should withdraw from it. Of the entire revenue of \$35,000 there are \$27,000 paid in salaries. Chief-Justice Ide, whose duties are about on a level with those of an American justice of the peace, receives \$6,000 in gold, and old Peter Schmidt, whose duties are about those of the mayor of a country town in America, gobbles up \$5,000—a great outrage on the people in both cases. Outside the individual Ide, only the Germans benefit by the arrangement.

The natives have their folk lore, legends, and peculiar beliefs, one of which leads to the custom of shaving the heads of the children, all but a top-knot, which presents a unique appearance. This is done so that if the child should die the angels would have something to take hold of to bear it off to heaven.

In addition to the ordinary sights, of course Vailima, the home of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, stands forward a place of interest to the traveller. But so much has been written about it that there is nothing left to say except to correct many of the extravagant stories told of the barbaric magnificence and ideal delights of Stevenson's life there. This would be an ungracious task. As it hurts nobody let the pleasant fiction pass.

A week spent in Samoa will in many ways be an event in one's life, and in the rush and hurry of life will be something to look back on; the very memory of its peace, its stillness, its lassitude will give rest to the mind.

THE VICAR'S HAM.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.



COLD, frosty afternoon early in December, with a Christmas feel in the air. I am busy over my home letters when Kitty comes. You never see her but you think how happy she is—her face seems a reflection of all that is pure and glad in this world; but now she is radiant. The walk across the hills in the keen, biting air has intensified all her own brightness; her eyes are brilliant and dancing, her cheeks living roses. As she stands laughing in the doorway she is indeed “the purtiest girl in Tipperary,” winsome and lovable. She greets me with raillery and scorn, finding me sitting indoors on such a day as this. Seeing my piles of correspondence, she cries:

“I should not write a letter this evening—no, not even to the queen herself, much as I know she pines for it. You are nothing but a poor house-plant, Dolly; how can you stay indoors?”

I am disgusted, and retort: “I suppose you want me to live on the hills and in the mud, as you do; thank you, I have no desire of making a gypsy of myself, like other people.”

“Poor Dolly! she is cross—close rooms, hot fires, and letters are too much for her; but we shall teach her better in time,” she says so sweetly, standing over me, that I am disarmed. Nell comes in and greets her with joy; every one is glad to see Kitty—she brings sunshine ever in her train. Kitty wants to know if Nell and I will go with them—Aunt Eva and herself—to see Gerald to-morrow; adding: “Mother wrote that I was to see what he wanted for Christmas.”

I am enchanted, and Nell accepts with great pleasure. We sit chatting for some time, when Kitty suggests we should walk back a part of the road with her, and we do. It is bracing, clear, invigorating, and I silently agree with my late antagonist that it was a shame to lose this priceless air.

We leave her half way across the hills, and she starts off in a brisk race when we turn homewards. I ask Nell all about “Gerald,” and she tells me he and Kevin were friends from boyhood; in mischief from morn till night, they were loyal in all misfortunes. When the great break came, and their roads

in life lay so far apart, Father Gerald going to Maynooth and Kevin to Trinity, the old friendship was strong as ever. "I have great respect, nay, reverence," Nell goes on, "for Father Gerald, for owing to his life and unconscious influence Kevin is the upright, unselfish, good man he is to-day. In his temptations and trials he has always sought the friend of his childhood, sure of his sympathy and encouragement. There is material in him for your Francis de Sales; but you can judge for yourself. I shall say no more to-night, as I should be sorry if you were disappointed."

The sun comes glinting and flashing through the long windows next morning, flushing the old house, and peeping through corners and stairways. Con arrives triumphant with Aunt Eva and Kitty, and we all set off to storm Father Gerald in his mountain hermitage. It is eight miles up a winding, hilly country, and the horses' feet sound merrily on the hard, frozen road. It is a lovely drive, and though the woods are bare it only serves to show the mediæval towers and manor houses rising along the mountains. The roads are wild beyond words: deep gorges on either side, and beyond the bleak mountains are huge patches of furze and broom. We walk when the road is very steep, and revel in grand expanses of mountains. Far behind, over the spires of the town in the valley, we catch sight of a silvery streak, which Aunt Eva tells me is the lordly Shannon flowing idly to the sea. We come to a long, steep, rugged hill, and this Con says "is the last." We climb upwards, Aunt Eva, Nell, and Kitty tramping along with a vigor and zest as if they enjoyed it; and oh! I feel how much I have yet to learn in pedestrianism. We reach the top and then descend an almost perpendicular sweep to the house; it is hard work to keep from running down the incline, but we tread our stony way cautiously.

Down below I catch a passing view of a tall, black figure coming through the fields on his way to the road. His great strides bring him to a high stone wall, and I wonder how he is going over it; he quickly settles the question by laying his hand on the top and vaulting over with the ease and agility of a trained athlete. I point him out to the others as he comes up the road with a rapidity that amazes me. He is tall, now that he comes nearer—very tall and erect; letters are peeping from every pocket; he is buried in one, while a paper is hugged affectionately under one arm.

"Why, it is old Gerald!" cries Kitty; "now we shall sur-

prise him." I look now intently before he sees us. He must be over six feet, thin and ascetic, though the face is brown and weather-beaten, as if it were constantly battling with the mountain blasts. He is dressed for the road—high black cloth gaiters and great thick boots. We go towards him silently, and meet him as he nears his little gate. He raises his eyes and sees us. A cheery greeting from Kitty, and Father Gerald is overcome.

He hails Aunt Eva with "Why did you not write me you were coming? It is fortunate you caught me home. I have only come from the station, and have just been to the post fearing there might be something to answer before I got back from the schools. Why did you not tell me?" He adds, smiling, "I do not want Mrs. Fortescue to starve."

Aunt Eva answers, her eyes twinkling, "Because I was sure if I did you would advise us to stay at home." His reverence laughs and does not deny the soft impeachment, but to prove it a libel leads us to the house.

All the while I remain silent—can you believe it? And then Nell says: "Father Gerald, this is Dolly, and blame her for our invasion; she would see one of Lever's priests at home."

He looks down on me from his towering height quizzingly as he takes my hand in his kindly, while he says: "I fear Miss Dolly will have to travel far to find that personage, for he exists only in Lever's imagination. What do you say, Mrs. Fortescue?"

"That I think Dolly had better see for herself; and so the invasion."

We go through the gate: a green plot, some flower-beds, a low wall dividing it from the chapel, and we enter the house. It is a tiny cottage, plain but cozy; a small hall leads to the parlor, with Father Gerald's personality everywhere. A bright fire, a table in the centre covered with books and magazines, a few school-girl water-colors—no doubt Kitty's—a good portrait of Cardinal Manning, and a large, handsome picture of Father Gerald's Maynooth class ornament the walls. In one corner, evidently the sanctum, is a small desk covered with a huge open Bible, flanked on either side by a copy of the Fathers; in another Father Gerald's few books reign supreme. I see Shakspere, Manning, Bacon, Newman, Gibbons, Macaulay, Ullathorne, St. Alphonsus, and copies and copies of St. Francis de Sales!

While I am inspecting, Father Gerald has gone to tell Judy of our arrival, and she comes, all smiles and courtesies, her cap a study in starch. She kisses Aunt Eva's and Nell's hands with deep affection, and her eyes glisten with admiration when Kitty steals out from behind Aunt Eva's bonnet. The old soul is blissful, and hobbles off to furbish up dinner, and we all separate: Aunt Eva, Nell, and I go down the road to see Betty Cooney, an old Desmond retainer; Kitty to find out the wants of the household; while Father Gerald reads his office, that he may be free on our return.

Two hours later we reach Father Gerald's as a jaunting car stops at the gate, and to our astonishment off jumps Father Tom. In a burst of mutual surprise and pleasure we reach the door, to be met by Father Gerald, who receives Father Tom with as much joy and reverence as if he were his father, while the old priest submits to all his attentions as from a dearly loved son. He is in his favorite chair, and begins:

"I met Father John O'Connor coming from the station, and he wanted me to go home with him; but I thought Father Gerald needed looking after. We both decided that he did, and now, when Father John comes, I fear he will be so horrified at this assemblage that he will fly!"

A burst of joy greets this announcement, for Father John is the wittiest, merriest, pleasantest old priest in the world, and Aunt Eva's best friend in the county.

Judy has dinner served, and we only await Father O'Connor. Smiling, rosy, and hearty from the sharp mountain wind, he comes. We meet him and his curate, Father Terence O'Reilly, in the doorway and gather round the table. Jokes fly from mouth to mouth, the fire crackles and shines on the fine, dignified old face of Father John. He twits Father Gerald, charges on Aunt Eva, teases Kitty, with Nell to help him in all his onslaughts. A delicious Irish ham and chickens are our fare, and with my mountain appetite Delmonico's rarest confections are not to be compared to old Judy's dinner.

"Where did you get this Limerick dainty?" Father Tom asks, pointing to the porker.

"Yes, Father Gerald, where did you get it?" chimes in Nell—too polite to add what every one knows she thinks: so much better than he generally has.

A broad smile is the only response at first, and then—

"I thought you had better eat it first before I told you; but now since you ask, it came yesterday from—the Vicar!"

The three priests drop their knives; Aunt Eva looks at her nephew as if he were romancing, while Kitty has hard work to keep her laughter from bubbling over.

"How was that?" demands Father Tom; "you do not mean to say you asked him for it."

"Yes; that is it, so he thinks, and I have not undeceived him yet."

Father O'Connor looks aghast, his eyes laughing with mischief; this is something new. The vicar-general is the most austere and reserved of men, and to be asked for a ham by a curate is too much for Father Gerald's guests. We are all eager for the explanation, and he gives it thus:

"I was in a great hurry going to a sick-call when Judy came to tell me there was nothing in the house, and asked me to write home for a ham, as then she could manage. I wrote a hasty note to the mother and a short, carefully written letter in Latin to the vicar, asking for dispensations—priding myself on my production. In my rush the epistles found their way into the wrong envelopes; and so, my friends, your unexpected delicacy."

Father Gerald is so apologetic as he relates his misfortunes that we laugh till the tears come—Father Tom as much as any of us. Father O'Connor thinks it is the best joke on the holy old vicar he has heard in a year; but Father O'Reilly rejoices that he is not in such a predicament. This sets all the Irish spirits going, and I enjoy an exhibition of native humor rare to a foreigner. The old priests begin, and it is an education to hear their language; wit the most refined seems to spring from their mirth-loving souls, as water from a fountain. I am drinking it all in with deepest enjoyment; Aunt Eva sparkles, and Nell's American vivacity comes into full play. We never leave that one little room from three o'clock till eight, and not one moment but is fraught with most exquisite pleasure.

The clock on the mantel-piece warns us we must away; we have a long mountain-road before us. We break up reluctantly, and Aunt Eva goes away happy, for Father Tom has promised that this year, instead of having the priests with him on Christmas day, they will dine at Cruskeen, holding his own party on Little Christmas, when Uncle Desmond and Kevin can be there.

By the light of the stars we go down the mountains, reaching Dungar in safety. The result of our invasion is that I must acknowledge to myself that though Lever may be very amusing, he knows little if anything of the Soggarth Aroon.

A RECENT ATTACK ON THE CHURCH.

BY CHARLESON SHANE.



FEW months ago appeared the third and last volume of Mr. Charles H. Lea's *History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church*. The brief notice we shall here give it is the result of a chance remark on the great and evil influences likely to be exercised by the above work. There is, indeed, a possibility of its doing considerable harm; but just why it will do so, and in what way these consequences might be minimized or avoided, all do not clearly appreciate.

The first two volumes of this publication make up the history of Confession and Absolution, and the third, lately issued, is devoted to Indulgences. The whole work presents a range of matter, a confidence of tone, and an appearance of erudition calculated to awe the common reader, and to frighten away men willing to investigate, but busied with other tasks. Therein lies the great danger. With every half-hour of intelligent and critical reading would come confidence in one's self and a sense of superiority over the writer, for the book will be found a large and badly picked collection of all historic events and literary testimonies that the writer thinks will tell against the Sacrament of Penance. We do not say all the passages that exist; for in the author's previous performances one sees no promise of more than a random choice of witnesses and an ignoring of noted writers—in short, general defects in training and scholarship.

For these volumes are not Mr. Lea's first bid for pre-eminence in anti-Catholic polemics. Others have appeared from his pen, under such titles as *The Inquisition, Clerical Celibacy, Religious History of Spain, Superstition and Force*, all inspired by a desire utterly to unveil the half-known or unsuspected hideousness of the Catholic Church and her institutions. Then, too, in various magazines Mr. Lea has exhibited his predilection for battles with our apologists. In the *Forum* of February, 1890, he tilted against the loyalty of American Catholics somewhat in the fashion so common on the morrow of the Vatican Council a quarter century ago. A few years later the *International*

Journal of Ethics for April, 1894, contained an article on Occult Compensation, intended to show the inconsistency, fraud, and lax morality of theologians honored in the church. The same periodical, a year later, published Mr. Lea's views on Philosophical Sin, another attack on Catholic doctrine. And in 1894 the *Yale Review* printed Mr. Lea's observations on the Catholic teaching about usury. So, all in all, this gentleman has doubtless, like the Dudleian lecturers at Harvard, dreamed himself specially called "for the purpose of detecting and correcting and exposing the idolatry of the Roman Church, its tyranny, usurpations, damnable heresies, fatal errors, superstitions, and other crying wickedness in its high places." *

Having thus unpleasantly forced himself on the attention of Catholics, Mr. Lea did not pass unnoticed and unchallenged. The *Religious History of Spain* was commented upon by that distinguished scholar, Dr. Thomas Bouquillon, professor at the Catholic University; and the same writer remarked on the two articles of the *International Journal of Ethics*. The article in the *Forum* drew from Bishop Keane a reply published in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, "Loyalty to Rome and Country." †

A review of the *Religious History of Spain* ‡ made it quite evident that said author's scholarship would not bear close scrutiny, his references being very much and very badly borrowed, his quotations inaccurate, and his statements untenable. A critique published by Dr. Bouquillon in the *Catholic University Bulletin* of October, 1895, pointed out some grave defects in the article on Philosophic Sin. In a very few pages a verdict clear, concise, and of cutting precision indicated the hollowness of Mr. Lea's pretension to reliable erudition. False assertions, points of view inaccurate and distorted, glaringly wrong conceptions, are picked out from the latter gentleman's writing, and exposed, not in unsubstantial declamation but by mere comparison of certified facts with all the various statements advanced. Nor does the bill of indictment cease with these, for Mr. Lea's *ipsissima verba* are cited time and again in such wise as to prove him, beyond all doubt, inaccurate, slovenly, and unscholarly in his references, unsure in historical statements, inconsistent, uncritical, illogical, and confused—let us insist that each of our adjectives is carefully chosen, and our apparently sweeping assertions must be uncondemned unless an examination of the pages cited should find our words unsupported. Of

* Extract from last will and testament of Judge Paul Dudley.

† *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, vol. xv. p. 131. ‡ *Ibid.*, vol. xvi. p. 131.

such result we have no fear, for the little notice, if Mr. Lea had but realized the fact, gave him his *coup de grace*.

Again, in January, 1896, the *Bulletin* contained a notice from the same pen, this time of Mr. Lea's article on Occult Compensation. Once more is the latter writer convicted of scientific vagrancy and misdemeanor; he boldly ignores leading principles, he cites authorities utterly at random, and quite dispenses with the methods and the distinctions necessary to his subject. The critique concludes with words that may most appropriately be quoted here. When Mr. Lea's "readers learn how in a particular question his erudition has failed of breadth, his criticism of accuracy, and his philosophy of depth, doubtless they will begin to ask themselves just what sort of authority they are to attribute to those big books on ecclesiastical celibacy, the Inquisition, and so forth."

The volume before us has been written with a purpose; critical examination will not induce us to believe that the writer's theories have been always held secondarily to facts; wherefore we purpose to pass some comment upon it.

And first, let us recommend a vital consideration to the careful thought of Mr. Lea and his like, and to all those who may be influenced by his words; which consideration is, that the divinity of the church does not stand and fall with the universal sanctity of her members, nor with the beneficial effects of existing institutions. Her claim on us is based upon proof of totally different character. And it might be a subject of further reflection that accidental evils do not damn a system. In eradicating abuses the great question is, *What caused them?* If a man becomes intoxicated on his way home from church, it does not follow that destruction of churches would insure a sober population. Conscious of this, we assert that the damaging *facts* presented in this book might be multiplied many times over without, we will not say injuring the church, but without negating her claim to divinity. Nevertheless, while so contending we are far, very far, from admitting the pertinence or veracity of the writer's work, and hope that a complete and detailed answer may be prepared in the near future; for even if the battle be all upon ground long since fought over, a clear *exposé* of principles and of facts that are facts will not be without good effect on the chance reader.

For, after all, Mr. Lea's work is indeed discouraging; not because he has picked out many a flaw in the human make-up of the church, not because he has shown by countless examples

the selfishness and wickedness of the heart of man, the vile abuse of sacred things—these we had reflected on before. But when a writer can produce three such volumes and have no word, or let us say scarcely a word, for the benefits, the evident and acknowledged benefits, of the Sacrament of Penance, then we find our sole consolation in the fact that his is not a predominant type, and some men are open to conviction that through the sacramental system real conversions have been wrought and crimes averted, lust cleansed away, occasions of sin abolished, restitution made, hope and charity infused into hardened sinners. We do not say such effects take place in every heart, nor in any without personal co-operation, but the wide-awake Protestant who has Catholic acquaintances can usually give testimony on the value of their religion. Mr. Lea, however, will see naught of this, being busied with the dark side alone. Flaws and defects are his theme, and his efforts are merely destructive. There are so many questions of moment to bother us now, so many mortal ills crying for quickness of mind, and strength of arm, and human hearts, that one cannot but wish these were the centres of the energy that is daily generated in the cause of discord. For every wasted or misdirected exertion the world is still the poorer. Suppose all or almost all Mr. Lea says were true, the Catholic Church is still the church of the centuries, still divine in claim, questioning the loyalty of every man who cometh into this world, for he has left untouched the vital issue.

And now lest it occur to some that our treatment has been rather *à priori* and summary, and too little definite, it behooves us to offer specimen defects of the present volume. Let it be well understood that we confine ourselves to a few instances gathered as chance presented them. What would be revealed by methodic sifting of the contents of the three volumes is a fair subject for our readers' speculation; we disclaim all intention of detailed examination. First we shall take an example of the writer's powers from the chapter on Probabilism in the second volume, a section that happens to possess some special interest for us, and a field whereon a greater than Mr. Lea has recently entered only to go astray.* Not to touch any of the questions of technical theology misunderstood and confused by Mr. Lea,† let us compare his reading of theologians with the

* See the last chapter of Mr. Gladstone's *Aids to the Study of Butler*.

† One such question is the extent to which ignorance excuses from sin. Its treatment gives no evidence of critical acumen in the author.

opinions really expressed by the unfortunate writers. We are told, for example, that "La Croix unconsciously reveals how far the moralists had strayed from the commands of Christ, when . . . he points out that tutiorism (or always following the safer line of conduct) would actually oblige us to refer all our actions to God and to embrace all the counsels of the Gospels—or, in other words, that it would conduce to a revival of true Christianity." We give our readers the reference* in La Croix below, though in this case reference is superfluous. Mr. Lea is evidently and unmistakably ignorant of what ninety-nine out of a hundred ordinarily instructed Catholic children could teach him—and that is the meaning of the simple little word "counsel."

A passage† that drew our attention was the quotation from Pope Alexander II. by means of which Mr. Lea, with amazing ease and brevity, makes the point he has set out to prove. We premise that he allows the expression "remission of sins" to have been commonly used as meaning "remission of penance." The passage cited from the pope's letter, translated, is substantially as follows: "*We, by our apostolic authority, give remission of sins to those who have confessed to their own bishop or spiritual father and have received a fitting penance.*" Mr. Lea is in process of proving that indulgences were sometimes considered to remit guilt as well as punishment; what could be easier than to conclude from the above passage, *as he actually does*, that the papal "absolution" therein mentioned is the only one granted, that in this instance the phrase "remission of sins" means pardon of guilt, and *consequently* that the point is made. We do not mean no other instances are offered in proof, but we present this argument as being indicative of the pleader's style. It is as who should say a father promising a blessing to his son if successful in a scholastic contest does thereby constitute himself judge of his child's ability.

Briefly to mention another point. In chapter ii. Mr. Lea writes that "we have seen how deplorably lax was the distribution of the treasure (of merits) prior to the Reformation, and how the payment of the required sum was virtually all that was regarded as essential." It is but a few pages back he quotes Alanus and Aquinas‡ as insisting on the state of grace to be a necessary prerequisite, and himself says, in so many words,

* La Croix, *Theol. Mor.*, l. i. n. 487. A considerable portion of the passage is omitted by Mr. Lea. Given entire we think its true sense would have been apparent.

† Vol. iii. p. 54.

‡ Pre-Reformation writers, of course.

"in theory at least the church has consistently held that they (indulgences) are good as against the temporal punishment only after the *culpa* has been removed by the sacrament, and that consequently their full benefit can only be enjoyed by him who is free from mortal sin." Is it fair to decry the system and principles of indulgences because abuses come from neglect of theological teaching, conciliar decrees, and papal letters? Is it fair again, after mentioning these authorities, to go on and argue as though they did not exist?

The chapter on Influence of Indulgences, last but one in the same volume, gives us the opportunity to pass a few more general comments upon the author's characteristic weaknesses. First, we remark that when statements reasonably clear in themselves present an opening for a far-fetched and unusual interpretation Mr. Lea sometimes chooses the latter for no better apparent reason than that he has discovered the hidden meaning by using his thesis as a search-light. Thus, when Catarino is quoted as having answered "the Lutheran argument that indulgences made men indifferent to the performances of good works, by saying that this arose from the malice of those who abuse the goodness and liberality of God," Mr. Lea's appended comment is, "this malice apparently being no impediment to the enjoyment of the pardon." We submit that nothing of the sort is apparent, and that it is poor science to go out of one's way to find a strained interpretation which supposes the original writer self-contradicted and stultified—even though such interpretation favors our cherished opinions.

And so all, or nearly all, sound Catholic writers cited as preaching against the abuse of indulgences are supposed hostile to the use of them. So, again, if ecclesiastics are bidden or bound to abstain from the use of special concessions, this is declared to be because "prelates, who were quite satisfied that laymen should purchase and enjoy indulgences, had found reason to dread their effects upon the clergy" (p. 570). And finally, with similar confidence, a quotation from Cardinal Wiseman as to the fervor and devotion of the crowds in Rome at the jubilee of 1825 is followed up by the weighty consideration that "the cardinal could only look upon the surface and could not know what might be going on beneath it"; a statement that places Mr. Lea at liberty to pursue an *à priori* train of nasty suspicions about the excesses unavoidable in a large crowd of men and women assembled on such occasions—though the good cardinal, *who was present*, of course knew none of these things.

And so page follows page, and chapter succeeds chapter, and when the last volume is completed the writer has said all that he wished to say and rests his case, presumably waiting for the verdict of those whose judgment he esteems. But it would be unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Lea's methods are known only to his victims. Weighed in the scales of disinterested criticism he has been found wanting, and the world at large recognizes Mr. Lea as representative of a day that is gone and a spirit that is dead or dying. Witness the dispassionate verdict of the London *Athenæum*,* which in reviewing Mr. Lea's second volume passed the following strictures: "The chapter on Probabilism and Casuistry is a confused and commonplace attack on doctrines held by Catholic writers, and sometimes a travesty of them. . . . An anti-popery lecturer could not do much better. . . . How the historian may descend to the base uses of partisanship is further shown in the chapter, Influence of Confession. Amidst statistics he contrives to show his Protestant fanaticism."

Mr. Lea seems to have profited little or nothing by previous corrections. Let us hope he will take to heart the words just quoted.

If he does not, if we find him reappearing with calm confidence in his powers, and with enviable coolness actually reiterating the very mistakes already exposed in public print, then Catholics cannot be altogether excused from blame for permitting such offences. So many attacks nowadays go unpunished that assailants have come to reckon on immunity. Had we our way this barefaced ignoring of answer and rebuke would be the occasion of a mighty outcry, sounding unto the end of the land and stirring public opinion in such wise as to make some luckless offenders hide diminished heads. We do not plead for an unmeaning storm of abuse, which would be as useless as unbecoming; we ask, rather, something in the line of the criticisms above mentioned—careful, precise, and scholarly charges, pressed home with all the telling force of evident truth. We have the resources; too often, unfortunately, we have the opportunity, and most certainly many in our ranks possess the ability requisite to deal mighty blows in defence of our Mother. If the energy and learning wasted in idle internecine controversy were saved and thus put to use, the benefits would not be far to seek. Attacks on the church would be more costly, and consequently less in demand among men of

* September 19, 1896.

reputation, if these realized they would have to stand over every injurious statement and offer evidence acceptable in the judgment of science. Surely, it does seem as though this condition of things could be brought about by judicious and unselfish use of the gifts of our present generation. Many men clear in mind and trained to think, able to do yeoman's work, pass through life and die with little or nothing to show as evidence of having loved a church that is suffering siege. Perhaps this is because some of us have not yet mastered the double truth which Von Jhering makes the thesis of his little volume, *Der Kampf um's Recht*, viz., *the defence of one's rights is a duty towards self and also a duty towards society.*



REPENTANCE.

BY JESSIE WILLIS BRODHEAD.

TIS said that young Apollo energized
The old Greek worship with a single note
Which fell from his impassioned lyre, and wrote
The music of Repentance. Focalized
Within the heart of man, the hymn rolled on
From age to age ; its note, reverberate
With healing woe, which Christ shall consecrate
To swell the rising Christian antiphon.

Repentance! Ah! the deep, resistless breath
Which stirs—like angel's wing Bethesda's pool—
The waters shadowed by sin's crepuscule,
Lest they congeal into eternal death.
The crystal note wrung from Apollo's lyre
Melts in the music-streams of Christian choir.



ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE PERSONALITY OF A FAVORITE POET.

FEW contemporaneous workers in American Catholic literature are better known or more deservedly appreciated than Eleanor C. Donnelly.

No Catholic poet of our land and day has done more for the glory of the church and the extension of pure, melodious, faith-inspired numbers than this gifted and prolific writer of the city of Penn.

Towards the middle of the present century, Eleanor Cecilia Donnelly, sixth child of the late Dr. Philip Carroll and Catharine Gavin Donnelly, was born in Philadelphia (to quote from one of her own poems),

“Within the sound, the magic spell
Of blessed Independence Bell,
And Continental echoes sweet.”

Her father was a broad-minded, scholarly Irish gentleman, whose birth-place in “sweet Tyrone” was close to that of the late Archbishop Hughes. Dr. Donnelly is said to have been a devoted lover of truth, a total abstainer from both liquor and tobacco, and a man of such singular purity of character that an immodest word uttered in his presence would cause him to blush like a girl. He early fell a martyr to his profession, dying of typhus fever contracted from a patient, and leaving the legacy of his virtues to his two sons and four daughters—a fifth girl being still unborn.

His widow, a native of Philadelphia, claimed relationship with Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, once-famous bishop and polemic of Derry, Ireland. She was a woman of rare parts—of sound judgment and force of character. Although widowed in the bloom of her womanhood, she never re-married, but, laying aside every personal ornament and retaining the strict severity of her mourning dress until her death in 1887, devoted herself to the careful training of her gifted family, and cultivated with great wisdom and firmness the gifts Heaven had so abundantly bestowed upon them. Her home became a veritable abode of the arts. Music, painting, and poesy were the presiding geniuses of her hearthstone. All of her daughters were musicians—the eldest, Sarah, an artist of marked talent—and as linguists they excelled in translation of works from the German, French, and Italian. But only one other of the family beside Eleanor has achieved world-wide distinction in the field of letters, and he is that many-sided genius, Honorable Ignatius Donnelly, ex-lieutenant-governor of Minnesota, and oftentimes representative of his adopted State in the halls of our national legislature. As the author of *Atlantis*, *Ragnarok*, *Cæsar's Column*, *Dr. Huguet*, and other scientific or purely imaginative works Mr. Donnelly is widely known on both sides of the Atlantic; but his distinctive fame is grounded on his prodigious contribution to the Bacon-Shakspeare controversy, known as the *Great Cryptogram*.

Ignatius Donnelly was the first to recognize and cultivate his little sister's poetic gift. To the precocious Eleanor, who (like Pope) "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came," he gave her first lessons in technique. "One of my earliest recollections," says Miss Donnelly, "is of going to my elder brother's study to be trained in the occult mysteries of metre. What can a child of eight or ten know of prosody or poetic feet? Yet I have a distinct remembrance of standing—a tiny girl—by Ignatius' writing-table, and being shown by him with great kindness and patience how to reckon on my fingers the correct number of syllables in a given line."

How well the big brother taught, and how well the little sister profited, may be recognized in Eleanor C. Donnelly's exquisite musical measures, characterized as they are (to quote a distinguished European reviewer*) by "a great variety of metres—often difficult metres requiring consummate rhyming skill."

Miss Donnelly's life has been passed with her family in the

* Dr. Russell of Dublin.

old colonial quarter of Philadelphia. For many years she lived close to the ancient Pine Street site of the Acadians' (Evangeline's Acadians) camping-ground of the eighteenth century. Her present beautiful home is within a stone's throw of the new hall of the American Catholic Historical Society on Spruce Street, an organization of which she is a devoted and active member. Her summers are passed with her sisters at her little cottage at Sea Isle City, N. J. Hers has been indeed (as an appreciative writer has said of her) "the happy lot of but few poets—the care, the shelter, the ready sympathy of kindred spirits, who are also kin. She has been free to work out her beautiful and blessed tasks, while she has been tenderly bound

to the actual life of a more prosaic world. The result is a most lovely character, in which the exaltation of the poet is strengthened and finely tempered with all human sympathies and gentle home virtues."



HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

The literary activity of Eleanor C. Donnelly is only partially represented by a list of her published works. From her early girlhood she has been a most generous contributor to our magazines and journals at home and abroad; and, while many years of her life have been unobtrusively devoted to literary criticism and analysis, she has ever proved herself a

kind and patient friend to literary tyros, ever ready to cheer and counsel young writers who appeal to her for direction or encouragement. Her name appears on the title-page of *Out of Sweet Solitude* (1873), *Legend of the Best Beloved* (1881; republished in 1892 in one volume as *Poems*), *Domus Dei, Crowned with Stars*, *Conversion of St. Augustine and other Poems*, *Children of the Golden Sheaf and other Poems*, two volumes of *Hymns of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, *A Garland of Festival Songs* (from the German), and a prose *Life of Father Barbelin, S.J.* Of this last the late James A. McMaster, of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, once wrote: "We do not know of a late book that can be read with more interest, pleasure, and

edification than this exceedingly pathetic but very amusing book. Tears and laughter are near together on almost every page."

Besides compiling and editing *Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, *Liguori Leaflets*, *Our Birthday Bouquet*, and *Little Compliments of the Season*, Miss Donnelly's latest original contributions to our literature are *Petronilla and other Stories* (which the editor of the *Irish Monthly* pronounced "the most beautiful story-book within and without that has come to us across the Atlantic for many a day"), *A Tuscan Magdalen and other Legends and Poems*, and two story-books for children, entitled *Amy's Music Box* and *The Lost Christmas Tree*.

"In her legendary themes and her devout spirit," says Dr. Russell, "Eleanor Donnelly resembles Adelaide Anne Procter; but our Irish-American poet is without a trace of that melancholy which perhaps the shadow of early death infused into the author of *Legends and Lyrics*. . . . Miss Donnelly is Miss Procter's equal in purity of thought and melody of expression. She surpasses her in the buoyancy of her hopes and the cheerfulness of her muse."

Comparison has frequently been instituted, also, between the creations of Longfellow and Eleanor C. Donnelly. The latter's treatment of the legend in poesy (according to the critic of the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*) "shows the same refined taste as Mr. Longfellow's in the selection of themes, the same simple directness of style, the same rhythmical movement, and the same graceful feeling for picturesqueness."

The editor of the *Angelus* magazine, in a recent study of Eleanor Donnelly's work, has not hesitated to declare that "it would not be difficult to select a dozen poems from her pen that would rank with a like number by the author of *Evangeline*."

Another writer in *Woman's Progress* has even gone so far as to claim that Miss Donnelly's *Vision of the Monk Gabriel* furnished Mr. Longfellow with his theme for the *Legend Beautiful*, written eight years later. Shortly after the appearance of the latter the *Boston Commonwealth* printed both poems side by side, *in extenso*, with the comment that they revealed "an identity of thought and similarity of expression" which were singular.

It was to Eleanor C. Donnelly that the American Catholic Historical Society, in 1887, entrusted the composition of an

Ode for Philadelphia's Centennial Celebration of the adoption of our national Constitution, and again, of the Columbian *Ode* for her native city's commemoration (October, 1892) of the Quadricentennial of the Discovery of America.

She has more than once been specially honored by Rome ; and she was selected to prepare the *Ode* for the Golden Jubilee of the priesthood of Pope Leo XIII., as well as for that of his episcopacy. In 1892 she was named by his excellency the Governor of Pennsylvania as one of the auxiliaries to the Woman's Board of Managers of the World's Fair.

Her latest notable effusions have been a requested poem (*The Catholic Wife and Mother*) read before the World's Congress of Representative Women in Chicago, May 18, 1893 ; a paper on *Woman's Work in Literature* which she was appointed to deliver before the Catholic Columbian Congress convened in Chicago, September, 1893 ; and the much-admired ode, *The Drama Spiritualized*, read by request before the convention in the Woman's Building of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., November 26, 1895.

Miss Donnelly is an exquisite reader—*sui generis*. Her full, rich voice, trained to its best use, a clear enunciation, and a singularly unaffected manner, add an especial charm to her own poems, marked as they are with the perfect melody and limpid simplicity of the true heaven-inspired singer.

A unique and noble position is that of Eleanor C. Donnelly in the Catholic literature of the present day, and, while many surmises have been hazarded by critics as to her future place in American letters, the *living* quality of her work is certainly assured. She has not prostituted her gift to profane or corrupt catering to popular degenerate tastes. She has labored singly and exclusively for the diffusion of that Truth to which belongs "the eternal years of God." Her muse breathes only the celestial, the immortal ; and the imperishability of the Divine cannot but set its seal upon the songs of this gifted woman, whose name (as some one has said) will only glow with whiter splendor as the years recede and more favorable, because more Christian, conditions arise in our national literature.

DR. FULTON'S ANSWER TO THE POPE.

BY JESSE ALBERT LOCKE.



THE search for truth, amidst the confusing din which rises in our human life, is often no simple task. It would be easier if the disputants whose eager voices reach our ears were always just and fair to one another. But for this many qualities of head and heart seem necessary. Not the least important element of the complex whole required is a certain generosity of spirit which naturally assumes that one's opponent may have as real a love of truth as one's self. It is not alone the unnecessary irritation from acrid words which sting and smart which is to be deplored when a controversialist refuses to believe his adversary sincere, but that such an unhappy assumption actually beclouds the reason and disturbs the logical faculty.

This is, doubtless, the reason of Dr. Fulton's failure to prove himself a fair controversialist in his answer to the Pope's Bull on Anglican orders. He charges His Holiness with insincerity and deliberate predetermination to ignore the truth, a charge which (as we have shown in a preceding article*) is refuted by the plain facts in the history of the case, and repudiated by a number of well-known leaders amongst the Anglicans themselves who have commended the obvious candor and honesty of the Pope. As a Christian gentleman and a minister of religion Dr. Fulton would scarcely purpose consciously to be unfair, but the heat of partisan zeal which made it possible for him to bring such wholesale accusations against Leo XIII. has in reality also made him most unfair in his treatment of this Bull, and he has *de facto* seriously misrepresented the argument which it contains. Such a temper of mind is an indirect evidence of the strength of the Pope's position. One who feels the argument for his cause to be invincible does not need to indulge in personal attacks. There is no vituperation of any one in the calm words of Leo on this question.

THE POPE'S MOTIVE.

The presumption that the Pope would condemn Anglican orders simply out of spite or unfriendliness is not only antece-

* "Anglican Answers to the Pope's Bull," THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1897.

dently improbable but actually impossible. It is not a matter hanging upon the wish or fancy of even the Pope, but a question of *fact*. If Anglican orders are valid *per se*, the Pope cannot make them invalid. Nor could he have any desire to do so. The orders of the various Eastern sects and of such a recent schism as the Jansenist Church in Holland are freely acknowledged, and it would be a sacred duty to declare those of the Anglican Church genuine if they really were so. As the sacrament of orders cannot be repeated, it would involve the sin of sacrilege for the Pope to decree that Anglican ordinations should be considered null if their validity could be proved. It is not unnatural, perhaps, that Anglicans—in whose communion both those who believe in the reality of sacramental grace and those who deny it may dwell together in peace whilst teaching their mutually contradictory views—should fail to understand the sensitiveness with which the Catholic Church guards the divine treasure of the sacraments; but if they did realize this, they would see the absurdity of describing the Holy Father's decision as "the assault upon our orders"; they would not overlook Leo's manifest desire for conciliation and the reunion of all Christians, and they would know that in this matter he could not act with the object of attacking anybody, but was bound down to the one duty of declaring the truth whatever it might be.

I. HAS THE POPE ABANDONED HISTORY?

The first conclusion which Dr. Fulton draws from the Papal document he expresses as follows: "In the present Bull the Pope abandons the whole historical argument against the Church of England." "For the admission of so much," he adds, "we thank His Holiness." Were it not that this too hasty rejoicing is an evident case of the wish being father to the thought, and so overbearing the judgment, we should have to characterize the statement as a most disingenuous misrepresentation. The ladder by which Dr. Fulton climbs to the desired result is as follows: (1) The Pope (he tells us) abandons all historical argument (2) as valueless. But (3) Roman Catholics have hitherto depended on these historic doubts to disprove the validity of Anglican orders. Therefore (4) it is henceforth admitted by the Pope and the Catholic Church that Anglican orders are historically "without a flaw." Unfortunately for those who might draw comfort from the supposed admission, not one of these four points is true, as may be easily shown.

DISTORTION OF THE POPE'S WORDS.

(1) Dr. Fulton tells us that the Pope abandons the historical argument, whereas the Pope has taken especial care to explain that he does *not* abandon it, because a position which has never been taken cannot be abandoned. In referring to a precedent, the case of the Anglican Bishop Gordon, who became a Catholic, and whose orders, after an examination in Rome in 1704, were declared to be invalid, the Pope says that the historical doubts regarding the ordination of Parker (from whom all Anglican orders are derived) were altogether set aside in that decision *because* "the defect of form and intention" was alone sufficient to prove the invalidity.

A JUDICIAL DECISION.

(2) It is hardly necessary to say that the next point falls with the first. Leo XIII. has not said, nor in any possible way implied, that historical objections to Anglican orders are now disproved, and that therefore their historical regularity is now "without a cloud." On the contrary, it is this very Anglican perversion of the Catholic position that the Pope is guarding against in alluding to the matter. Anglicans have been wont to claim that the Catholic denial of their orders was based chiefly on the doubts regarding the consecration of Barlow and Parker, and so conveniently to hide themselves behind the cloud of dust raised by discussing disputed historical questions and to avoid the clear theological issues of defect of form and intention. If a surrogate's court had proved satisfactorily that there was no property whatsoever to inherit, it would certainly set aside as immaterial the question of the contestant's genealogy and refuse to occupy itself in the useless task of examining it. So the Pope's Bull is not a controversial tract, nor a treatise upon Anglican orders, but a *judicial decision*, which, like all judicial decisions, confines itself to the point in hand, without taking up irrelevant issues. But the Holy Father no more grants in this case that Anglican orders are historically "without a flaw" than a court would, in the instance given, admit the legitimacy of the claimant's descent because it dismissed the question as irrelevant.

WHAT THE HISTORY OF THE CONTROVERSY SHOWS.

(3) The next statement, viz., that Roman Catholics in their argument against the Church of England "have mainly de-

pended for the last three hundred years" upon the "Nag's Head." story (the tale that the only ceremony of Archbishop Parker's consecration was some sacrilegious buffoonery at an inn of that name) and upon the doubts as to Barlow's consecration, shows our critic of the Pope to be unacquainted with the history of this controversy. Even a slight acquaintance with the earlier Catholic controversialists, such as Bonner, Harding, Stapleton, Bristow, and Sanders, would have shown him that they do not even mention the Nag's Head. Why should they do so? The Holy See had declared Anglican orders void in 1554, and the ordination of Parker (and so, of course, the alleged Nag's Head incident) did not occur until 1559.

Moreover, Kellison and the Jesuit writers who first allude to the story use it rather in illustration than proof, for they ground the invalidity on defect of form and intention, just as had been done from the beginning. Again, if Dr. Fulton had ever seen the text of Bishop Gordon's petition to Rome in 1704, he would have known that, although Gordon does allude to the Nag's Head story—at that time current—he dismisses it as irrelevant and immaterial, Anglican orders being antecedently invalid from defect of form, matter, and intention.

Nor could Dr. Fulton have made such a statement if he had been familiar with the standard Catholic work on this subject, a work he seems never to have read. Estcourt* says: "Whatever may have been the real facts with regard to Barlow or Parker, Catholics have nothing to gain from the discussion. The principles for which they contend will remain untouched, even granting that Barlow was duly consecrated." Is all this unknown to Dr. Fulton, or does he deliberately ignore it?

AN ANGLICAN CANARD WHICH THRIVES.

There is this at least to be said in favor of Catholic writers: the Nag's Head tale having been shown to be without probable foundation they have united in disproving it (as witness Estcourt), whereas there is an Anglican invention which has been shown conclusively to be equally a myth,† and yet is still used by Anglican writers. This canard is the alleged offer of Pope Pius IV. to Queen Elizabeth to sanction the Book of Common Prayer and to allow communion in both kinds if she would acknowledge his supremacy. In one of the most widely circulated manuals intended to give a popular defence of the

* *Anglican Ordinations*, p. 60.

† Estcourt, *Anglican Ordinations*, chap. viii.

Episcopal Church * this story is still used and endorsed as worthy of credence, the author saying of it: "I have never seen the story controverted or even questioned." Yet Estcourt's *exposé* of the worthlessness of the tale had been published twelve years before the Rev. Mr. Little's book!

THE HISTORIC DOUBTS REMAIN.

There has been and there can be no dropping of the doubt regarding Barlow's consecration; that matter remains now just where it was before—*i. e.*, in the greatest uncertainty. And it must ever continue there for the following reasons: 1. Barlow was an irreligious time-server who did not believe in the necessity of ordination, but who expressly declared (his exact words have been quoted previously in this magazine) that the appointment of the king was sufficient to make a man a bishop without any laying on of hands. 2. He would naturally, therefore, have desired to avoid a ceremony which he considered a farce; and 3, he had a good chance to do so, for he was given the possession of the temporalities of his see while certainly not yet a bishop, the grant confirming him in the enjoyment of these revenues "during the term of his natural life." 4. It is quite in accordance with all this that Anglicans themselves cannot settle upon a date upon which he was certainly consecrated; and 5, the Lambeth Register, which contains the preliminary documents regarding his nomination, etc., does not contain the record of his consecration, which is missing. Any orders derived from such a source could not lawfully be exercised in the Catholic Church, which does not allow in any case the doubtful administration of sacraments. But as Anglican orders are antecedently invalid from inherent defects, the question of Barlow's consecration or lack of it is of no material importance.

II. THE DEFECT OF FORM.

Dr. Fulton's second proposition (printed in bold capitals to emphasize its startling character) is this: "The Pope's Bull proves the invalidity of Roman orders because of a defect of form." No wonder he adds, "This will surprise some of our readers." But not only what surprise, what mournful regret (should they ever hear of this) must seize the members of the Roman Commission on Anglican orders, the Cardinals of the Supreme Council, and the Holy Father himself, as they draw the obvious inference that they might have saved themselves from this catastrophe, from thus committing ecclesiastical sui-

* *Reasons for being a Churchman.* 1885. Rev. A. W. Little.

cide, by the simple expedient of sending in time to Philadelphia, where there was one who could have told them what they were doing. However, this distortion of the Pope's reasoning has not only its humorous side but a melancholy one as well. For, in addition to a failure to understand Catholic theology, it is also built upon a misstatement of fact and a very serious *suppressio veri*.

The argument is thus worked out: 1. The Council of Trent has defined what is the essential formula—the necessary words to be used—to make the sacrament of orders valid. But the Anglican service has this essential formula as well as the Roman Pontifical, with which it is substantially identical. Therefore, the Pope is wrong when he says that Anglican orders are null from the indefiniteness of the form. Or, if the Pope is right, no Roman Catholic priest has been validly ordained. 2. Moreover, the Pope is wrong again in saying that the grace of the sacrament is signified chiefly by the *form* rather than by the *matter* (the act, the imposition of hands), since the matter is of itself indefinite and must be determined by the form. Dr. Fulton does not believe this because—(a) no obligatory form is recorded in the New Testament, and (b) different churches have used different forms.

A TRIDENTINE CANON MISINTERPRETED.

Now, let us see what all this is worth. The corner-stone is a mistake as to a matter of fact. Our Anglican critic quotes this canon of the Council of Trent: "If any one saith that by sacred ordination the Holy Ghost is not given; and that vainly therefore do the bishops say, *Receive the Holy Ghost*; let him be anathema." Therefore, he claims, according to the Council of Trent, the only *effectual form* in the conferring of holy orders is the formula, *Receive the Holy Ghost*. "Nothing else is indispensable." Now, not only do the words of this canon by no means necessarily imply such a conclusion—for it is one thing to say that it is heretical to deny that the Holy Ghost is given, and quite another to say that the words "accipe Spiritum Sanctum" are the only necessary form—but Dr. Fulton need have gone no further than Estcourt to have found this information: "The history of the Council shows that this canon was not intended for a definition as to the sacramental form."* (He gives the reasons for this, but there is not space enough here to allow for their quotation.)

* Introduction, *Anglican Ordinations*.

This brings out the most mischievous side of this critic's argument. He has a perfect right to differ with the Pope and to express his own opinion freely, but when he attempts to tell us what the Roman Catholic Church teaches, and to found an argument upon his statements, he is bound in conscience to make sure that he is absolutely correct. Suppose he tells us that he does not agree with Estcourt, Le Plat, or Waterworth, but that he thinks the Council did intend to define the sacramental form in this canon? At the least, even then, truthfulness requires that he tell his readers of the different opinion held by Catholic theologians, and not put his own view forth as the undisputed position of the Roman Church, which it is not. The question arises again, Was he unacquainted with this fact, or did he choose to ignore it? In either case can he be qualified to be a fair controversialist?

A SUPPRESSIO VERI.

Another similar instance follows. He gives what purports to be an examination in detail of the ordination of priests from the Roman Pontifical. But, though he mentions many minor ceremonies, he omits altogether that which Catholic theologians generally hold to be the *essential matter* of the sacrament. After the Communion, he tells us, the bishop "lays both hands upon the head of each one of the deacons kneeling before him, and says to each, 'Receive the Holy Ghost. Whose sins, etc.'" This is the only imposition of hands which he mentions as occurring in the whole rite, and by implication would have us conclude that it is the only one which exists, and that therefore, as this is transferred to the Anglican rite, that rite has the same matter and form as the Roman. But really is this the case? There are *three* impositions in the Roman Pontifical, and it is the *second* one which Catholic theologians generally hold to be the *essential matter*.* The third (with the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost") is not considered essential; so that if the second were accidentally omitted, the candidate would have to receive ordination again, the entire rite being repeated *sub conditione*; but if the third should be omitted, it could be added at any time without repeating the rest of the rite. The *ordinandi* have become *ordinati*—the candidates have become priests—*before* the third imposition, for they have already been allowed to consecrate the Eucharist with the bishop. Now, it is

* Scavini quotes the teaching of St. Bonaventure, Tournely, Martine, Concina, Menardus, etc.

only this unessential third imposition of hands which has been retained in the Anglican ordinal. Does Dr. Fulton not know this, or did he purposely ignore it?

THE ANGLICAN FORM NOT ANCIENT.

Another incorrect idea which he puts forth is an impression of the antiquity of the Anglican form. "It must be remembered," he says, "that the latter part of it ('whose sins thou shalt remit, etc.') is far from ancient; in fact it is almost modern." By which he would have us infer that the first part, "Receive the Holy Ghost," the only part which the Anglicans claim to be essential, is really ancient; whereas the third imposition of hands with these words is not to be found in any Pontifical earlier than the thirteenth century.

WHY THE FORM IS CHIEFLY ESSENTIAL.

Dr. Fulton does not believe the essence of the sacrament depends chiefly upon the form, because no form is given in the New Testament as obligatory. That is the Protestant idea, but the Catholic conception does not look upon the church as a speechless creature tied to a dead book. She is a living body, with her written charter in her hand; but where that is silent, having the power, as the guardian of the sacraments, to decide what is and what is not essential.

The second reason for rejecting this principle of Catholic theology is because different churches have different forms. This is a verbal juggling. The Pope does not say that any ordinal which differed from the exact wording of the Roman Pontifical would be inadequate. It is a well-known fact that other rites are in use to-day within the church by his full sanction. But precisely because no exact words are prescribed in Scripture is it necessary that the form be sufficient. It must indicate unmistakably the order meant to be conferred. Now, it is a matter of fact that every ancient rite had its purport clearly indicated, showing in some way what order was to be conferred. But the Anglican rites were made absolutely indefinite, and therefore uncertain.

The need of definite expression in the form may be seen by an illustration. In the benediction of an abbot, or an abbess, the bishop lays his hands on the head with prayers invoking the Holy Spirit for the guidance of the new abbot; *but no sacrament is conferred*. Yet in the Anglican ordinal, everything implying sacerdotal character having been removed, there is noth-

ing to indicate more than is done in the blessing of an abbot or the coronation of a king, *i. e.*, where no new character is conferred upon the soul, but simply graces are asked to help one perform well the duties of his position in life.

III. DEFECT OF INTENTION.

As Dr. Fulton tells us he agrees fully with the Council of Trent, and also with the general principles laid down in this Bull on the doctrine of intention, it will be needless to discuss the doctrine itself here. But why do the Pope and Dr. Fulton, starting with the same broad principles, come to such contradictory results?

HAD THE REFORMERS A CATHOLIC INTENTION?

Dr. Fulton claims (1) that the reformers gave no public or external evidence of not "intending to do what the church does," and that (2) if an heretical sense is given to their new ordinal it is because of their "private sentiments" only, which cannot affect the sacrament. But he fails to answer this question for us satisfactorily: *Why* did they change the ancient rites so radically? He endeavors to avoid this issue by saying that the English reformers were bishops of a "national church," and so were not bound to use the ritual of the Roman Church. But that does not touch the point, for all the local English uses, of Salisbury, Hereford, etc., were at one with the Roman in the full expression of the sacerdotal character and power; but when the reformed ordinal of 1549 was composed every reference to a sacramental character conferred, or to the power of sacrifice—the power of the Christian priest *super corpus Christi verum*—was cut out and the rite left wholly ambiguous. *Why?*

HOW HERETICAL INTENTION WAS SHOWN.

Our Anglican critic of the Holy Father confuses two distinct ideas. It is true that a person of private heretical ideas, using the form of the church, may be supposed to intend to do what the church does. But the case of a heretic using a *new* form, not that of the church but framed *de industria*, to exclude the doctrine of the church, is an altogether different thing. In such a case no orders could be conveyed,* and such is exactly the case of the Anglican reformers.† It would be impossible to print in full here both the ancient rites and the Angli-

* St. Thomas Aquin., *Summa*, III. q. lx. and q. lxiv.

† Franciscus a Sancta Clara. *Enchiridion*.

can ordinal, the Mass and the Anglican communion service, and thus to show in detail how every trace of priest or sacrifice, in the Catholic sense, was industriously removed. But able writers whose works are accessible have already done this.*

NOT A QUESTION OF WORDS ALONE.

But, it is claimed, the reformers left enough by retaining the word priest and by stating that since the Apostles' times there had been three orders of ministers in Christ's Church, bishops, priests, and deacons, which orders should be continued. But, unfortunately for this argument, it is not a question of words merely but of realities. One can have but little knowledge of church history who does not know how constantly heretics use orthodox words while defining them in an heretical sense. The Arians are a conspicuous example. The reformers retained the word priest. Does that alone prove that they meant by it what Catholics mean? In New England, a few generations ago, the word was in frequent use. The Puritans often spoke of one of their ministers as "Priest Hutchinson" or "Priest Smith," etc. Does Dr. Fulton suppose the word in that case implied anything of the nature of sacerdotal character? Methodists at the present day recite the Creed, including "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." Do they mean by it to profess any such conception of the church as a Roman Catholic has? They are careful to explain that they do not. On the other hand, when one hears from a Roman Catholic pulpit the phrase "minister of God" applied to one of the clergy, is there the slightest doubt (in spite of the natural indefiniteness of the expression) that the person so described possesses full priestly character and powers? It is not, then, a question of names but of the realities for which they stand. The English reformers *claimed* to be following the Apostles, as heretics, of high or low degree, always do when they set out to reform the Catholic Church. But they repudiated the idea of wishing to retain the same kind of priesthood which the Roman Church had. That they called "idolatrous," a priesthood pretending to offer a sacrifice which was a "blasphemous fable."

CRANMER.

High Anglicans try to give an orthodox air to the Reformation sometimes by quoting words of the reformers in which they

* See e. g. *Anglican Ordinations*, Escourt, and *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, F. A. Gasquet.

use "priest" and "sacrifice" in a general way. But a very different light would be thrown upon the matter if they would only go on to quote these worthies when they *define themselves*. Take *e. g.* Cranmer (who, as Anglicans themselves acknowledge, "had most to do with drawing up the ordinal") and see what he says: "The difference made by Christ between the priest and the layman in this matter is only in the ministration; that the priest, as common minister of the church, doth minister and distribute the Lord's Supper unto others, and other receive at his hands." *

Again, "As for the saying or singing of the Mass by the priest, as it was in time past used, it is neither a Sacrifice propitiatory, nor yet a Sacrifice of laud and praise, nor in any wise allowed before God, but abominable and detestable." † In fact the only difficulty regarding quotations from Cranmer and his contemporaries, showing their anti-Catholic conceptions of "priest" and "sacrifice," is an embarrassment of riches.

HOOKE'S DEFINITION OF PRIEST.

Even the "judicious Hooker," a High-Churchman of a later date whose *Ecclesiastical Polity* is still a text-book in Anglican seminaries, explains away the real meaning of priest. Having declared that "sacrifice is no part of the church's ministry," and that the "Gospel hath properly no sacrifice," he adds that the word priest may nevertheless be used without danger, because when men hear it "it draweth no more their minds to any cogitation of sacrifice than the name of a Senator or of an Alderman causes them to think on old age." ‡ That is, Anglicans retain the word priest because they deprive it of any idea of one who offers sacrifice—*i. e.*, of any Catholic sense.

EVIDENCE IN ACT AS WELL AS WORD.

Equally significant is what Newman calls "the urgency of visible facts." Did Anglicans act at the Reformation as if they thought they had a priesthood? What happened? 1. The altars were thrown down and the altar-stones used for pig-troughs and paving-stones. 2. Penal laws were made against celebrating or hearing Mass, and in a few years £1,000,000 in fines were forced from those who still clung to the old religion. 3. Bishops were retained as a state regulation, but non-episcopal

* Cranmer's works, Parker Soc., p. 350.

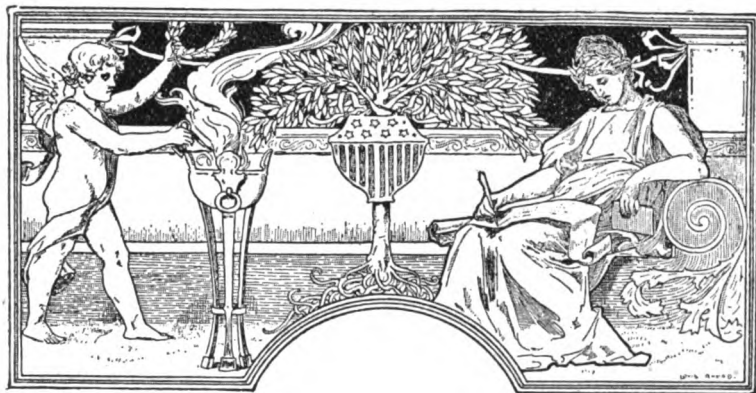
† Ibid., p. 352.

‡ *Ecclesiastical Polity*, book v. 78.

orders were also recognized.* 4. It has never been heresy in the Church of England to deny the doctrine of a sacrificing priesthood. 5. It is not so to-day. The great majority of the Anglican clergy have always denied that they were priests in the Catholic sense, and since the Pope has spoken, by this recent Bull, the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, Archdeacon Taylor, and many other prominent clergy have said publicly that the Pope was right, that the reformers did abolish a sacrificing priesthood, and that there is none in the Church of England to-day. Why may not these dignitaries (whose church has not rebuked or disciplined them for their utterances) be quite as right about the intention of the reformers as Dr. Fulton or the Ritualists?

The Pope's critic would have it that this Bull is an obscure and self-contradictory document. A suitable close may be made by a quotation showing how clear its meaning is to an impartial outsider. The London *Spectator* (of October 10, 1896) says: "The Pope is accused of giving a decision in the teeth of history; when, in point of fact, it is not historical facts, but dogmatic principles, which are at issue. The ground taken up in the Pope's Bull, as we understand it, is that the words of an ordination rite are not *magic words*; that their efficacy and orthodoxy must be determined by the circumstances of their adoption; that as the change of rite was made by men who wished to eliminate the Roman Catholic conception of the priesthood as a mediæval over-growth, the words must be taken as securing the intended elimination. To retort by producing equally simple formulæ which have been accepted by Rome as valid in *other* circumstances, and of which the 'arrogant and ignorant' Pope (as one controversialist calls him) is supposed to be unaware, is to expend argument on a position quite different from that taken up in the Bull. Simpler words intended *in sensu ecclesiæ* (and for Rome the ecclesia is the Roman Catholic Church) may suffice; but a formula whose simplicity arises from the negation of the church's full doctrine, instead of its implied affirmation, cannot have a like meaning or efficacy. So an ante-Nicene father may use in an orthodox sense language which in an Arian, after Nicæa, would be unorthodox."

* *Anglo-Catholic Theology*, Cosin's works, iv. 401-449. Laud's works, ii. 422. *Apostolic Succession not a Doctrine of the Church of England*, by Cantab. *Early Anglican Divines on Episcopacy*, by Rev. S. F. Smith.



SIDNEY LANIER.

BY DR. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

APRIL in gleam and gloom of sun and rain
 Peers startled through gold mist of buds that break,
 Hearing her bluebird's first low warblings shake
 Along a frost of bluets and the greening grain;
 And her tears outwell for all-forgotten pain,
 For though the chime of thrush in blossomy brake,
 Nor rounded songs the August medlarks make,
 Are not for her—enough that broken strain.
 But, *ai Adonis!* not for us content:
 We heard in grateful tears your song of spring,
 And through the music's ghostly ravishment
 Saw perfect beauty past the preluding;
 Yet, lured by death, beyond the sun you went,
 Where only God hears harvest songs you sing.



THE BRITISH EVACUATION OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE EMBASSY.



CORFU is the most beautiful of that lovely group, the Ionian Islands.

As I look back, so many years, the scent of the orange-blossom seems to surround me and remind me of that sunny clime. I left Constantinople on a fine October morning, with my children and two Greek servants, on board an Austrian Lloyd's steamer. After two days we dropped anchor at the Island of Syra; the town was built on a conical hill, the dazzling white houses of the Greek and Armenian merchants glittering in the sun. The usual pedlars of the Levant came on board with coral necklaces, oranges, and lemons. We only stayed a few hours to coal, then passed through a group of small islands, some very barren, others beautifully green. As we skirted the Island of Tinos I saw my Greek nurse bathed in tears; on asking the reason, I learnt that it was her native island, and that her husband and children lived there; poor thing! it must have been tantalizing, for it was six years since she had seen them. My little Edith, aged four, made great friends with a Turkish pasha going out as governor to one of the numerous islands under Turkish sway. He used to walk up and down the deck holding her hand, his servant following him, and when she wanted to see anything beyond her reach he made him carry her. The day before we landed my nurse said to me: "Kiria (which means madam), the pasha's servant came to me and said: The pasha is very fond of that little girl; I have not seen him in such a good temper for a long while; do you think your lady would sell her?" "O Dada!" I exclaimed, "how can you tell me such horrid things?" "Do not be angry, madam. I told the man you were Inglese, and that the Inglese did not sell their children."

As we neared Corfu the scent of the orange-blossoms was wafted towards us quite two miles out. From the deck I could see the lovely outline of the Albanian coast, the hills showing a beautiful purple or plum color in the setting sun,

and on the other side was the green Island of Corfu, with trees to the water's edge.

As we landed there was a confused medley of Greek and English, all trying to drag us into their carriages. One seized the nurse, another my little girl; but my Greek servant, who spoke English and French, soon dispersed them, and after a frightful dispute over the luggage we drove to the Hotel St. George.

St. George is the patron saint of Greece, but St. Spiridion is the patron saint of Corfu; his body was cast ashore there in the year 800, and is miraculously preserved to the present day. On certain days he is carried in procession round the town in a glass coffin; then all the shops are shut, and it is a general holiday. My cook informed me one day, "No shops to-morrow. St. Spiridion he walk."

The day after our arrival we took a drive (a novel sensation after Constantinople, where our only mode of conveyance was a caïque on the Bosphorus or a sedan chair on land). We

DISTANT VIEW OF CORFU.



drove through groves of orange-trees, all seeming to grow wild; at every cottage door stood an orange-tree.

The town was well built and strongly fortified. The fort on the little Island of Vido which protected the town was said to be impregnable. The citadel near the palace was a fine old building built by the Venetians. The principal streets were lined with arcades, there was a beautiful cathedral, and the high commissioner's palace was evidently an old Italian one; the winged lion of Venice was on the walls, as on several other old buildings. Corfu was for some time in the possession of the Venetians, and many of the inhabitants are of Italian descent. One of the prettiest girls in the society was a Signorina Balbi, a descendant of one of the oldest Venetian families. She had lovely, star-like eyes, and a beautiful figure.

The vegetation was nearly tropical—hedges of prickly pear and cactus; there was a beautiful geranium-walk near the lord high commissioner's palace. Remembering that the lord high was an old friend of my father's, I sent him a little note to announce my arrival. The next day a handsome young aide-de-camp called, and said he was sent by the lord high commissioner to make his excuses and to see if I wanted anything done, and that he would be happy to be of any assistance. The commissary-general, an old brother-officer of my husband's, came with his pretty Canadian wife, and asked me to dinner; he had two very handsome daughters. The Archbishop of Corfu, hearing that an English Catholic lady had arrived, sent his chaplain to call. All offered to assist me in finding a house; but it seemed very difficult, for the nice ones were all taken by the married English officers. There was a large garrison for such a small place—four regiments, besides engineers, commissariat, etc.

I had set my heart on a white house I had seen on the shore as we neared the island; it stood on a point of land about a mile from the town, near an orange-grove. But that I was told was taken by an officer whose wife was shortly expected, and I began to fear I should have to pass the winter in a stuffy hotel.

But a few days after, on my return from a drive, I was met by the hotel-keeper, who obsequiously informed me that the lord high had himself called, and also the archbishop. He now began to think me a person of importance, as the lord high seldom made a personal call.

The archbishop sent me word that the house I had coveted was free, as the lady was too ill to leave Malta, and that I

"THE INNUMERABLE LAUGHTER OF SEA WAVES."—*Esthymus.*



had better lose no time in securing it. It was a first-floor flat, with beautiful views of the sea on two sides. I signed the agreement; but then came the question of furniture; there was none to be hired, as I had fondly imagined. Here was a pretty predicament—the bare walls and nothing else. My friend, Mr. F——, came to the rescue; he took me to Mr. Taylor, the great man of the place, who supplied everything to the officers, from a foot-bath to a drawing-room suite; but alas! not for hire. He seemed to be on equal terms with his customers, and on explaining my difficulty, he at last agreed to furnish my flat on hire for six months; Mr. F—— finding me beds and blankets from the government stores. We were soon comfortably settled. A balcony ran around the front, where my little girls played all the morning; some orange-trees in the garden sent up a delicious fragrance.

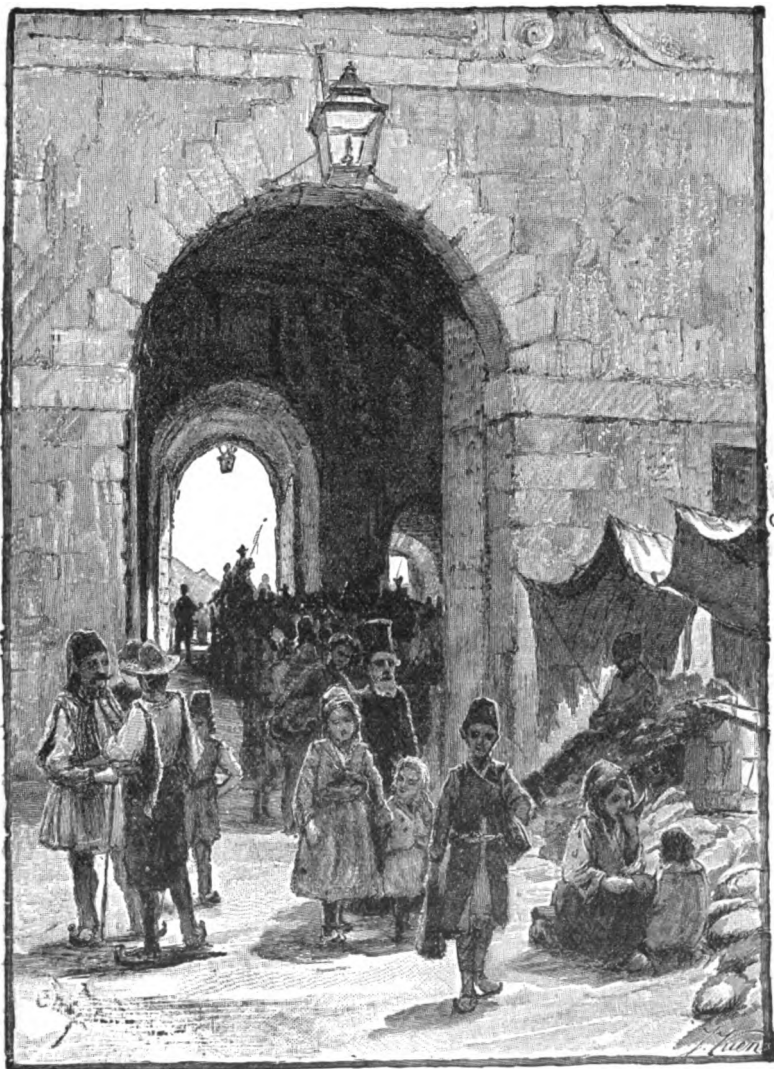
The lord high gave us permission to walk in the garden of his country-house close by; it was lovely, but neglected; orange-trees and rose-trees, clematis and geranium, growing in wild profusion, but it was very charming; the roses were magnificent. As we sat there on the November mornings gazing on the blue Mediterranean, and now and then picking an orange, which grew all around us, I thought could my London friends, who are now probably shivering over the fire with the gas lighted, see me now, they would cease to pity my expatriation.

Besides the Lord High Commissioner Sir H. Storks, there were four judges, Sir Charles Serjeant, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, and a Greek whose name I have forgotten. Their salary was, I believe, £1,200 a year, which in that country was equal to £3,000.

The climate was delightful—far superior to the Riviera. Lady W—— gave a picnic soon after my arrival. We drove through beautiful cork and olive woods across the island to a lovely little sandy cove, where we dined; returning home at two in the morning in open carriages—this on the 22d of December. It was as warm as an English July. Our party consisted of English and Greeks. Miss Euphrosyne Cocomelli was a very pretty girl, and much affected English society; she was consequently looked coldly on by her compatriots, who resented jealously any intercourse between their wives and daughters and the English; still, many braved their enmity and some married their English admirers, Miss Euphrosyne among the number.

Riding parties were frequently made up; it was delicious riding under the trees, but it required some care to avoid the fate of Absalom. A young officer, just arrived from England,

was killed ; his horse took fright and ran away, his head struck against a tree and his skull was fractured. The doctors who attended him said he had an extraordinarily thin skull—not thicker than half a crown.



UNDER THE ARCHWAY OF THE OLD VENETIAN TOWN-GATE.

There was a great deal of excitement among the garrison at the prospect of our joining the Danes against the Prussians in Schleswig-Holstein; but Gladstone's policy prevailed, and poor little Denmark was left to her fate. We thus tacitly encouraged an aggressive war by a strong power on a weak; we

may some time rue the day when we helped to build up not only a rival to our commerce, but a maritime rival who may perhaps possess Holland.

Greece now wanted a king. Otho had resigned, and the throne was offered to the Duke of Edinburgh, the Greeks hoping that the Ionian Islands would then be restored to them. Little thin enamel rings, with "Zito Alfredo," were hawked about, and great was the enthusiasm at the prospect of an English prince. But the duke declined the honor, and the throne was then offered to and accepted by the Princess of Wales' brother, Prince George of Denmark, England ceding the islands to Greece. This was Gladstone's policy.

As soon as it became known the enthusiasm for England quickly turned to national self-glorification. New little rings, with "Zito e enesis," were now handed about; songs of rejoicing were heard in the streets, and they spoke of the English as "Gorunes" (pigs). They even threw stones at a British officer; but these ebullitions were quickly suppressed by the English authorities. The shop-keepers, many of whom were English and all relying on the custom of the garrison and the officials, were dismayed and foresaw ruin in prospect. Some of the richer ones had made their pile and retired to villas, outside the town. But the farmers and market gardeners must have felt it severely. Every morning, as I sat at my window, I could see long strings of horses coming in from the country laden with fruit and vegetables for the garrison and for the numerous ships in harbor. They were ridden by Greek boys, who rode barebacked, some very handsome and graceful, and reminded me of the Elgin marbles.

The forts were to be blown up before the evacuation, and every one said I must go and see them first. So we went over to Vido, the little island on which the fort was built. I was told that every stone had cost a dollar. It seemed a pity to destroy it; but it was necessary, as, if any foreign power got possession of it, they could command the islands.

There was nothing particularly interesting save the apparent strength of the fortress. We went into the military prison and saw six or seven men walking about in a circle. Every five steps they stopped to pick up a large cannon-ball, which they deposited in a hole, the man following doing the same; this, I was told, was shot-drill. "How cruel," I said, "and how useless!" "Ah! that's what riles them so," said the sergeant with a grin. We then saw a man in solitary confinement; he was strapped down, as he had been very violent.

On the whole I believe the British soldier was very well behaved. There was one bad case of murder where, strange as it may seem, all the sympathies were with the murderer. A sergeant, whose conduct for many years had been exemplary, was afflicted with a drunken wife. One evening he found her



THE GREEKS OF THE ISLANDS ARE OF A PURER RACE.

roaring drunk; he took his rifle from the rack and shot her dead. Unfortunately he had been heard to say that if he found her drunk again he would shoot her. From this time loaded rifles were forbidden in barracks. The verdict was "guilty"; but such was the sympathy that the lord high forwarded a

petition for mercy to the home secretary; but it was refused—the law must take its course. The archbishop, who took a great interest in the man—he had been one of his penitents—begged the lord high to permit the prisoner to go once to the cathedral to confession and Communion; but of course that could not be allowed. I think if it had been there would have been an attempt at a rescue, for public feeling was so strong in the man's favor that it was impossible to get any one to act as executioner. At last a man was brought over from Albania, masked, the night before the execution. It was fixed for seven o'clock in the morning, and all the troops were to be on parade. One officer and his young wife had the rooms over us, and as I heard him go out at six in the morning I breathed a prayer for the poor man so soon to be launched into eternity. I heard that he behaved with firmness. An English and an Italian priest accompanied him to the scaffold. The Italian fainted away at the foot of the gallows.

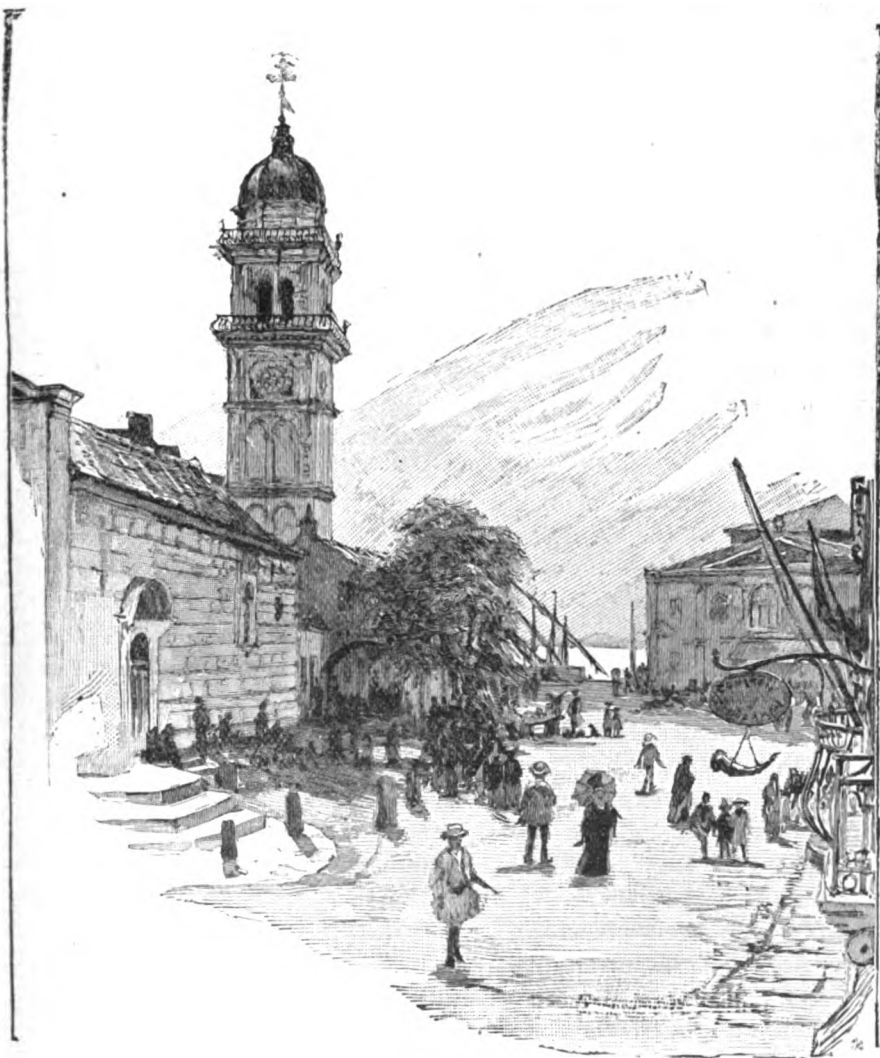
The following Sunday, as we were taking our usual walk to the one-gun battery, I noticed a nice-looking woman, evidently English, dressed in deep mourning and leaning on the arm of a sergeant. She seemed to excite much observation, and I learned that she was the daughter of the man who had been executed six days before for the murder of her mother. I was disgusted that a countrywoman should be so lost to decency as to show herself in public after such a dreadful tragedy. I suppose the temptation to show her new mourning was stronger than her feeling of shame—if indeed she had any.

The walk to the one-gun battery led also to the beautiful view of a Greek temple charmingly situated on the side of a steep hill on the shore, covered with wild myrtle, geraniums, and orange-trees; opposite was a small island called by the natives the Ship of Ulysses, from its being the shape of a ship. They say the ship turned into an island.

The carnival was kept with great merriment. When I walked into the town on the Sunday before Shrove Tuesday I thought all the people had gone mad. Men dressed as mummers in white, and masked, were skipping about, and women, masked, were walking about two and two, not hand-in-hand, but each holding the end of a handkerchief. Some dozen men and women were dancing round in a circle, and then breaking off and dancing a sort of polonaise. I was told that it was exactly the same as the old Grecian dances. I dined on Shrove Tuesday with the F——'s. After dinner the servant announced that a party of masks were below, and begged if they might come up.

"Let them come," said our host, "and see if we don't find them out." They were evidently of the society, for they knew us all; but whether Greeks or English we could not make out. They talked Italian, so they were pretty safe not to be recognized by their accent.

I was awakened at daylight on Easter Sunday by a sound



ZANTE, "THE FLOWER OF THE LEVANT."

of chanting; thinking it was a funeral, I hopped out of bed and ran to the window. It was a procession carrying the picture of a favorite saint from one church to another.

On Maundy-Thursday and Good Friday the streets were full of lambs, and on Greek Friday evening, on returning from

church, I saw at nearly every door a little lamb tethered and bleating most piteously.

I was advised not to go out on Holy Saturday morning, for they had a habit of keeping everything that was cracked during the year and throwing it out of the window when the bells rang at High Mass; they also, at that time, cut the throats of the poor little lambs. On Monday and Tuesday I saw numerous lamb-skins hanging out to dry.

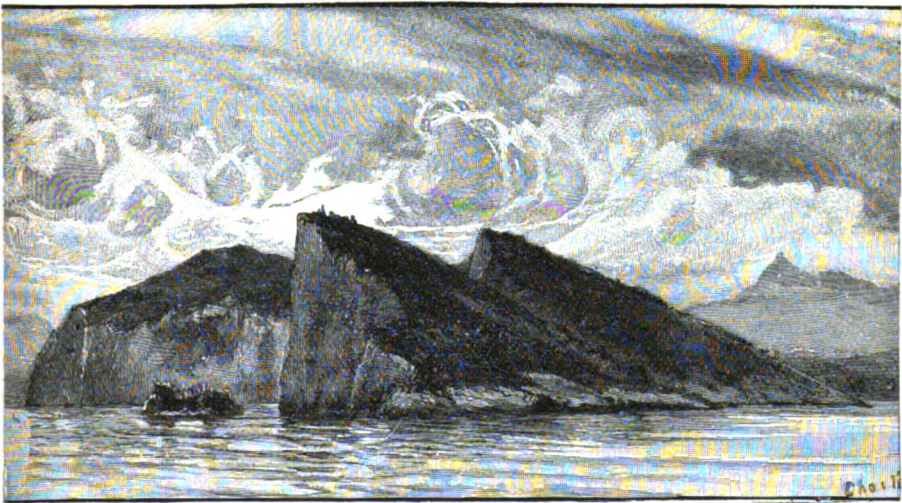
The Archbishop of Corfu was universally popular with the English, and even with the orthodox Greeks. He spoke English perfectly, had very courteous manners, and one could hardly believe that he was of humble birth—the orphan son of a barber, brought up for charity by the priests of the cathedral. He began by serving as an acolyte, and before forty had risen to his present eminence; he was, I believe, an Italian by birth, tall and good-looking. He had one peculiarity: he would never go into a room where there was a coal fire, fearing the fumes would give him apoplexy, and in the winter when he paid calls his chaplain would go first to see if there was a coal fire.

The Greek Church possessed the body of St. Spiridion; he died before the division of the churches. Count Bulgaris, a descendant of the saint, took me into the chapel. It is always one of the Bulgaris family who has charge of the shrine. The saint was in a glass coffin; he looked as if made of leather. I suppose he must have shrunk, for his body was not longer than that of a child of twelve. Count Bulgaris (he was a priest) offered to open the coffin to let me touch him, but I declined.

Then the Roman Church adhered to the old style and kept Christmas day at the same time as the Greeks, consequently I had the novel experience of two Christmas dinners—the lord high was kind enough to ask me on December 25th, and the banker, who was a Catholic, invited me a fortnight later. At the lord high's there were all the English officials and the officers and their wives. . . . I was surprised to see that he was helped first, but noticed that he did not touch his spoon till the lady at each side of him had been helped. His two aides-de-camp were clever and agreeable young men. They both made their way in the world, one dying as governor of the Gold Coast, the other now holds a high command in Egypt.

The fiat had gone forth: henceforth Corfu was Greek; the forts were blown up; the people went out in crowds to see the sight. Forgetting all about it, I was walking quietly into the town and wondering at so many people going that way, when suddenly there was a roar and a flash from Vido; a shower of

stones was thrown up. This was succeeded by the same at the citadel, and in a quarter of an hour the work of destruction was accomplished. I heard the people around me say "Che crima" (the pity of it). The regiments now received their marching orders; many flirtations were brought to a close, some happily by marriages. Mr. F——'s pretty daughter's was the first wedding; it took place in the soldiers' chapel; the bride, of course, had real orange blossoms in her hair. The breakfast was hurried over, as the Italian steamer was to take the happy pair to Naples; but two o'clock came, three o'clock, and no steamer was in sight; the guests at last departed and no one but myself was left. The bride's mother begged me to stay



CAPE DUCATO.—(SAPPHO'S LEAP).

on and dine there. I did so; it was rather melancholy; the remains of the feast served for our dinner; the bridegroom looked sulky, the poor bride melancholy. All this time a sharp look-out was kept for the steamer. At ten o'clock they gave it up. The bridegroom had to return to his barracks, while the bride remained at her father's till the boat arrived the next day.

The Jews at Corfu were very numerous, but quite poor. They lived apart in the ghetto. During the last four days in Lent the gates were kept close shut for fear of an outbreak of religious frenzy on the part of the Greeks, and no Jew dared show his nose outside on Good Friday.

The beauty of the Greeks has been greatly praised, and I was much disappointed at Athens; but the Greeks of the

islands are of a purer race, and one sometimes came across a very beautiful face. There was a village on the island famed for the beauty of the women. I drove over and saw some very handsome, tall women with the low classic brow, and often with blue eyes. They wore their hair plaited with ribbons and twined round the head like a coronet; I was amazed to see such luxuriant hair, but was told that it was probably mixed with their mothers' and grandmothers' hair.

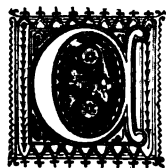
I think Leighton's idea that the Greeks were originally fair was correct, for I saw several fair-haired women. My maid Marguerite had the most lovely golden hair and blue eyes, she was tall and statuesque; her sister Euterpe was no less handsome, but dark. Euterpe remained with me for several years and accompanied me to England.

Towards the end of April it became unpleasantly warm, and with regret I gave orders to pack.

Again the uncertainty of the steamer's arrival was a source of great annoyance, as it was to the bride and bridegroom. We gave up the key of the house and drove to the harbor; no boat! Mr. F—— kindly asked us to his house, and I gladly acquiesced, leaving a man to watch; four o'clock, five o'clock, at last seven o'clock came. "It won't come now," said the sailors; accordingly beds were improvised and the children were put to sleep, and I sat down to dinner with my hospitable friends. Hardly had we begun when a man rushed in breathless: "Quick! The steamer is in sight; it will be here in a quarter of an hour." The sleepy children were dragged out of bed and dressed, and we rowed off to the steamer; as we were on the way I asked the boatmen, "What is the name of the boat." "The *Garibaldi*." "Then," said I, "it cannot be the Austrian Lloyd's?" "Oh, yes it is! It comes every week; we know it well"; so I was silent. We went on board, the children were again put to bed, and I was sitting chatting with the F——'s when Dada came up: "Madam, the sailor says this boat is going to Naples; there is the Austrian boat now entering the harbor"; on inquiring I found she was right. We bundled off again into the open boat, the children roaring lustily at this second interruption of their night's rest. It was pitch dark and impossible to see the boat. Mr. F—— took one of the children in his arms, and as he jumped I heard a splash and a voice near me said "E dentro." I thought, of course, he or the child had fallen; luckily it was only a rope. We all scrambled on board just in time, as they had steam up, and in a few minutes we had said adieu to Corfu.

THE REVOLT FROM CALVINISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. ARTHUR M. CLARK, C.S.P.



CALVINISM was stamped, or perhaps *branded*, in large letters on every "Profession of Faith" in the Congregational churches of New England at the end of the last century. It is related of an old lady of this school that she said to the minister when he came to make his pastoral call: "Total depravity is a saving doctrine if one can only live up to it." And the writer remembers well how, in his great distress at coming for the first time against Calvinism, he was told, "Predestination is true, but it is a mystery to be believed like the Trinity." This in 1866. The terrible doctrine that "God died only for the elect and for those whom he had predestined to eternal life without any will of their own," had to be subscribed to by all who became "church members" in those days, and is, I believe, the case in some places still.

But when during the Revolutionary days M. Voltaire, Paine and Jefferson, and others were, by the means of the advocate who has no cause, viz., ridicule, endeavoring to bring into contempt the Christian religion, they found a fair field in New England. This attack was not able at first to destroy religious sentiment to any great extent. Religion was so grounded by centuries of devotion in England into the character of the New England people that it could not be quickly eradicated. The first effect was the fall of Calvinism. A certain man of the period of 1800-1820, near Boston, was approached by a Calvinistic deacon.

"Mr. Smith," said the deacon, "how much will you subscribe to send a missionary to the negroes in Africa?"

"Not a cent."

"But why not? Is it not a good work?"

"Yes, it may be; but," and here he cocked his eye with a comical leer at the deacon, "if God died to save the elect only, and there is a certain number of them, then the less people in the world there are who know of his death the greater chance for you and me to be among that number. No, sir; I do not see how you, being a Calvinist, can wish to diminish *your*

chances of salvation by giving any of them away to African negroes. Calvinism and missions seem to me incompatible."

Religion was not to be suddenly eliminated from the people of New England. In their heart of hearts these poor descendants of the Sts. Thomas à Becketts, Edwards, Etheldredas, Winifreds, Edmunds, Stephens, Oswalds, Osmunds, and hundreds of other English saints, had a love of God and the belief in a future world too deep to be pumped dry by ridicule. Too many of them had been consoled by the Bible to give it up without a murmur; multitudes had found too much enjoyment in the two Sabbath meetings and the Thursday afternoon prayer-meeting to cease their attendance at these feasts of religious devotion. They had found it to fill a craving which human nature had rooted deeply within itself, and when nothing but the bare bones of infidelity stared them in the face, they preferred any form of Christianity rather than that; and so, instead of ceasing to worship God, they set up new altars to a new God, very different from the God of Calvin. In other words, when the schism came it took not the form of irreligion except among a few; but it did adopt new creeds. It swung from extreme to extreme—from Calvinism to Universalism, and from the belief in the unseen and mysterious to the rationalism of Parker and Channing.

Great were the discussions and heart-burnings among the divines of those days, and the *odium theologicum* which thence took its rise continues to be as bitter as ever after one hundred years are past.

Ministers were tried for heresy by the conferences, and in almost every town there was a split in the community, and a new church was the order of the day. These old Bible readers met on winter evenings at the cross-roads where the "store" stood, and, seated in chairs, on kegs and counters, about the great stove, loaded with hickory or maple logs, discussed religion and politics with equal facility and infinite zest and wit. Back and forth flew the arguments, from Scripture and reason, and from the authorities whom they had read, found in Edwards or Baxter. Wit, repartee, sarcasm, all had their place, and perhaps counted for more among the rank and file of men than any argument.

Chief among them was an old man respected by all. Well does the writer remember him, his hair white with eighty winters' frosts, the light of the whale-oil lamps gleaming from the polished surface of the brass buttons on his old blue camlet

swallow-tailed coat, his knee-breeches with their silver buckles, and his long, gray knitted hose encased at the feet with the stout, well-fitting, low-cut shoes and great silver buckles. All this gave him the air of what he pretended to be—the oracle of Buckminster's store.

Then the "store" itself was interesting, with its "W. I. Goods," the "dry-goods counter," the produce department, which was ever an object of interest to old and young. Here the thrifty house-wife bartered her eggs, her butter, her straw, cheese, and cider, for calico, raisins, citron, spices, and tin-ware or china. Here she purchased the few knickknacks that were of convenience to her in her domestic life. In this great barn of a store her cadaverous spouse received the tobacco and Medford rum which the young man who was clerk and lived "up-stairs," and was "fitting for college," gave him in exchange for the juicy hams and fat sides of salt pork which once had graced the bodies of his stertorous breathing swine.

It may be, I think, truly said that the opinion of the men who met in these stores to discuss religion had as much, if not more, influence on men's minds, to turn them away from Calvinism and with it the remnant of Ancient Catholic Truths, than all the eloquent sermons which were preached weekly by the ministers of the new school.

Three great doctrines which the New-Englanders had held were here fiercely attacked. I mean *great* as they would speak of them. They held the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, and Predestination with all its attendant sprites of doctrine. These were all attacked and defended with equal acrimony on both sides, and perhaps with an equal amount of logic also. The result was that some gave up all three and became Unitarians, others gave up Predestination and became Universalists, while many remained firm and steady to the end of their days.

So long as the people held to the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ, and lived up to the teachings of Him whom they held to be divine, so long did they remain good and faithful to their little inheritance of Catholic truth. Calvinism was more of a theoretical thing with them, and few followed it out practically. In later days, where it has remained in the "Profession of Faith," church members have been received without subscribing to it.

But besides Rationalism there came in two other great influences which helped to destroy the little faith they had. These are, and I must beg my reader's pardon for mentioning

them in the same sentence, Spiritualism or superstition and the Roman Catholic religion. As to the former, it has appealed to every class of New-Englander, and that land is now the favored home of those curious people who have set up a religion of their own.

Besides those who profess Spiritualism as a religious belief, there are thousands of others who belong to the various non-Catholic bodies, and who practise the same superstitions that Spiritualists teach. There is not a town of any considerable size, where the descendants of the New-Englanders dwell, which has not its medium or clairvoyant, who gains a good living off the credulity of the superstitious. This practice of consulting the dead and following the advice given by the mediums has been the commonest cause, and the most fruitful one, in bringing men to forget the Catholic teachings, especially in respect of the moral law, which were implanted in New England by the early settlers and held intact for over two centuries.

Whatever one may believe about the spirits whom they consult; whether they are really spirits or only the imaginations of some person with a mild form of hallucination, the fact of the matter is that this superstition has been and continues to be a means of drawing away from *any* definite teaching in matters of faith or morals. And it has left them with nothing to hold on to but a slender thread binding them to a world of folly, and, if what they say be true, to a land of spirits indeed, but of spirits each one of whom must be little less than an idiot.

The wave of unbelief which was rolling over Europe in the eighteenth century spread across the ocean to the shores of New England, and although its effects were not at once apparent, it prepared men's minds to receive the full tide of Rationalism which came in in the second quarter of this now fast closing and eventful nineteenth century.

The majority of men still believed in the goodness and mercy of God in spite of the "Profession of Faith" and the "*Doctrinal* Sermons" on predestination and election which were hurled at the heads of the hearers on Sunday mornings from the old plush pulpits in the little white meeting-houses which rose on the hill-tops of those beautiful New-England towns of ninety years gone by. It is a doctrine so consonant with reason, and all the best instincts of mankind, that something more than the *ipse dixit* of a Calvin, or even a "Profession of Faith," was needed to impress it indelibly on the heart. Doubt had come in with the scoffings of Tom Paine, the laughter of Vol-

taire, and the caustic writings of Jefferson, and the demon of doubt, when once it gains an entrance to the human mind, can be with great difficulty ejected. And so it happened easily that when Calvinism was attacked, those who spurned it had many sympathizers. And besides attacking Calvinism, the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ and His Redemption were the targets for the missiles that were hurled weekly from the pulpits of the men of the school of "Free Thought." The war of the Revolution brought not a few French to the colonies, and with them came the new ideas which upset the staid and steady old notions which your New-Englander had inherited. Then there began to flow a steady stream of men and women towards France, where, with the unbelieving and careless people among whom they were thrown, they made common cause of infidelity.

The great crash came not at once; it was rather a decay than a crash. As one has seen a great tree decay and fall to pieces in a few years until scarcely a trace remains except the rotting stump, so did the New England faith in the unseen and in God gradually disappear, until to-day its effect on the life of the people is as little as once it was great.

Under the name of Unitarians, the Rationalists have done as much if not more than any other of these various shades of religious opinion to shatter all belief among many. Under the sway of its two great lights, Parker and Channing, and with the aid of the rationalistic teachings of the faculty of Harvard University at Cambridge, Mass., it has exercised a potent influence which has been the more disastrous to religious belief as it has been subtle. And again, as distances became shortened with the advent of the railroad and the steamboat, communication of ideas became easier and they spread faster than at an earlier period. The daily and weekly papers and the monthly magazines have been not the least potent of all the powerful engines to spread error and truth, especially the latter. Editors easily fell into the trap that the human reason was sufficient, and that money was the end and object of all men's aims, and did not hesitate to teach it constantly in their journals. So gradually died the ancient faith and left men Deists, with no Christ, no certainty for a future life, and, worse than all, with a hard, stolid indifference to all forms of religion. The doctrine, as it is now stated, which has become impressed upon the minds of these people is one of intense liberality: namely, "It makes no difference what a man believes, provided he does what is right"; or "One religion is just as good as another, provided

a man acts squarely with his neighbor." Such may be said to be the result which Rationalism has produced. Can it be ours to lead these people back to the little faith they had, and finally to the whole faith that their forefathers had?

Perhaps the Roman Catholic religion by its presence has done as much to do away with the little faith these people had as either of the other two influences which I have mentioned. This influence has, however, been exercised in a way so indirect that it is not easy all at once to see it. So long as these poor people were not acquainted with the truth as we have it, and as the church did not stand as "a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid," so long their ignorance was excusable. But when the church became known under the ministrations of men like Bishop Cheverus and Archbishop Carroll, and the people by law allowed it to exist, then logically they ceased to protest and should have joined it. The church stood forth as her own witness to them, its doctrines were no longer unknown at least to thinking men, and yet they came not within her pale. One of them a few decades dead, in reply to the question "Why do you not believe the Divinity of Christ?" replied, "Because the whole system of Roman Catholicism would follow." Another not less famous remarked to some one when he came to him, announcing this discovery of truth in the Catholic Church, "What, have you just found that out? I have known that for forty years"; and yet he never became a Catholic. To them the church came and, like the Israelites of old, camped in the midst of them, erstwhile her enemies. She accredited herself to them as if she would say: "Here I am, the Ancient Church, whence you have all that you possess that is best. I am the Mother of the Sacraments that fill all the wants of human nature. I am the Mistress of Truth which satisfies all the needs of the intellect. I am the Guardian of the Commandments and the Interpreter thereof. Under my guidance, teaching, and nursing you can never go wrong. Whatsoever you have held heretofore of truth you had learned from me by the tradition of your fathers. Now I am come among you, and if you will hear my voice, well; but if you will not hearken unto me, it shall come to pass that you will live and die without even the little faith which you and your fathers inherited from me and have kept for three hundred years."

Is it not true, then, that these people by rejecting the faith of the church which they admitted together with all forms of belief to toleration, have thereby lost the little that they had?

For by admitting the Roman Catholic religion to exist on an equality with their own, and by allowing that it could be practised without any persecution of its members, they have denied the very cardinal principle on which they were founded. By this act they have accused the Cranmers, Latimers, Riddleys, and others of being mistaken utterly and altogether. Logically every one of them should have become a Roman Catholic as soon as he favored toleration.

But though the toleration was upon the statute-book, opposition did not die out. It rather increased, and we have to thank the rationalistic gentlemen of the land that it was finally quelled. It reached its height on that awful night when in the City of Charlestown, Mass., a house full of weak and defenceless women and young children was attacked by a furious mob urged on by the ministers of that commonwealth.

Nothing but the most intense bigotry or ignorance inspired the demons in human form who led the attack that night. It is a crime that has called for redress from that day to this, and for which the commonwealth of Massachusetts must be held responsible.

Perhaps when the day comes that justice will be done in the matter one obstacle to the conversion of these people will be removed.

Up to the present day there has been no great advance of the descendants of the old New-Englanders toward the Catholic religion, except by the most roundabout route. They have turned their backs upon it and traversed the world of religions in search of truth. Some have come back to the starting-point and found the old church in the same place, and have entered it at last in their old age. The majority have found their rest (?) in every camp and sort of ism, from the extreme of Ritualism to the other extreme of Unitarianism, and not a few have invented isms of their own. They have remained profoundly indifferent to the claims of the church, and a spirit of liberality has pervaded the society in which they moved. There have been converts to the church, but their action has never been the signal for many to follow them.

Here they are, then, from Maine to California, from Minnesota to the Gulf, without anything more to hold them than a "First cause that makes for righteousness." They are struggling for something more definite. Let it be ours to show them the truth in religious matters as plainly as they can show it to others in matters secular or scientific.

THE JESUIT "RELATIONS" IN ENGLISH.*



It is difficult to restrain one's enthusiasm when called upon to describe the new edition of the *Jesuit Relations*, under the direction of Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, three volumes of which have already appeared. Aside from the almost inestimable value of the *Relations* in themselves, this edition is of a character to delight every lover of books. Sixty volumes are announced, appearing henceforth at monthly intervals. In all, only 750 numbered sets are to be printed, after which, volume by volume, the types are distributed. The price of each set is \$210. Under the circumstances this is moderate, for not only are the mechanical details in keeping with the most advanced luxury of modern book-making, but the pains expended to secure accuracy of text, thoroughness of presentation, and precision of annotation are so plainly evident in the volumes before us that we scarcely need to be assured by the publishers that every transcription has been checked verbatim three several times; proofs have been read, whenever possible, from the originals, special punches have been manufactured to imitate typographical peculiarities, and the photographic process on the one hand supplements the most tedious investigations of learned specialists on the other.

At a time when multiplicity of *éditions de luxe* is becoming a reproach to American democracy, it is a relief to find the utmost resources of art lavished upon material so entirely worthy of distinguished treatment. The *Jesuit Relations* were first published in 1632, and from that date annually until 1673, under the editorship of the provincial, at the press of Sébastien Cramoisy, Paris. They were discontinued owing to the opposition of Frontenac, whose financial policy, which had at first been subserved by the missionaries, was now being threatened by their attempts to make agriculturists of the fur-hunting savages. So great, however, had been the popularity, especially in court circles, of these thrilling recitals from the depths of the mysterious New World, that forthcoming narratives found occasional publishers at Paris, Lyons, and in several

* *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents.* Cleveland, Ohio : The Burrows Brothers Co.

Italian cities, while the provincial placed many in a series devoted to the intimate correspondence of the society.

Nevertheless more than a century and a half elapsed before general literary appreciation of the *Relations* was aroused by Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, editor of the *Documentary History of New York*, who pointed out their great worth as historical sources. He was soon followed in his studies by Dr. John Gilmary Shea and Father Felix Martin, S.J. Collectors, suddenly become eager, found *Cramoisy*s exceedingly rare. Parkman, writing in 1867, said no complete collection existed in America. The Lenox Library, however, thanks to the energetic activity of its founder, to-day contains the entire set, and is rich in kindred literature. The Canadian government reprinted the *Cramoisy*s (Quebec, 1858) in three stout octavos, which are now also rare. Shea's *Cramoisy Series* (1857-1866) numbered twenty-five small volumes, limited to one hundred copies of each, and contained materials subsequent to the discontinuance of the original *Cramoisy Series*, together with reprints of some particularly rare numbers of that series. Dr. O'Callaghan added seven volumes of similar matter, also new, in an edition limited to twenty-five copies. As if chance favored the bibliophile exclusiveness to which these limited editions purveyed, fire destroyed a large part of *Le Journal des Jésuites*, published in 1871 from original manuscripts in the seminary at Quebec, and constituting an indispensable complement to the *Relations*. Father Martin's researches bore fruit in his edition of *Relations Inédites de la Nouvelle-France, 1672-79*, published at Paris in 1861, in two volumes. Father Carayon, S.J., added the *Première Mission des Jésuites au Canada*, Paris, 1864. All the contents of the works above named are fully set forth in the present edition, together with many *Letters* and *Relations* which were printed privately and have been collected by Father Martin; Father Arthur E. Jones, S.J., Archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal; Mr. James Lenox, and others. Moreover, a number of hitherto unpublished manuscripts, especially from St. Mary's College, fill out this most complete of all collections. Nearly 9,000 pages octavo of text are reproduced, with as many more of translation, yet the whole is only selective from the remains of the vast literary activity which persevered during the mission period.

The wealth of this heritage was generously acknowledged by Parkman and Bancroft; Sparks patronized it, and in the course of time historical writers have come to rely upon it—to quote

Field's *Indian Bibliography*—as "the source from which almost all the historic material of New York and Canada, during the first century and a half, is to be drawn." Now for the first time translated into English, the number of those who profit by its treasures must be largely increased.

Mr. Thwaites, the editor, is, according to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, "one of a band of Western historians who, during the last decade, have opened an entirely new field of historical study. He is a trained student and scholar, and an ideal editor for such a work." He is secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and has edited the society's *Collections* and *Withers's Chronicles of Border Warfare*. He is the author of *The Colonies, 1492-1750*; *Historic Waterways*—by which, perhaps, he is best known—and *The Story of Wisconsin*. An inconsiderable slip, now and then, in his phraseology relating to the church, shows him not to be a Catholic, yet not only is his treatment of his present theme characterized by the scrupulous impartiality of scholarship, but he is also plainly alive to the nature of the august testimony borne by the glorious martyrs and confessors of the time to that Faith which is alone capable of inspiring such heavenly ambitions and of sustaining such heroic fortitude. In one paragraph of the Introduction he says: "The story of the hardships and sufferings of the devoted [Huron] missionaries, as told by Rochemonteix, Shea, and Parkman, and with rare modesty recorded in the documents of this series, is one of the most thrilling in the annals of humanity. No men have, in the exercise of their faith, performed hardier deeds." His description of the *Relations* themselves is indeed stirring:

"The authors of the journals which formed the basis of the *Relations* were for the most part men of trained intellect, acute observers, and practised in the art of keeping records of their experiences. They had left the most highly civilized country of their times to plunge at once into the heart of the American wilderness and attempt to win to the Christian faith the fiercest savages known to history. To gain these savages it was at first necessary to know them intimately. These first students were not only amply fitted for their undertaking, but none have since had better opportunity for its prosecution. Their annals are, for historian, geographer, and ethnologist, among our first and best authorities.

"Many of the *Relations* were written in Indian camps amid a chaos of distractions. Insects innumerable tormented

the journalists; they were immersed in scenes of squalor and degradation, overcome by fatigue and lack of proper sustenance, often suffering from wounds and disease, maltreated in a hundred ways by hosts who, at times, might more properly be called jailers; and not seldom had savage superstition risen to such a height that to be seen making a memorandum was certain to arouse the ferocious enmity of the band. It is not surprising that the composition is sometimes crude; the wonder is that they could be written at all. Nearly always the style is simple and direct. Never does the narrator descend to self-glorification, or dwell unnecessarily upon the details of his continual martyrdom; he never complains of his lot; but sets forth his experience in phrases the most matter-of-fact. His meaning is seldom obscure. We gain from his pages a vivid picture of life in the primeval forest, as he lived it: we seem to see him upon his long canoe journeys, squatted amidst his dusky fellows, working his passage at the paddles, and carrying cargoes upon the portage trail; we see him the butt and scorn of the savage camp, sometimes deserted in the heart of the wilderness, and obliged to wait for another flotilla or to make his way alone as best he can. Arrived at last at his journey's end, we often find him vainly seeking for shelter in the squalid huts of the natives, with every man's hand against him, but his own heart open to them all. We find him, even when at last domiciled in some far-away village, working against hope to save the unbaptized and the unrepentant; we seem to see the rising storm of opposition, invoked by native medicine-men—who to his seventeenth-century imagination seem devils indeed—and at last the bursting climax of superstitious frenzy which sweeps him and his before it. Not only do these devoted missionaries—the world has never, in any field, witnessed greater personal heroism than theirs—live and breathe before us in the *Relations*; but we have in them our first competent account of the Red Indian, at a time when relatively uncontaminated by contact with Europeans. We seem, in the *Relations*, to know this crafty savage, to measure him intellectually as well as physically, his inmost thoughts as well as open speech. The fathers did not understand him, from an ethnological point of view, as well as he is to-day understood; their minds were tintured with the scientific fallacies of their time. But with what is known to-day, the photographic reports in the *Relations* help the student to an accurate picture of the untamed aborigine, and much that mystified the fathers

is now by aid of their careful journals easily susceptible of explanation. Few periods of history are so well illuminated as the French *régime* in North America. This we owe in large measure to the existence of the Jesuit *Relations*."

In transcription and translation Mr. Thwaites has been assisted by a staff of five competent linguists, and in the collation of matter by the librarians of the Bibliothèque Nationale and Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, Paris; of the Lenox and Astor Libraries, New York; of the libraries of Harvard College and McGill University; of the Parliament Library, Ottawa, and of the Jesuit colleges at Montreal, New York City, Georgetown, Woodstock, Fordham, and in the Netherlands. Numerous American antiquaries have rendered generous aid. To diligent commercial enterprise, therefore, which has spared neither labor nor expense, has been added the enthusiasm of many who worked for love.

Adverse criticism of the result is almost out of question. Indeed, it appears that the only serious drawback is the price of the series, or, rather, the quite reprehensible feature of limiting the edition, which encourages a sort of literary selfishness that is altogether inexcusable. In a spirit of minor criticism mention could well be made of a certain over-scrupulousness in translation which sometimes gives at least awkward English, if it does not positively mislead. (*Cf.* vol. ii. p. 47, "*Mes conjurez*," rendered "*My conspirators*"; p. 55, "*ce benign Sauveur du monde*"—"this benign Saviour," etc.) Awkwardness, to be frank, is a failing from which Mr. Thwaites himself is not wholly free; for example, the contraposition of "*mobility*" and "*nomadic*," vol. i. p. 22: "The intelligence and mobility of the Hurons rendered prospects more promising than with the rude and nomadic Algonkins." Or, p. 24, "They looked and listened with awe *at* the Mass." It is also to be regretted that a work upon which so much care has been bestowed should not be quite perfect typographically. In a cursory perusal of the Introduction one's eye is met by the misplaced parenthesis, p. 24; the spelling "*Raymbault*," p. 24, and "*Raimbault*," p. 32; "*skillful*," p. 33; "*carefully*," p. 41.

The series falls into seven parts, corresponding to the seven great Jesuit missions: (1) Among the Abenakis, (2) the Montagnais, (3) at Quebec and Montreal, (4) among the Hurons, (5) the Iroquois, (6) the Ottawas, and (7) in Louisiana. Volumes i. and ii. are devoted to Acadia (1610-1614), where the Abenakis predominated. They contain two pamphlets by Marc Lescarbot,

Parliamentary Advocate, and a *Letter Missive* of M. Bertrand, both of whom were opposed to the Jesuits at Port Royal. Their statements afford, as Mr. Thwaites rightly says, a dramatic background to the more virile compositions of the missionaries. These consist of five letters by Pierre Biard, two dissertations by Joseph Jouvency, one letter by Ennemond Massé, and one "*Relatio Rerum Gestarum*," to whose authorship no name is assigned. Each volume deserves more extended notice than space now permits, and it is the purpose of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to discharge that duty towards subsequent volumes as opportunity offers.

The value of the *Jesuit Relations* is indeed inestimable, since they recount the deeds of those black-robed heroes who, baptizing the virgin soil of our country with their life-blood, have beyond doubt established upon its future a lien which is engrossed in the Book of Life.



THE FIREFLY.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.



FIREFLY flits across the heavy night,
 The darkness trembles in the living light:
 The startled clod beholds the little blaze
 And cries aloud in wondering amaze:
 "This is our marvel none has seen before—
 The Light has conquered, Darkness is no more!"

O foolish clod!—a stir, the north-wind's breath—
 The firefly dies a passing firefly's death,
 And, as he sheds his fleeting, midnight ray,
 The nightless Sun rejoices in his day!

THE ETHICS OF LIFE INSURANCE.



THE complexities of a high civilization awaken duties and responsibilities unknown to a simpler form of living. A religious mind, with its implicit reliance on an overruling Providence, is very apt to leave the future to what may happen, and believing that all things work together unto good, take no care of the morrow or its entailed obligations. It belongs to a simple mind and a simpler mode of life to be content for the day both with the good and the evil thereof. Their sufficiency prevents the formation of that state of mind that borrows trouble for the future. But as we advance in thoughtfulness and consider the contingencies that the future may have, it is deemed a part of prudence to thrust forward our arm into the dark unknown and feel for and hold on to what we may grasp.

If we have responsibilities for the past, we may have anticipated duties towards the future. Because the acts of to-day entail responsibilities in the future, there is created an ethical relationship which cannot be ignored. Life insurance is the modern method of fulfilling the duties that belong to that which is to be. The ethical side alone concerns us.

THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF LIFE INSURANCE.

The rapid growth and the present enormous importance of the various forms of insurance are among the striking phenomena that characterize our modern industrial system, and a study of the development of this business and a consideration of the ethical functions which it discharges in the social economy afford an admirable illustration of the advance the human mind has made in the full comprehension of the whole round of obligations.

To the man of business the utility of an institution is the sufficient reason for its existence. He is accustomed to deal only with the useful features of his business, and seeing, as he does, that these things could not exist if they were not found

useful, he is apt to think that they came into existence for no other reason than that they were found useful. The student of social philosophy, however, sees at the basis of every form of co-operation and at every stage in the development of industry a confidence and trust among men which alone make such development possible. The economic development of society is not primarily based on utility. Confidence and trust among men are conditions which must exist before any useful inter-relation or mutual exchange and co-operation can have permanence.

SHARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

The utility of insurance consists in this: that many persons unite in sharing a risk to which all are exposed in common. A loss which would be overwhelming to an individual is found to be but trifling when shared by many. Statistics may show that a certain annual loss by fire has occurred in a particular locality for a long series of years. There is a probability that this loss will continue. No man, of course, expects that his own house will be destroyed, but he has a reasonable fear that it may be. It is, therefore, better for him to unite with many of his neighbors in the agreement that he will pay his quota in case the loss happens to any of them; they agreeing to pay for his loss in case misfortune happen to him. Insurance, then, is a form of "sharing one another's burdens"; hence the very large moral side it has apart from any business consideration. The liability to loss, or the element of risk, is inherent in every human undertaking, and the success of a man's projects is always liable to be defeated by circumstances over which he has no control, and by contingencies which he cannot foresee. The various forms of insurance unite many persons in sharing specific forms of risk. Such forms of co-operation give a person an added security and confidence in his undertakings, for nothing exerts so depressing an influence on one's activity as the continual dread of failure. It is the practice of every prudent man to diminish his risks wherever it is possible. When a misfortune does happen to a man, then his loss is diffused among many instead of being concentrated on one. It is extensive, not intensive.

The principle at the basis of this business is deserving of careful study by those who are interested in the promotion of social welfare. The principle is capable of many beneficial

extensions. Any intelligent consideration of the problems of old-age pensions and compulsory insurance must be based on a correct understanding of the true theory of life insurance. The fate of all such measures will be decided by the actual experience accumulated in life insurance companies.*

INTERESTING FACTS OF HISTORY.

A study of the growth of life insurance would be interesting from many points of view. We can here give only a mere outline. Our knowledge of the economic institutions existing in past ages is not as complete as could be desired. It is not probable, however, that life insurance existed before our times. Ulpian, the Roman jurist, computed a table to ascertain the value of life-rents in estates. The mediæval guild had some benefit features which might be thought to have some things in common with modern life insurance. In England during the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries there were many plans of insurance inaugurated and many annuity schemes also put forth, but all these enterprises were mainly speculative, and they failed because they were founded on insufficient data and were started on an erroneous basis. The history of modern life insurance may be said to begin with the formation of a company for the "Assurance of Life and Survivorship" in London, in the year 1762.† This company was the first that had the essential features of modern life insurance. From this time on attention was paid to the theory of probabilities and to tables of mortality, which respectively form the mathematical and statistical bases of this important business. The great development of life insurance, however, belongs to the present century. An English writer says that from 1706 to 1800 eight life insurance offices were founded in England; from 1801 to 1825 twenty-four were founded; and from 1825 to 1842 upwards of fifty-three.‡

GREAT GROWTH OF THE SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES.

But life insurance has attained relatively greater importance in the United States than in any other country. This is, no doubt, largely due to the spirit of enterprise which character-

* The problem of old-age pensions is much discussed in England, and those who wish to pursue the subject might read the works of Charles Booth. On compulsory insurance in Germany, see Palgrave's *Economic Dictionary*, *sub verbo* "Insurance."

† *Theory and Practice of Life Insurance*, J. H. Van Amringe, p. 49.

‡ See Lewis Pocock on *Life Assurance*, p. 96.

izes our people. In no country, moreover, is the business on a sounder or more conservative basis. There were some attempts made in the early years of the century to start life insurance companies; but life insurance was not popular in those days, it being regarded by many, as the quaint remark of a writer of the period puts it, as "wicked to insure their lives, or to travel in steamboats against wind and tide." The three largest companies at present doing business began in 1841, 1843, and 1859. The remarkable development in the business began after the Civil War, and it has grown with an unexampled progress. The great conservative life insurance companies stood the shock of the financial convulsions of 1873 and 1893 better than other financial institutions, and the words of the famous mathematician, De Morgan, still remain true: "There is nothing in the commercial world which approaches, even remotely, the security of a well-established life-office." The three large companies receive annually in premiums and other income about \$100,000,000, their assets aggregate about \$600,000,000, and they have outstanding assurance to the amount of about \$2,400,000,000. The natural presumption arising from a study of the development of such an enterprise is that to have maintained its place in the great field of competition it must have subserved a purpose of great benefit to society.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE INSURANCE.

The theory of life insurance in reality is based on a few principles easily comprehended, and the problems it involves are as accurately solved as mathematical analysis will allow. To the unthinking a business of this kind might appear much the same as other forms of business, but in no enterprise is there such a basis of certainty, and the entire modern insurance business is based on the calculations of the mathematician or the actuary. The merchant is obliged to conduct his business by a method of shrewd guessing, and many variables must enter into his calculations. The only important variable that must be taken into account in life insurance is the average rate of interest on capital, and the variations in this rate are of importance only in long periods.* There are many companies that spring up, and benefit associations that enjoy a brief prosperity by promising "something for nothing"; but such enter-

* Of course the daily fluctuations in the rate of interest are very great, but the average rate for one year will not vary much from the average rate for the next year.

prises come to naught because they ignore the perfectly well ascertained laws according to which any life insurance must be conducted if it hopes to meet with success. The insurance company calculates the probability of a man's death, basing its calculations on statistical data. In consideration of the receipt of an annual sum paid by the insured, the company agrees to pay a definite sum at the end of a stated term of years, or at his death if it occurs before that period expires. He thus is accumulating an investment, and at the same time providing against loss in the event of his death occurring before the end of his expectation of life. The business commends itself to conservative men because it is regarded by them rather as a sound investment than as a speculative venture.

EVERY MAN MORTGAGES THE FUTURE.

Every man bases his future plans on a certain expectation of life. On the presumption that he will live a certain number of years he forms many projects and assumes responsibilities which he expects to be able to discharge. He contracts debts, forms business projects, marries and has a family, and takes on himself many duties which he expects to be able to fulfil. His expectation of life warrants him in assuming all these obligations. Death, however, is a contingency which may step in at any moment and veto all his projects. In this event the responsibilities and obligations which he has taken on himself will fail to be discharged unless he has made provision for their discharge by others. The prudent man when he assumes an obligation minimizes his risks, and where he believes he cannot fulfil a duty he tries to provide for its fulfilment in other ways. The ethical element of the matter is found in the question: How far is a man obliged to make provision for the discharge of his responsibilities when he becomes unable to discharge them through no fault of his own? A man is bound to provide for the bringing-up of his children, and in the event of his death this duty often devolves on the charity of society.

Life insurance is a mode in which a man may make provision for the discharge of his duties when he becomes unable to fulfil them. There seems to be no good ground for questioning the proposition that a man should make such provision if it does not entail too great a present sacrifice. The question in life insurance, then, is merely a question of means: whether a man can provide for this contingency better in this

way than in another? Life insurance is a means of enabling a man to have his work carried to completion; it enables him to safely enter upon projects, in the assurance that they will be carried to completion so far as material resources are necessary for that end. A man in ordinary circumstances need not commit his work to the charity of society, or expose his projects to the risk of failure, when he can provide that they shall be carried out as obligations of justice. The remarkable growth of life insurance among the people indicates that this matter is coming to be looked upon in some such light. What appears to be a question of pure profit and loss appears thus to have an ethical basis as well, and the principle of life insurance is deserving of study by those who are interested in the practical aspects of social problems.

A SHEET-ANCHOR INSPIRES CONFIDENCE.

Life insurance to-day is not so much a guarantee against loss as it is an investment. Thus there are many forms of policies, and a life insurance company does a large trust business. It receives the premiums from the insured, which it invests at interest. At the end of the period it pays this investment to the insured. Thus we find to-day that many professional men do not wish to be hampered in their work by looking after the investment of their money, and prefer to invest in life insurance. The company then takes charge of the investment of their money, and when their days of active service are over they have a form of security held in high esteem in the commercial world, and have not been burdened with the care and anxiety of looking after the investment. The difference between an investment in a savings-bank and in an insurance policy is that, while the bank pays a slightly higher rate, the insurance company gives a guarantee against loss in event of death.

There are two extremes that one should guard against: an extreme of thrift and an extreme of extravagance. If one puts away a stated sum each year for contingencies, he will then be in a position to realize the opportunities of the present to the extent of his capacity. These forms of investment are now in the reach of all who receive moderate incomes. True living consists in realizing one's noblest capacities, and an extreme of thrift often makes life narrow and stunted, just as an extreme of extravagance leads to a waste of capacity.

FORESIGHT IN CREATING HOMES.

We may in the future look for a great extension of the principle of insurance. Working-men are aware of its great importance, and are anxious for insurance suitable to their needs. Those engaged in hazardous occupations are excluded from regular insurance companies, but they have their unions with their provisions for sickness, accident, or death. Many large employers encourage, and even assist, their men in taking out insurance policies. The practices in vogue in such places as the Krupp establishment in Essen, or at the Familistère of Guise in France, are deserving of careful study.* Another very excellent plan is that which has been organized for the purpose of promoting better housing of the people in large cities. The company sells a house to a man, for which he pays at first a reasonable cash installment; the remainder he pays in monthly installments in the form of rent, which are so distributed and graded as to pay for the house in a period of years. The company also insures the buyer's life, he paying the premium in his monthly installments; and thus, in the event of his death, his family has a home free from encumbrance.

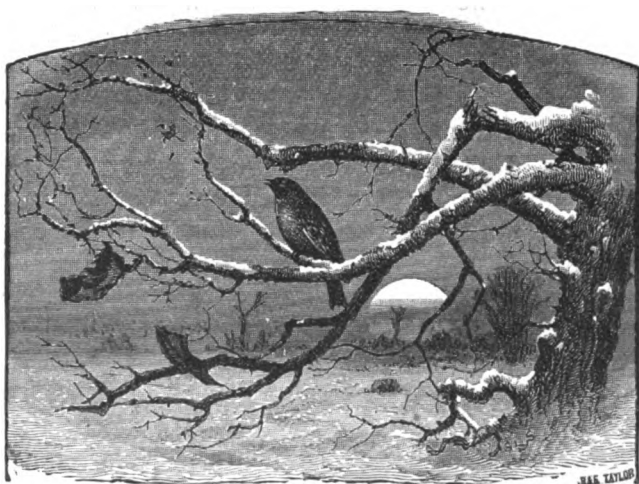
NEED OF GOVERNMENTAL INSPECTION.

There are forms of insurance which have appeared of late years that ought to be subject to the rigid supervision of the state and controlled by stringent laws. The poor and industrious are often the victims of the irresponsible. The insuring of infants is forbidden in some places, and the insuring of children is a practice that has many dangers. Many companies which do business of this kind are financially sound and able to discharge their obligations. But there is a systematic effort made to get people of small incomes to take insurance for small amounts when it is quite certain that after awhile they will allow their policies to lapse. In a company which does an ordinary life insurance business a policy cannot lapse after two or three annual premiums have been paid on it. A poor person, however, will keep up the insurance on a child for a few months, and then allow the policy to lapse.

All this points to the necessity of strict government supervision in a business in which not only individuals and corpora-

* See an interesting account of the Familistère of Guise in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

tions but all society has much at stake. Life insurance has, indeed, become of such importance, and the utility of governmental supervision so obvious, that nearly every State in the Union has a special commissioner, or superintendent of insurance, whose duty it is to see that all laws relating to the various forms of insurance are complied with. All companies doing business in a State are obliged to make annual reports of their financial condition to him and to hold their records subject to his inspection. The companies are also required to maintain a reserve to meet their liabilities; and if they fail to comply with the provisions of the law, they can be compelled by the State officer to discontinue business in that State. This governmental supervision, except in cases where it may be vexatious and without any obvious motive, works to the advantage of both parties—the insurers and the insured. It states conditions which all companies must comply with, and thus it raises the plane of competition. Again, it stands between the company and its patrons and protects the interests of the latter. A business of this kind, therefore, under reasonable public supervision is not so liable to suffer from abuses; and there is not much doubt that a great part of the extension of the life insurance business is due to the security given to the public by the careful public supervision it has always been under.



"THE AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST."*



It is not the least significant thing in the progress the Church is making in America to remark the considerable interest displayed by leading prelates in the present and future education of the clergy. The highest hill in the environment of the metropolitan city of the country is now surmounted by a magnificent institution on which the major part of a million of dollars was thought too little to lavish in order to secure the best type of sacerdotal character. In the North-west the wisdom of an archbishop postpones the building of his cathedral for a generation and devotes his best energies to the creation of a zealous and enterprising priesthood. The same policy obtains on the Pacific slope. It is not without its deep significance that the best thought and choicest energy of the leaders of the hierarchy are busied with the formation of the priestly character; for not a little of the progress of the church in the generation to come depends on the kind of men who stand at the altar and fill the pulpits.

Cardinal Gibbons has done his share of this work by giving us a guide to sacerdotal perfection. *The Ambassador of Christ* is a manual of clerical life. It lays down the rules of conduct and teaches the principles which inform and guide the priest from boyhood to death. For those who have in any measure mistaken the spirit of their vocation, the right corrections are offered; and especially for aspirants to the sanctuary the perspective is corrected from oblique or sordid views to noble ones. The true ideals are here most attractively proposed, mistaken aims though hidden by self-love are uncovered, and right standards are established. True ambitions, high motives, noble aspirations are everywhere breathed into the reader's soul.

Although differing widely in plan from Cardinal Manning's *Eternal Priesthood*, the aim of this volume is the same. Here it is secured by teaching the same high principles, but with a more familiar treatment. *The Ambassador of Christ*, especially in its opening chapters, is a hand-book of the spirit and practice of clerical training coincident with contemporary American

* *The Ambassador of Christ*. By James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, author of *The Faith of Our Fathers* and *Our Christian Heritage*. Baltimore and New York: John Murphy & Co.

conditions—a native clergy, a fuller academical preparation, and the formative forces in our secular environment. The age of church-building is on the wane among us, and the brick-and-mortar priest gives place to the *Ambassador of Christ*. His activity enlarges till it is coterminous with the entire population of the parish, Catholic and non-Catholic, rather than with those only who are "contributing families." The present clergy already contains a very large class who dread church-building, and are thankful that their laborious and heroic predecessors have made it to a great extent unnecessary. This book will mightily aid in drawing to the first place what had seemingly and for a time been crowded back into the second place, the divine office of winning souls.

THE MAKING OF THE PEOPLE'S PRIEST.

Another excellence of this work is that it is minute in its instructions about how to reach the people, to know them, to win them. The Cardinal is ever anxious to show the practical relation between the Christian sanctuary and the Christian home. He tells us how to become students of the people, of their lives and their life-problems, their temptations, their longings, their public affairs. This is of much value; it is a help to the making of the people's priest. There are clergymen who fancy they can serve God by abstaining from the people. We know priests of "exemplary" lives, and whose sermons might be put into books, and whose demeanor is equally of bookish excellence, especially in the confessional; and who yet do not so much as know that their people are rotting with drunkenness and with bad reading. They know books, but not men and women. There are "ecclesiastics" who seem to speak the language of the dead centuries, are well versed in history, but know nothing of the evils of the day; and are helpless to stop the common desecration of the Lord's day among their people, and the scandalous prevalence of heathenish profanity. This book is a thorough-going corrective of all this; or if that be despaired of—as in a few cases we are compelled to admit it must be—it will better succeed as an antidote in the seminaries and with the newer priesthood. Down among the people the Cardinal brings his sacerdotal reader; or better say, up to the level of men's souls he brings the theoretical priest, raising him out of the dark well from the bottom of which he may have been viewing the stars at noonday.

The fruit of such reading is not the churchman, whose ideal is mainly to keep out of the way of trouble, but the pas-

tor of souls trained and inspired with the practical purpose of keeping immortal souls out of everlasting trouble. The priest who reads this book and assimilates its teaching, will become a true priest and a true pastor of souls. The standards of the Gospel, the maxims of the saints, the lessons of experience, the warnings of failures—all are given in simple, pleasant, forceful style, fitted to generate and perpetuate a habit of unflinching loyalty to Jesus Christ and his people, whether in the true fold or out of it. Love for the poor and the fallen breathes in every page. Love for the tabernacle and its enthroned occupant is everywhere taught.

PLACE HIGH IDEALS.

Low views—this is the blight of the priesthood. There is an estimate of clerical excellence which actually concentrates everything praiseworthy in the high title of "a safe man." It means that priestly happiness consists in being let alone by the people and promoted by the bishop. A note of sacerdotal sanctity is that one is never mentioned in the newspapers—and this for a man in public religious office at the end of the nineteenth century! An "edifying priest," according to this view, is one rounded out with smooth mediocrity—often pompous mediocrity. Our Cardinal corrects this estimate, and gives the true view. His words are stimulating, sometimes stinging to dull hearts, who hope to win a crown by doing no harm, and do not fear to lose one by omitting to do much good.

These chapters take the priest from the dawn of his vocation, through college and seminary into the sanctuary, and finally through the scenes of his active life, and the seclusion of his prayerful hours, to his own happy death amid the tears of his people. Wise with matured experience in a kindly and successful episcopate, the author's pages may be used, in nearly every part of the book, as points for daily meditation, so spiritual, and yet so matter of fact, is the treatment of the topics, so replete with Scripture references, citations from the Fathers and the sayings of the saints. Scenes are sketched, thoughts are made to grow into purposes, and everywhere the high standard is insisted on as the only worthy one, and, generally speaking, as the only safe one. As for example :

"The true priest has the noblest mission on earth, not only because he offers up the Lamb of God on the altar, but also because he immolates himself on the altar of duty and charity in behalf of his fellow-beings. His whole life is a perpetual sacrifice, and self-sacrifice is an evidence of a magnanimous soul."

Again : "As the envoy of Jesus Christ he upholds and vindicates the rights and prerogatives of God among the people to whom he is sent, just as a minister plenipotentiary of the civil government sustains the power and the majesty of the nation that he represents. He is furnished with the credentials of a divine embassy, and is empowered to prescribe the conditions on which men may enter into a treaty of reconciliation and peace with the King of kings."

A ZEALOUS PRIESTHOOD IS THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

This work of our American Cardinal is, therefore, both the expression and the fruit of his veneration for the Christian priesthood. He knows that heavenly vocation well; by the divine evidence of his own interior call, by many years of active ministry, and by the practical lessons of the episcopal office. "A pious, learned, and zealous priesthood is the glory of the Church of God," are the opening words of the preface, and that note is the dominant one throughout. The whole book is a perfectly polished gem, whose flashing lights reflect every tint of personal holiness, zeal for souls, Christian manliness, cultivated intelligence, heroic courage which form the priestly character. Here may young men's souls feel the germs of vocation to the altar warmed into life as by genial sunshine—an allurement more attractive than the pomp of war, more enthralling than the purest love of maiden. Here may the busy pastor of souls uncover again the springs which have gradually been hidden by the dead leaves of daily routine, springs of reverence, of sympathy, and of tender love for souls. In this book many who have stopped timidly on the bold course of principle, because shadows of human criticism have crossed them, will learn to move onward with unfaltering step.

Three great ideas are harmonized in this book, the emphatic ones among the many treated of. One is the high standard of priestly personal perfection; the second is zeal for the Catholic people; the third is love for our non-Catholic brethren. The latter is so prominent a feature, that to some who have jogged along for many years to the beat of the humdrum, it will make the whole book a plea for missionary work.

In fact this book has a distinct missionary tone. Nearly the entire preface is devoted to the missionary outlook in America. It is a suggestive fact that the author's other great book, *The Faith of Our Fathers*, was made up of lectures to non-Catholics given in his early episcopal career in North Carolina. Still true to this early inspiration, the author in the present volume

tells his brethren of the clergy what makes an Ambassador of Christ worthy of his place in the eyes of observant non-Catholics, and points out the way to win them. Some of his most interesting chapters are special instructions and exhortations for convert-making.

In the chapter on the "Instruction and Reception of Converts" the aggressive spirit of the Catholic Church is well developed. "Her motto is *onward*," says the Cardinal. "She is militant not merely in the sense that she has to endure assaults and persecutions, but also because her mission is to gain conquests, not indeed with the material sword, but with 'the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.'"

A PRIEST'S VOCATION IS MISSIONARY.

The claim of our fellow-countrymen, separated from the true religion, is recognized. It is recognized as a real claim, arising not only from the providential kinship of national ties, and those of a personal or business or social nature, but above all from the command of Jesus Christ, "Going, therefore, teach all nations." This, as the Cardinal plainly shows, rests upon the priesthood of our day, no less than it did upon the great personages who first received it. The Christian ministry is apostolic and missionary in all ages and in all countries. That it is meant by God to be so in a special sense in our day and country, Cardinal Gibbons proves, both by stated arguments and by constantly repeated references to facts and principles throughout the book. This is as it should be. It is of the utmost value to God's Church, that the official leader of the American clergy should emphasize as an ordinary duty of the parish priest, what has heretofore been too often relegated to the vague regions of the heroic. Another advantage is that the author goes into details in this matter, tells how to preach and lecture and pray and converse and read and exercise charity, with a view to the noblest of all ends, the salvation of the most necessitous of souls. Convert-making is, according to the Cardinal, the parish priest's crown of glory. He thereby shows himself a true brother of his fellow-citizens, as well as a loving pastor of souls. A practical comment upon the Cardinal's words, is his recent institution of a band of missionaries for non-Catholics in the diocese of Baltimore, thus setting apart some of his own diocesan priests, to work exclusively for conversions in immediate co-operation with the parish clergy.

As an instance of the continual mindfulness of the Cardinal of the claim of our separated brethren, we notice some very

practical remarks in his chapter on sick-calls and funerals, one of the best in the book. He shows how one may save the living in caring for the dying, and in the last offices over the dead. The day will come, we hope, when the visitation of the sick, both in town and in country, will mean the consolation of all the sick of every creed and of no creed by the priestly charity of our clergy. At any rate, in the sick-room of a Catholic there are often found non-Catholic friends, including relatives and the attendant physician. Many conversions have resulted from the object-lesson of the church's farewell to the departing soul, and upon this the Cardinal enlarges with vigor and with various illustrations from actual life.

VERNACULAR PRAYER.

The following extract is of much interest: "In some parts of the United States, the custom is observed [at funerals] of reading the prayers of absolution in English, after they have been recited in the language of the Liturgy; and there is no doubt of the good impression it produces on the congregation. I was informed by a venerable prelate from New Zealand, and by another from Cape Colony, that the same practice obtains in their dioceses with most edifying results. These prayers, authorized by the church and consecrated by centuries of usage, abound in Scriptural allusions appropriate to the solemn occasion, and, when distinctly and reverently repeated in the vernacular, they command the attention of the hearers. They unfold to them the richness and hidden beauty of our Liturgy, of which some of them, perhaps, never before had a glimpse; and they serve to convince them that our Ritual, when understood, appeals to the reason, as well as to the emotional nature, of man. A priest of this diocese was recently called to perform the funeral service at the house of a deceased convert. All the attendants at the obsequies were Protestants, and they manifested a shy and reserved demeanor towards the officiating clergyman. While he was reciting the prayers of the Ritual in Latin, they frowned on him, some of them even exhibiting marks of levity; but when he began to read the same in English, they listened with close and respectful attention. And, finally, when he preached to them, they wept through compunction of heart."

It is mainly through such personal and continual manifestations of interest in non-Catholics, that the priests and people of the diocese of Baltimore, thoroughly imbued with the zeal which characterizes their prelate, make, perhaps, the best showing of

converts, both in numbers and in quality, of any diocese in America.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

A beautiful chapter on congregational singing is incorporated. The uses of it he thus sums up: The people are "engaged in public prayer; for every hymn, or psalm, or canticle that is sung, is a prayer of praise, of thanksgiving, or supplication to God. They are making an eloquent profession of faith; for how can a Christian proclaim his religion more openly than by standing up in the midst of the congregation and announcing in a loud voice some truth of divine revelation? Several years ago, on a Sunday morning, I entered the Cathedral of Cologne, during a Low Mass, and took a seat in the body of the church. The vast edifice was filled with a devout congregation, representing every station in life. I observed the officer and the private soldier, the well-dressed gentleman and the plainly-clad laborer, ladies and domestics, young and old, priests and laymen, mingled together and singing in the vernacular the popular sacred hymns of fatherland. They seemed so absorbed in their devotional chant as to be utterly oblivious of everything around them. I said to myself: what a noble profession of faith is this! I never attend a religious service in a German church without being charmed and filled with delight, listening to the hymns so sweetly intoned by the whole congregation. Our German brethren have happily perpetuated this devout tradition of their forefathers. By joining in sacred song the people are preaching God's word, and often, though unconsciously, they touch the heart of some wayward soul that casually enters the church. . . . The joyous anthem of praise, or the tender notes of supplication, sometimes exert more influence in reclaiming a sinner than does the formal discourse from the lips of the priest."

As we have already said, the loftiest and holiest conceptions of the Christian priesthood are often given; yet they are very practical.

Speaking of failures, he says: "How did these Ambassadors of Christ perish? Very probably, their downward course began in the seminary, where they led an indolent and tepid life, without betraying, however, any evidence of glaring delinquencies. The day of ordination was contemplated by them, not with salutary dread on account of the new yoke it imposed, but rather with joy as emancipating them from seminary restraints, and inaugurating a reign of mundane freedom. In the ministry they

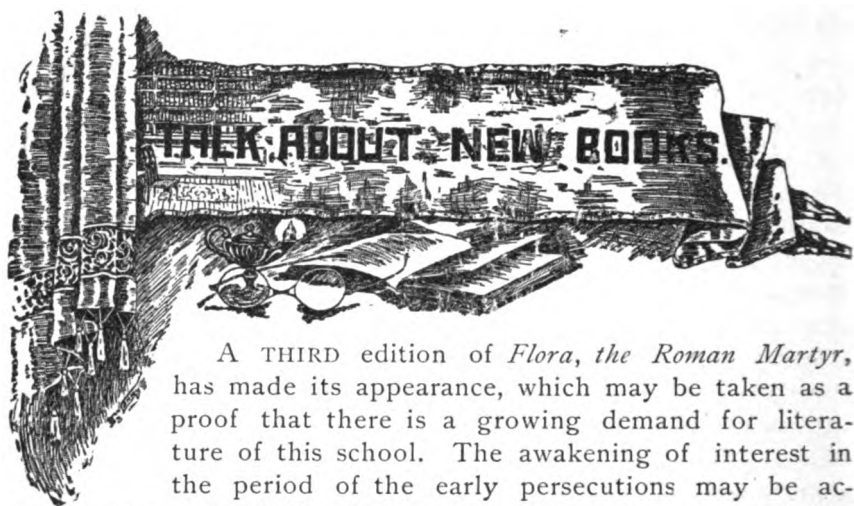
lived without order or method. They prayed without devotion. Their official duties were irksome and oppressive, and were performed in a perfunctory manner. The studies congenial to the ecclesiastical state became an intolerable bore. They lived on the excitement of the hour. They were, at first, sustained by amusements that were harmless. When these began to pall, they indulged in more stimulating and dangerous pleasures. Meantime, God's grace was less abundantly bestowed on them; their conscience became blunted; their intellect clouded; for 'the sensual man perceiveth not those things that are of the spirit of God.' Those divine warnings, which before had stung the soul, were brushed aside as weak-minded scruples. To every fresh attack of temptation they offered a more feeble resistance, till at last they fell easy and willing captives to the tempter. It may be remarked that the two rocks which have occasioned the greatest number of wrecks, are intemperance and impurity."

THE DIOCESAN CLERGY THE PRINCIPAL WORKERS.

No object for the eloquence of pen or tongue could be higher than the advancement of priestly virtue, especially that of the diocesan clergy. They form a class of men second to none for attractive qualities. They offer innumerable instances of personal sanctity, as genuine as it is unpretentious. They are, with few exceptions, true men, with the best of humanity's native gifts, clearness of mind and uprightness of heart. They are worthy of the devoted love of their people, and they possess it. But they need and they call for such books as *The Ambassador of Christ*, to maintain their high standard, and to elevate it yet higher.

The directors and professors of our seminaries need such a book for specific reference, here in America and from the highest authority among us.

Whatever helps the parish clergy helps the whole Catholic community. The parish priests are the roots of the tree of life. Catholics generally know little of religion but what is parochial. The entire truth and law of God, as embodied in his church, is identified with the parish priests. To elevate their character, to widen their culture, to guide them to greater and yet greater love of the people, to increase their powers of sanctifying their own souls and saving the souls of others, is the most useful work possible in our day. It is well done by Cardinal Gibbons in the *Ambassador of Christ*.



A THIRD edition of *Flora, the Roman Martyr*, has made its appearance, which may be taken as a proof that there is a growing demand for literature of this school. The awakening of interest in the period of the early persecutions may be accepted as a very healthy sign for the cause of earnest religion, for there can be no better stimulus to sincerity and steadfastness in faith and noble living than the well-presented tale of primordial constancy and enthusiasm unto death for the cause of Christ under the persecuting Cæsars. *Flora* is more a typical character than a real historical one, but in its construction and movement the story may be regarded as a veritable historical picture.

The great difficulty with an author who chooses this period for the background of his work is the multitude of persons and the number of the horrors which confront him. The heart is sickened and the mind reels from the repetition of blood-curdling scenes of inhumanity; while the accessories of the drama crowd out, so to speak, the interest in the principals. This has been the case with most of the books which have this theme. If the process were reversed, and a simple but vivid tale of private life constructed, with a background of public tragedy, in which the incidents might in due time become involved in such a way as to exhibit all its tremendous horror, the effect might be more impressive and the readers more numerous.

As this story, however, stands, the literary workmanship of *Flora** is of a high order, and some of the harrowing situations have a really beautiful and solemn close. The element of the supernatural is occasionally resorted to, where the horror of the situation is felt to be too overpowering, especially in a scene describing the martyrdom of St. Laurentius; and we are compelled to own that this daring expedient justifies its use by its efficacy in that particular scene.

* *Flora, the Roman Martyr*. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

Under the heading *The Philosophy of Literature** Mr. Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D., has published a series of lectures recently delivered by himself. Although, judged by his own preface to the collection, he has no sufficient apology for the presentation of this work, as he states no absolutely new truth, we are sure many will follow his treatises with pleasure. There is inherent novelty in the very style in which every succeeding thinker puts forth his views even upon old subjects; and if we were to apply a rigid line of exclusion in literature unless novelty in matter were to be propounded by each new aspirant, we could not smile at the old Roman enactment prescribing a halter for the neck of each man who came forward in the Forum to propose a new law. The ideas and the views with which different intellects support one central idea are worthy of our attention, provided they be well set forth and void of pedantry. This condition will certainly be found in Dr. Pallen's work. Although his style is usually ornate and serious, he presents his arguments in an elegant and forcible way, and we can easily conceive that on the platform they might be much more attractive than on the cold printed page. His thoughts flow out under the radiance of the Divine Light which he regards as the fountain and the end of all philosophy, and the relation of which to the soul of man and his ethical action here below he conceives to be the true keynote of literature. A deep erudition and a complete grasp of the systems and principles which pass under his review are obvious characteristics of Dr. Pallen's work. Its most obvious defect is a want of concrete illustrations and an assumption of as deep an erudition on the part of his audience as he himself fortunately possesses.

We have a plain case of the novel with a purpose in the story called *Mademoiselle Blanche*.† The criminal carelessness with which the law in many countries regards dangerous occupations for women and children, such as acrobats, balloonists, and sensational performers generally, is the object in the author's mind's eye, and he has worked out his exemplification of this evil in a way which holds the reader's interest fairly well until the tragic ending of the tale. A still higher object in the author's mind was to show that even a young woman who follows the perilous profession of an acrobat and tight-rope dancer, with all the suggestive want of drapery which that profession necessitates, may be as pure and guileless a

* *The Philosophy of Literature*. By Conde B. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Mademoiselle Blanche*. By John D. Barry. New York: Stone & Kimball.

being and as devout a Catholic as any of her more fortunate sisters. It is possible; the human mind is a curious mass of inconsistencies; and in different countries different views on many collateral points of morality prevail. The central consideration in this proposition is not the subjective peccancy or innocence of the performer, but the stumbling-block she may be to others. It is possible for an acrobat to dress becomingly for her profession without giving scandal; it is equally possible for one indifferent to this consideration with just an equal amount of dress to attract the weak and evil-minded.

Here, however, the heroine is a young girl of pure and blameless life and childish innocence. She attracts a man by her performance and her theatrical costume chiefly, and not by her character; and unfortunately she marries him. He proves to be a selfish empty-pate, and when the girl, on the advice of her physician, gives up her great act in the circus—a plunge from the top of a building into a net—he loses his affection for her, since she loses her attraction for the public and ceases to earn a large salary. To regain his affection she resumes her perilous occupation, and is, as she feared she would be, killed. The feat described is an actual one—often witnessed in Paris and London. It is terrific to behold, and most certainly ought not to be permitted.

There is little in this story beyond the sketching of this phenomenal lady acrobat and her shallow husband, yet somehow the author contrives to make that little interesting. The glimpses of bachelor life and the subsequent domestic one are prettily handled in the story. The minor characters are filled in with ease, and no undue prominence is given to any, to detract from the central interest of the tale.

Those who like the study of quaint and obsolete forms of English, and quaint but not obsolete forms of religious belief, or rather fantastic eccentricity in faith, will find much entertainment in the reproduction of an old work entitled *Religio Medici*,* by Sir Thomas Browne. This worthy flourished in the Commonwealth period in England, and his *Religio* affords a striking reflex of the fantastic jumble which the conflict of Puritanism with the hybrid ritualism of the Elizabethan era had produced in the minds of the religiously inclined. The learned doctor's profession of faith, which smacks strongly in some parts of the Pharisee in the parable, contains, along

* *Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici and Urn-Burial*. New York: Macmillan & Co.

with much repudiation of things "Popish," a good many things about praying for the dead and the possibility of miracles, side by side with many other opinions which are purely Calvinistic. But we are sure that the perusal of this curious old book, as a literary curiosity, if for nothing else, must prove not only entertaining but instructive to all who have sufficient clearness of vision in religious matters to discern true reasoning from sophistical. The brevity of the strong phrases, the directness of speech, the absence of that polysyllabic padding, the swathing of the mummified thought, so to speak, which characterizes the writers of the ephemeral literature of to-day, must come to many almost as the revelation of a new language. The work holds, it is claimed, the place of a classic in the literature of the somewhat barren epoch in letters in which it was produced.

Incorporated in the volume is a second and shorter one by the same author, entitled *Hydriotaphia, or Urn-Burial*. This is an exceedingly erudite treatise on the antiquity of cremation, together with many truly admirable reflections upon death and immortality, and the vanity of funereal and necropolitan pomp. It is easy to see that a thorough familiarity with the classics was in the author's time deemed more requisite than under modern systems of education. The work is so full of archaisms in prosody and spelling as to need a glossary, and this will be found at the end. An excellent mezzo-engraving of the author, reproduced from the original, is given as a frontispiece.

Two books on the Hebrew people come to hand simultaneously. The larger one is a scholarly work for the use of scholars, by Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D., of Brown University.* His survey covers the period from the separation between Israel and Judah down to the fall of Jerusalem, B. C. 586. In spirit of treatment and literary style this survey—for as such it can only be regarded when it compresses such a history into the limit of two hundred pages—is worthy of its subject. It at all events enables the student to form some clear conception of the Jewish social and political organization, and its intermittent faith in the Divinity whose chosen people they were. The days of decadence, when luxury, effeminacy, and the following of false gods had sowed the seeds of destruction among this ungrateful people, are powerfully depicted, but it is impossible to avoid feeling how closely the eloquent words of the author

* *A History of the Hebrew People*. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

come home to our own times and social conditions. Those deeds of excess and avarice which the Hebrew prophets were constantly denouncing are reproduced with painful verisimilitude in the degenerate society of to-day, in every land where a base plutocracy thrusts itself forward as the representative of the highest expression of the state and the age.

The other work is a briefer history for the use of younger readers,* and has been especially prepared with that view by H. A. Guerber, who has produced some other historical outlines for juvenile enlightenment. As it is intended for public-school pupils, who embrace free-thinkers as well as Christians and Jews, the treatment of the subject is purely secular. To achieve this result in the case of a people whose religion was their chief reason for national existence requires as much ingenuity as boldness. It shows with what a delicate consideration the sentiments of free-thinkers are regarded, and is a very striking symptom of the tendency of the age in matters of education. The book, it should be added, is very richly illustrated, as if it were thought that a pictorial cornucopia ought to make up for a paucity of merit in a more important direction.

An ingenious and pretty book for baby scholars has made its appearance under the title *Our Little Book for Little Folks*.† It is intended, primarily as a home adjunct to the teacher's efforts, and its attractiveness would seem to give promise of being a valuable one. It contains the beginnings of many things besides the three R's—drawing, coloring, and music, for instance, of a grade adapted to the capacity of the budding mind. The book is admirably turned out by the publishers.

A novel with the purpose of advertising a particular training establishment is an idea that may appear preposterous to many, but is there anything more inconsistent in that idea than the diversion of a stream of fiction into any other channel that is not its natural bed? This is the reflection suggested by a perusal of the story called *Three Daughters of the United Kingdom*.‡ A few years ago there was an English noted military adventurer named Burnaby, whom nobody believed to be actuated by any but the best intentions, and he in describing his ride to

* *The Story of the Chosen People*. By H. A. Guerber. New York: The American Book Company.

† *Our Little Book for Little Folks*. Arranged by W. E. Crosby. New York: American News Company.

‡ *Three Daughters of the Revolution*. By Mrs. Innes Browne. New York: Benziger Brothers; London: Burns & Oates.

Khiva mentioned the benefit he derived from a certain brand of pill. Thus he achieved a threefold result: he gave a good thing its merit out of gratitude, he helped the makers of the pill, and he helped the world at large to know how it could share in his advantages. By a thousand degrees such is a better purpose for a novel or writing of any kind than that of writers who try to spread religious doubt as in *Robert Elsmere*, or to sicken us with nastiness as in the *Heavenly Twins*. There are other things in the *Three Daughters*, however, besides the revelation of educational methods. The various adventures of the respective heroines, who are types of Irish, English, and Scotch wit and beauty, are diversified and entertaining, and the culmination is pleasant.

Father L. W. Mulhane has issued in an expanded form the matter of a pamphlet published by him some time ago touching *Leprosy and the Charity of the Catholic Church*.* This has been done in order to satisfy a very general desire for information on this painful yet most interesting subject. The universality of the foul scourge of leprosy is a fact which is perhaps too much kept out of the ken of the reading world, but the splendid sacrifices made by the devoted priests and sisters of our holy church are just as carefully excluded from the public view by the deliberate ignoring of their efforts by the greater part of the press. Their attempts to stem the tide in every clime, as well as the patient endeavors of medical science to diminish it, are fully discussed in Father Mulhane's admirable little book.

The first volume of a new American supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has been issued by the Werner Company, of New York and Chicago. The work has been edited by Day Otis Kellogg, D.D., of Kansas State University, and it will contain over fifteen hundred portraits and other engravings. The print is large and clear, the paper heavy, and the binding handsome and massive. As to the contents of the supplement, it is too early to speak unreservedly, but it is fair to say that the work, so far as it has gone, does not show any of that design to exclude distinguished men from its pages because of their religious principles with which similar works have been, and we believe not altogether unreasonably, charged; but we wish to reserve our criticism upon this point until the series is complete.

* *Leprosy and the Charity of the Catholic Church*. By Rev. L. W. Mulhane. Akron, Ohio: D. H. McBride & Co.

With the first volume comes an ancillary work, under the title of *A Guide to Systematic Readings in the Encyclopædia Britannica*. This implies that the larger work is of a much more comprehensive and universal character than encyclopædias usually are, and perhaps in the case of this particular one the implication may be to a large extent justifiable. The *Guide* has been prepared by James Baldwin, Ph.D., and it shows evidence of patience and good taste in the selection of its matter. It is, in fact, in itself an encyclopædia in little. To a great many people brief media of information seem the best adapted to this age of practical business; hence the summary column of a newspaper is its most valuable feature. To this rather numerous class the *Guide* will doubtless supply all the encyclopædia knowledge they think desirable.

Lady Lindsay's book, *A String of Beads*, has been read, and talked about, and some of the choicest verses have perhaps been memorized by that portion of the English public which has at heart the interests of the coming men and women of Britain. Although the first edition appeared four years ago, it seems that none of our American reviewers, especially those connected with professedly children's magazines, has given the book the notice which it deserves. Why has Lady Lindsay made "a string of motley beads"? She tells her reader in the "Dedication" that it is

". . . just because I see
Sweet children's faces smiling as I pass,
And long to sing to them of sunlit grass,
And birds and trees, and all fair things that be."

Her verses treat successively of the garden, the house, the sea-shore, morning and evening, stories, fancies, and other things. We commend it alike to the boy who yet finds delight in tops and hobby-horses, and in building castles made of clay; and to the girl who sings lullabies to her doll after she and dolly have taken tea together. There is about these verses that indefinable charm of not being excessively childish. Their technique is exquisite in point of execution; their style clear as crystal, full of the feeling which intelligent children appreciate, and pleasantly suggestive of the spirit that permeates the prose tales of Charles Lamb and the poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson.

* *A String of Beads*. Verses for children. By Lady Lindsay. London and Edinburgh : Adam and Charles Black.

I.—BEQUEST FOR MASSES.*

The spirit in which this admirable little tract is written may be inferred from its dedication to Lord Russell of Killowen, "the first Catholic Chief-Justice of England since the Reformation." But Mr. Dillon is a lawyer as well as a Catholic, and, however much he might wish that the law on the subject of bequests for Masses for the repose of souls might be placed on a sound basis, he does not assume that it is so placed; though undoubtedly he seems inclined to think that it arguably stands upon such a basis. This, however, is purely matter for lawyers, and is too highly academical for the general reader. Indeed the forms for such bequests given at pages 55 and 58 show very distinctly Mr. Dillon's appreciation of the danger of drafting a bequest for such a use on the theory that by itself—and without support from any other principle or without being absorbed in some legally valid consideration—it could stand on its own dignity.

Plainly a bequest for Masses where English law prevails could only be valid as a charitable trust, and if in addition the trust contemplated a perpetual offering of Masses in consideration of an endowment in perpetuity, the necessity of its being a charitable one became absolute. It was decided a long time ago that property could not be tied up, so as to be inalienable, beyond a certain limited time; but this rule was held to apply only to private trusts. Consequently if it could be shown that a foundation in perpetuity to support a priest, or partly to support him, on the condition that he said Masses for the dead according to the testator's intention, was a charitable foundation the devise was good in law. But such a trust since the Reformation in England would be for a superstitious and popish use, and would be so held wherever English precedents on the subject ruled. At the same time it is eminently arguable in a country whose Constitution makes religious liberty a fundamental principle that such a devise would be, in certain conditions, distinctly within the policy of the law. If the Catholic religion is a legal form of worship and belief in the United States, it follows, in the absence of decisions to the contrary, that any provision or endowment connected with that religion which would be good in an analogous case, if made in favor of Episcopalianism, would also be good in favor of the Church.

* *Bequests for Masses for the Souls of Deceased Persons.* By William Dillon, LL.D., of the Irish Bar and of the American Bar (States of Illinois and Colorado).

Now, a bequest to have Masses said for the testator's soul and the souls of certain definite persons—putting aside the objection that the testator is himself the beneficiary, that there is an element of definiteness, and that the court has no jurisdiction in the realm to which he and the others have gone—can clearly be made charitable by coupling it with an object of public benefit. It would then be held that the testator's direction concerning the saying of the Masses was not of the essence of the trust; no more than, if a bequest for education had coupled with it a direction that a panegyric should be pronounced upon the testator by the handsomest boy in the school, and with an accent free from any suspicion of hibernicism, that the direction there would be of the essence of the trust for education. Such an object of public benefit would be a provision, or partial provision, for a clergyman to be employed in public duties of worship such as are performed by parish priests, in the presence of all who might think proper to attend divine worship, and in the service of all who should need his offices in any way within their scope. Either of these conditions would make the use a charitable one—that is to say, a bequest or devise for the support of a parish priest engaged in the performance of the offices belonging to that station would be charitable; or a bequest or devise to have Masses said for the dead, but in public in the presence of all who might think proper to attend, and as an act of public worship would be unquestionably charitable within the principles of charitable uses, apart from the hostility of English legal interpretation and English public policy to the Mass as an act of religious worship.

No doubt the practical view at present is that such a bequest had better be made as a legacy to the individual by name, or to a pastor and his successors, with a request to say or have Masses said for the testator's soul, or the souls of such others as he may direct, provided that the direction be not framed so as to constitute a precatory trust. In other words, the wish of the testator should be so expressed as to leave it on the face of the document optional with the legatee or devisee to regard it or not, as he thinks proper.

We heartily recommend Mr. Dillon's book not only for its exposition of the law on such bequests, but as supplying valuable suggestions as to the means of working into the legal tone of the United States at least a presumptive opinion of their validity until the presumption is rebutted. Such a presumption would be in accordance with the principle of the Constitution

which does not permit Congress to make a law prohibiting the free exercise of religion ; so that bequests for Masses for the dead should be treated rather according to pre-Reformation rules than by rules founded on a "public policy" which meant hostility to the Catholic Church.

2.—ITALY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

It would be difficult to write uninterestingly of Italy. The history of her greatness and her weakness has been many times retold, and from as many points of view as there have been pens to trace the outlines of her eventful story. The sources of her historical materials seem almost inexhaustible, so that when a new volume comes to hand to tell us once more of her great achievements and humiliating defeats, we are at once prepared to be both interested and instructed.

Italy in the Nineteenth Century,* from the graceful and untiring pen of Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, makes stirring and suggestive reading. We find her yet the Italy of old—for ever wearing out her soul in factious struggle, living ever again the stormy, passionate days of Dante, Giotto, and Savonarola.

But on the pen of the present writer she is never wholly dejected. Sometimes, too, it is very hard to be brave—hard even to be hopeful. Yet she is drawn through the ordeal of her most distressing crises with ever the prayerful promise of a new and better future. She is often humiliated, but not without honor. Often overthrown, but with something of victory even in defeat. Parting from her to-day, the pity of the nations as she makes another grand desperate stand for life and freedom, the author has still a word of trust and good cheer, that another and brighter and more prosperous day for the Italian people may be about to dawn.

We pray it may be so.

Covering such a lengthy and changeful period in the history of any country must necessarily involve the amassing of an immense volume of material, as well as its careful and judicious choice. Mrs. Latimer has selected her materials well, although we venture to submit that the nature and sources of her authorities are not always the most satisfactory. Especially and most persistently do we protest against being referred to daily or weekly newspapers for corroboration of our historical data. Of course this may be justified, in some small degree at least,

* *Italy in the Nineteenth Century, and the making of Austro-Hungary and Germany.* By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Chicago : A. C. McClurg & Co.

by the great difficulties which necessarily attend upon the writing of contemporaneous history. Somebody has said that it requires at least fifty years to lend the facts which make history their proper perspective and due proportions. The author's chapter on the Papacy, however, which here we have specially in mind and concerning which we are perhaps best fitted to judge, cannot be excused upon such grounds.

On this subject Mrs. Latimer is either thoroughly misinformed or not informed at all. Her definition in the opening paragraphs of an ecumenical council as "a parliament of the civilized world held in the interests of religion" we cannot accept. It might fit very well indeed the recent "Parliament of Religions" held in connection with the Columbian Exposition, but an ecumenical council in the sense understood by the Catholic Church, never!

Nor yet can we concede that "the first seven general councils were convoked by Roman emperors," except in the sense that the temporal princes have sometimes acted under the sanction of papal authority either antecedent or subsequent. It is only by virtue of such sanction that these councils could have any binding force whatever in the universal church. The act of convoking an ecumenical council is one of purely ecclesiastical jurisdiction vested in the Sovereign Pontiff alone.

The author contends that the Vatican Council held in Rome in 1869 "could not in a proper sense be called general," and this because "It was not a council of the old Roman empire. It was not a council at which the laity were represented with the clergy. It was not a council at which all parts of Christendom were to assist." But since neither of the two first-named conditions are at all essential to a council in "a proper sense," we may dismiss them without comment. The author's denial of the presence of the third condition concerns a question of fact, in reply to which we have but to quote from the Bull of Indiction, *Æterni Patris*: "Hence we will and command that all the venerable brethren, the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops everywhere, so also the beloved sons, the abbots and all other persons whose right and privilege it is to take part in general councils, come to this ecumenical council convoked by Us." In addition to this there were expressly invited "all bishops of the churches of Oriental rite not in communication with the Holy See"; "all sovereign princes and rulers of all peoples," as well as "all Protestants and non-Catholics," the latter being exhorted in particular "to consider whether they

were walking in the way marked out by Christ and leading to eternal salvation." Who, then, were excluded?

We must really abide in our belief that the Vatican Council was "general"—and that, too, "in a proper sense"—until more cogent arguments to the contrary than these have been adduced.

The forms into which the author has thrown what she considers the five principal propositions contained in the Syllabus are dangerous and misleading. Not any one of them can be accepted without careful modification and distinction.

On the subject of Papal Infallibility a question of fact is confounded with one of expediency. The opposition party to the Pope's Infallibility was not concerned with the *fact* whether the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, could or could not err, but was occupied almost exclusively with what it conceived as the dangerous consequences of elevating the belief—already almost universally accepted—to the dignity of a dogma of the Catholic faith.

"Setting aside this one question of opportuneness," says Cardinal Manning (*The Vat. Conc. and Def.*), "there was not in the Council of the Vatican a difference of any gravity, and certainly no difference whatsoever on any doctrine of faith. I have never been able to hear of five bishops who denied the doctrine of Papal Infallibility."

In these brief remarks we have covered but three of the twenty-odd pages devoted to the Papacy. We like to think that in point of accuracy the remaining chapters of *Italy in the Nineteenth Century* would come through the ordeal of a critical analysis with better grace.

And yet we have reason to believe that in all she may have said Mrs. Latimer is actuated by none but the loftiest motives. She has striven bravely to be honest. And as such her book deserves better at the hands of Catholics than most of the writings of our times that have dealt from a non-Catholic stand-point with questions regarding our history and our faith.

3.—THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FATHER JOHN MORRIS, S.J.*

The friends of Father Morris, and indeed all students of English Church History, will be pleased to learn that his biography has appeared. The volume—some 300 pages in 8vo—is

* *The Life and Letters of Father John Morris, S.J.* By Father J. H. Pollen, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

from the pen of the Rev. J. H. Pollen, S.J. In it may be found a complete sketch of Father Morris, brief indeed, yet thoroughly satisfactory. It is made up mainly of letters which passed between Father Morris and his friends, and where these were unavailable the author has supplied the deficiency by relating concisely such facts as add to the clearness of his picture. A fault too common in works of this sort—profusion of minute details—is wholly absent in the present instance. Father Pollen's keynote is brevity, and those to whom this characteristic may be disappointing will find a sufficient apology in his preface.

The book is compact and complete; it brings the reader into close acquaintance with Father Morris; his letters draw aside a veil and show the man and the priest in his simplicity, honesty, and candor. As is natural, where a life so full of activity has been condensed into a book of this size, the reader's interest is nowhere allowed to flag. At first Father Morris appears the playful, self-confident boy as judged from a glimpse of his school-days at Harrow. His companions seem to have proposed no feat which he was not willing to undertake, sometimes with ridiculous failure as a result.

After his return from India, this happy-go-lucky spirit gave way to a more serious turn of mind, which led up to religious misgivings, and finally resulted in his conversion to the Catholic faith. To watch the progress of his thoughts during this period will give special pleasure to those interested in the wonderful and various methods used by God in the conversion of souls. Being awakened at first by the famous Tractarian movement, which was then giving a new direction to the spiritual views of many distinguished men, Mr. Morris, though but sixteen years old, began to study religious questions seriously. To this was added a keen interest in Gothic architecture, which Mr. Pugin was at that time reviving in England, and which found a warm advocate in Mr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, then vicar of Wymeswold and tutor of Mr. Morris. These influences from a religious and æsthetic aspect bore in upon the mind of the young man and did much in convincing him of the truth of Catholic doctrine.

Next the priest is met with, affectionate, firm, and so full of zeal as constantly to employ in literary pursuits whatever spare moments could be snatched from his regular duties. His energy in this respect urged him, when canon of Northampton, to write the life of Thomas à Becket. Later on, although much

pressed for time, he managed now and then to contribute articles to the *Dublin Review*. Precision and accuracy were the characteristic features of all his writings; his contributions to history, always drawn from original sources, attest the truth-loving spirit of their writer. To Father Morris belongs the high honor of being one of the few whose labors seem to have changed the public opinion of our time in regard to Catholicity during the Elizabethan epoch.

With pleasure, then, we commend the book before us; it clearly unfolds the truth and justice which Father Morris so loved to set forth. The volume is a pleasant one to read; the style is free and lucid, and the letters of Father Morris are very interesting. Especially is this so in his description of "Holidays in Italy," where he gives scope to a pleasant humor that makes one regret having reached the end. We bespeak a kind reception for the book, feeling confident that being so interesting it is quite sure to win favor.

4.—PASTORAL THEOLOGY.*

We have read with pleasure and profit the above-named work, and find it not only well suited for the young priests for whose instruction it was primarily intended, but also well calculated to benefit priests generally, even those who have had years of experience. Books treating of the priesthood, its dignity, duties, trials and rewards, those which consider it rather from the point of view of personal sanctification, are indeed numerous; but in English, at least, there is a lack of those which consider the priest in the *ensemble* of his official relations, as pastor, preacher, catechist, confessor, and as steward of the temporalities of his parish. We have, to be sure, Canon Oakeley's *Priest on the Mission*, Frassinetti's *Manual*, and, lately, Cardinal Gibbons's excellent book, *The Ambassador of Christ*; but a Pastoral Theology was a desideratum which Dr. Stang's book will go far to supply. He has combined extensive reading with accurate theology; he is happy and judicious in enforcing his teaching with texts of Holy Scripture, with citations from the Fathers, and with pertinent quotations from councils, notably and properly from the various decrees of the Baltimore Councils which bear on the particular subjects treated. In setting forth his own views, in giving advice, he is both kind and enlightened—one that ever has the good of souls as the main

* *Pastoral Theology*. By Rev. William Stang, D.D., Vice-Rector of the American College, Louvain. Société Belge de Librairie, Brussels.

point to be sought. Incidentally, as smaller matters, we are not in fullest accord with him ; as, for example, on page 89 as to the truth and propriety of putting before young priests, some of whom may be foreigners, Dr. Brownson's judgment on American character. But on the whole Dr. Stang has done his work well, in an honest, helpful spirit, and it is an excellent contribution in assisting priests to labor more efficiently in this great, promising vineyard of the Lord, and much of his material, notably his introduction to the various chapters on the Sacraments, will serve excellently for instructions and sermons on those important subjects. Benziger Brothers sell the book, which is published in Belgium.

5.—NOTES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.*

These notes, as the author tells us in his preface, were originally notes for lectures delivered to students, and have been revised with care for publication. It need hardly be said that the work has been well done, and that as a brief compendium of dogmatic and moral theology, it would be very difficult to find or prepare anything better.

There is, however, an insuperable difficulty in the way of preparing compendiums of any science ; and theological science has no exemption from it—indeed, it suffers from it more than many others. Science, when elaborated as the modern physical sciences have been, simply cannot be put into a nutshell, and the same is of course true of Catholic theology. It is quite plain that books professing to make a man his own lawyer or physician cannot accomplish the end proposed. Many things must be omitted, and the omissions make the truths which are stated liable to be misunderstood.

There is, in short, no royal road to knowledge. The danger, then, and a practical one, as experience shows, is that readers of compendiums will fancy that they know it all. If they understand that they do not, and before venturing on discussion, or particularly before deciding on practical lines of conduct, they consult those who have a really thorough and professional knowledge, a compendium will be of great service, not only by the positive information which it gives on points of lesser intricacy, but also by the suggestion of questions which otherwise might not occur.

And, at any rate, there is no way of instructing those who

* *Notes on Christian Doctrine.* By the Right Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D.D., Bishop of Nottingham. (Benziger Brothers, American agents.)

have not time or ability for more profound studies except by works of this kind, or by similar matter spoken, which is still more liable to be misunderstood. Moreover it is extremely desirable that the faithful, as well as those outside the church, should know more of Catholic faith and morals than they do. And for all the purposes which a brief exposition can serve, these notes, as has been said, are usually well adapted, in clearness both of arrangement and of style; and no more open to the objections above stated than must necessarily be the case.

6.—THE GOSPEL FOR AN AGE OF DOUBT.*

This is one of the best of the many attempts made in recent years to provide a gospel which the present age—which the author, of course rightly, calls an age of doubt—will be willing to accept. He also rightly, as it seems to us, distinguishes between the doubt of to-day, which really desires to believe something, and the destructive and scoffing unbelief of a previous age.

As usual, the gospel proposed is obtained by cutting away from the various dogmas held by Christians those on which there is the most divergence, and retaining those which most strongly appeal to love, and excite hope. He does not, however, proceed by any means as far in this direction as many have done, and often comes much nearer to distinctively Catholic teaching than he seems to be aware. Of course, like others engaged in the reconstruction of Christianity, he does not seem to suspect that the gospel he is in search of can possibly have been preached from the beginning, but is looking for a new theology, to contain the best elements of all the old ones, with more added to them, or rather naturally following from them. Looking everywhere in a disjointed Christendom for dogma, he of course considers it to be now in a chaotic state.

Going farther, however, than is usual in the reconstructing process, he cannot avoid coming upon some more or less difficult problems, such as the Divine knowledge of contingent events, which he disposes of in one very short paragraph.

The best chapter of all is probably the first, on "The Gospel of a Person." He says that "the fount and origin of the power of Christianity was, and continued to be and still is, the Person Christ"; or that it did not reside so much in a code of morality, however perfect, or in teachings as to the nature of man, or his future destiny, but in the acceptance of God in Christ. But in his own explanation of what is meant by

* *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt.* By Henry Van Dyke, Pastor of the Brick Church in New York. New York: Macmillan Company.

this, he is necessarily drawn into rather definite dogmatic statements, on the whole fairly orthodox; and it would seem that he must see how necessary the precise definitions on the nature and person of Christ made in the early centuries were to preserve intact this citadel of Christianity. But like most Protestants, he seems to imagine that the love of Christians for the God-Man, so carefully guarded and strengthened by these early definitions, gradually faded away—that he receded as it were into the distance, and that his Blessed Mother took the place he had once held. It would only be required to read Catholic utterances like those, for instance, of St. Bernard, to show how each of these devotions, so far from weakening, intensifies the other.

On the whole the book is a good and encouraging one, and ought to be the means of helping many to a full knowledge of the truth which the author is reaching after and trying to find for himself and for others. It seems strange, of course, to Catholics that one can go so far, can be so attracted to the real truth, and yet stop in his tracks; but nothing but this can be expected, till one begins to suspect that after all the so-called Reformation was not what all Protestants assume it to be—a step in the right direction.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

The Life of Father Charles Perraud. By Augustin Largent, Priest of the Oratory. With an Introduction by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:

Martin Luther. By Gustav Freytag. Translated by Henry E. O. Heine-mann. *Ancient India, Its Language and Religions.* By Professor H. Oldenberg.

THE MAYOR'S COMMITTEE of New York City:

Report on Public Baths and Public Comfort-Station.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

Juvenile Offenders (Criminology Series). By W. Douglas Morrison.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

LITTLE & BECKER, St. Louis:

Style and Composition. By Rev. William Poland, S.J.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY BULLETIN, Washington, D. C.:

Prehistoric Law and Custom. By Frederick W. Pelly.

BROOKLYN "DAILY EAGLE" PRESS:

Thirtieth Annual Report of St. Peter's Hospital, Brooklyn, under the charge of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis.

L'ÉGLISE ORTHODOXE GRÉCO-RUSSE.

Controverse d'un théologien catholique romain avec un théologien orthodoxe schismatique. Par J. B. Röhm, chanoine de Passau, traduit par E.-M. Ommer. (Bruxelles, Société belge de Librairie, 16 Rue Treurenberg.)



THERE is trouble again in the East and as usual the unclean Turk is at the bottom of it. The scene of massacre this time was the old battleground of Crete, but the party of murder there has got the worst of it for the present. The Cretans rose against their oppressors and drove them into their forts. Reinforcements were hurried forward from the mainland, but Greece here interposed. All over the country the cry of sympathy with their fellow-countrymen in Crete arose, and the government was forced to yield to the popular demand. Gunboats had been dispatched to Cretan waters, and one of these prevented the landing of the Turkish reinforcements and turned them back. This act of war was followed up by something more decided still. Greek troops were sent to the island, and they immediately attacked the Turkish forts and captured the garrisons. Crete, there is good reason to believe, will be at last delivered from Turkish rule, as a result of this blow.

Nothing has yet been decided regarding the Manitoba schools. The matter has been submitted, however, for legal opinion to the Honorable Edward Blake, and it is his opinion that it is not in the power of the Dominion government to compel Manitoba to restore the separate schools of the Roman Catholics. He states at length the legal considerations which lead to that conclusion, and as it was he who acted as counsel for the minority in the appeal to the Privy Council in England his opinion can hardly be questioned. He considers the terms of the settlement proposed by Mr. Laurier infinitely more advantageous to the Roman Catholic minority than any Remedial Bill in the power of the Dominion Parliament to pass.

There is hope at last of justice being done in regard to the claim of the Irish Roman Catholics in the matter of higher education. Mr. Balfour recently made a statement in the House of Commons, to the effect that if the clergy and laity in Ireland came to an agreement on the control of a university

the government would provide the funds for the establishment of such an institution. A million pounds is the sum likely to be set apart for that purpose—a very small fraction of the amount due to Ireland by way of restitution.

Ushered in under very stormy auspices, the promised new Education Bill in England seems destined to have a very rough passage through the seas of debate. It differs *in toto* from the bill of last year, save in the principle of bringing some relief to the starved-out voluntary schools. The principle of decentralization in control, so prominent a feature in last year's bill, has been entirely abandoned. Only as a small installment of justice is the measure accepted by the Catholic press. A grant in aid to the voluntary schools, amounting to five shillings per head, is offered, together with the abolition of what is known as the 17s. 6d. limit.

It is not because we admire or value titles that we are glad to note the distinction just conferred on an Irish historian by the sovereign. In bestowing the honor of knighthood on Mr. J. T. Gilbert royalty has given another proof that men of arts and letters have at least as good a claim upon its consideration as successful brewers and æsthetic distillers. The new knight is a man of whose scholarship and unselfish labors in the cause of letters any country might be proud. He has sacrificed many years of his life in the transcription and publication of ancient records in Celtic, Norman-French, Anglo-Norman, and abbreviated mediæval Latin, and given to the world many beautiful reproductions of illuminated art in civic charters, official deeds, and other documents buried for centuries in the muniment rooms of ancient boroughs, and which might never have seen the light but for his untiring industry and local knowledge. His *Lives of the Irish Viceroy*s and *Street History of Dublin* are works of enormous value to the student and the literary world generally. But these are only a fractional part of the vast recondite antiquarian work to which the world is indebted to his pen; and it is well to say here that much of this work was not completed without entailing heavy pecuniary loss on the devoted author. By the dignity now conferred upon him the gifted and estimable Catholic writer whom we knew as Rosa Mulholland becomes Lady Gilbert.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS.

WE point with pleasure, and in doing so call special notice to the announcement of the great gathering of Catholic scientific men at Fribourg, Switzerland, in August next. These International Catholic Scientific Congresses have been held at various periods, and at each successive gathering have been growing in importance and commanding the attention of a wider circle of scientific men. The prospective Congress of the month of August bids fair to be the most imposing conclave of learning that has assembled within a decade of years. Already the most notable scientific men of the European universities have signified their determination to be present, if not personally by sending a paper to be read.

The topics discussed will cover a wide range of scientific thought. All these papers will be published later and sent to the members of the congress.

The real value of such gatherings of science, besides constituting a great people's university in which scientific men secure a larger audience before which they may place the fruits of their original research, it gives these men an opportunity of meeting each other, and no little advantage flows from such meeting.

American scholars ought to be well represented in this summer gathering. In the last congress there were some few American names, particularly some who had European affiliations. That congress was not well known. But in the present congress American scholars, laymen as well as cleric, ought to figure largely. Dr. Zahm in his subjoined letter announces the conditions of membership.

"On the ninth of next August, in the beautiful university town of Fribourg, Switzerland, the International Catholic Scientific Congress will hold its fourth triennial meeting. Its sessions at Paris in 1888 and 1891, and at Brussels in 1894, have passed into history as the most remarkable Catholic assemblages of the kind the world has yet witnessed. The amount of work accomplished by these three congresses, considering the many difficulties to be overcome, was immense, whilst the enduring

good which resulted to the church from these reunions has been beyond calculation.

"But great as was the success of the first three congresses, it is the desire of the promoters of the coming congress, especially blessed by our Holy Father the Pope, to make its success still more marked and its influence even more wide-felt. From present indications there is no doubt that this desire will be fully realized, for already the number of those who have been enrolled as members reaches nearly two thousand, and the number is daily augmenting. Among those who have already given in their adherence are the most distinguished scholars of Catholic Europe. Along with them are cardinals, archbishops, and bishops from every country of the old world, all vying with one another in furthering a movement of which they both individually and collectively appreciate the supreme importance.

"The object of the congress is, as already well known, to excite and develop the scientific activity of Catholics; and, to attain this object, it makes a periodical appeal to all Catholics in any country whatsoever who are interested in the scientific movement, and invites them to take part in the proceedings.

"Any one may become a member by the paying of the sum of ten francs. This amount entitles one to a ticket of admission to all the meetings of the congress and to all its published reports. The *Comptes Rendus* of the last congress amounted to nine good-sized volumes, which are worth far more than the price of admission to membership. These publications embrace not only a full account of the proceedings, but also contain all or nearly all of the papers which are prepared or read by its members. When one reflects that these communications are several hundred in number on all scientific subjects, except theology, viz.: on religious sciences, on philosophy, history, biology, physics, mathematics, anthropology, philology, Christian art, juridical, social, economical, and medical sciences, etc.; that all subjects are treated by specialists, and that the information given is fully up to date, it will be seen that the published reports of the congress constitute a veritable library of valuable information which should be in the possession of every one who would be fully abreast with the march of contemporary science.

"Hitherto the number of American representatives at the congress has been very limited, while those who took an active part in its proceedings was still more so. This year it is ardently desired that the number may show a substantial in-

crease. Especially is it hoped that there will be a large representation from the ranks of the hierarchy, a representation that will be at least in some measure commensurate with that of the hierarchy of Europe and with the greatness of the American commonwealth. An earnest invitation to attend the congress is extended to the members of the various religious orders, to the professors of colleges and universities, to the friends and promoters of the summer and winter schools, to all, in fine, who are interested in the progress of science or who are desirous of contributing in a most effective manner to the welfare of Holy Church.

"All papers intended to be read before the congress should be written in French, Latin, or German, and should be in the hands of the Secretary-General by May 15. Papers written in English will be translated by the Committee on Organization into French or German, as the author may elect.

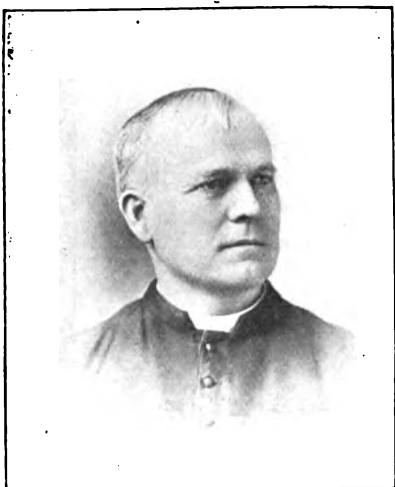
"Among the crowds of visitors to Europe next summer there will doubtless be many who have so far had no thought of attending the congress. All these, clergy and laity, will find it to their interest to spend a few days at Fribourg. They will there have an opportunity of meeting many of the most distinguished scholars of the church, and of combining instruction with pleasure in a manner which would be impossible elsewhere.

"Let us, then, have a large contingent of Americans at Fribourg next August. No one will regret coming; on the contrary, it will prove a source of inspiration and of happy memories that will be as enduring as it will be beneficent. Should any find it impossible to attend the sessions of the congress, let not this prevent their becoming members; but let them send in their names at once to either the secretary, Professor Dr. Kirsch, 23 Grand Rue, or Professor Dr. Fietts, 9 Grand Rue, Fribourg, Switzerland. Either of these gentlemen will be pleased to forward to all applicants full information about the congress."

Those who wish to do so may address themselves to Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., President of the International Scientific Catholic Congress for America, 19 Via Dei Cappuccini, Rome, Italy.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC
AUTHORS.

REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D., was born in Parkstown, County Meath, Ireland, on August 15, 1837. He came to this country with his parents in 1849, and went to the public school in Rahway, N. J., and afterwards to the parochial school in Jersey City, N. J. His classical education was begun in St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del., and finished in St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, where he was graduated in 1857. His theological studies were made in St. Sulpice, Paris, where



REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

he spent three years, and finished in the American College, Rome, where he spent two years. He was ordained by Cardinal Patrizzi, as the first priest and the first doctor of the American College, in 1862.

Dr. Brann began to write early in life for newspapers and magazines. Many of his articles have been published in this magazine and in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. He has edited a set of readers for Catholic schools. His best known works are, *Curious Questions, Truth and Error, The Age of Unreason,*

and a *Life of Archbishop Hughes*. The doctor was for nineteen years in this city the pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church, which he built at Washington Heights, and has been for nearly seven years the rector of St. Agnes' parish, where he has built a beautiful parochial school.

MISS EDITH BROWER's home is in Wilkes-Barré, Pa. Though born in New Orleans, she has lived in the North nearly all her life, and—as if to emphasize her translation from the South—in that section of it “which has,” she says, “always elected, or tried to elect, a Republican President.”

Her first story, "Terry," which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in 1888, dealt with mining life. The majority of her stories, indeed, are set in this picturesquely interesting milieu. Wilkes-Barré, though a big town, has some of the idyllic charm of a country village—a charm not injured by the collieries with which it is ringed about. In order to familiarize herself thoroughly with the daily existence of the mining population, Miss Brower once spent a short time in a mining settlement, living in the family and style of an "inside" stable boss.

She invests the lives of these grimy human moles with much brightness. With a rich fund of humor, that salt of feeling and understanding, she is deeply sympathetic, but most intelligently so. To perceive this one need only read that sweetest of her stories, "Barney McCrea's Saint." It is a prose poem. Moreover, she has the "literary conscience" to a superlative degree. It is her curse, she says. No critic could appraise her work with the severity of her own inexorable demands.

Although Miss Brower has achieved a flattering success in the fascinating field of the short story, the domain of the essay is the one in which her powers find their fittest exercise and best expression. She has contributed a number of keen, straight-from-the-shoulder articles to the Contributors' Club in the *Atlantic Monthly*, besides several essays full of originality, clear thought, and cogent reasoning. The first of these, "Is the Musical Idea Masculine?" in the March *Atlantic* of 1894, created great interest, and not a little heated controversy by its bold assertions concerning woman as an emotional being. It was copied widely—even a Constantinople publication printing it in part.

"The Meaning of an Eisteddfod," a remarkably scholarly paper which appeared the following year, kindled the Welsh people all over the land to fiery enthusiasm and brought down an avalanche of letters and resolutions upon the author.

Perhaps it is in the article on E. A. MacDowell, the American composer and pianist, printed in the March *Atlantic* of 1896, that Miss Brower is at her best. Miss Brower, being a true lover of music and a pianist as well, brought to her task an intelligent appreciation of Mr. MacDowell's ability.

She is a woman of remarkably earnest character, taking hold of life with all her force and seeking to add to the sum total of human good by the utmost that can derive to it from her own individual efforts. Outside her literary work, her chief interest is in an "Improvement Society" which she herself organized in her own town.

JOHN J. À BECKET.

GEORGE HARRISON CONRARD, whose lyrics and sonnets are now attracting attention on both sides of the Atlantic, was born in Ohio twenty-five years ago. He received his education at St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, where he was graduated in 1892. Although still a very young man, his verse is characterized by a degree of maturity and a loftiness of purpose which immediately stamp his work as that of a master. His poetry is always pure, vigorous, and manly, and although he is especially happy in his sonnet-work, his lyrics commend themselves for their simplicity, their tenderness, and their pathos.

If a literary style may be described as "picturesque," this poet of the Middle West certainly possesses such a style, for so vivid and striking are the impressions which his lines portray that there can be no mistaking their intention. He has contributed to the foremost periodicals of the day, both religious and secular.



GEORGE HARRISON CONRARD.

Mr. Conrard resides at "Rivernook," near Ludlow, Kentucky, a trans-river suburb of Cincinnati. A genuine old Kentucky mansion, its broad verandas command a magnificent view of the Ohio on the one hand and the Kentucky hills on the other.

A true Bohemian, he is fond of genial companionship, and his home is the rendezvous of a coterie of young men of various professions, lawyers, doctors, and the devotees of art, literature, music, and the drama, all of whom find in him a warm and consistent friend.

He is an enthusiastic follower of athletics and all manly sports; is fond of his rod, gun, and dogs, and, as becomes a true Kentuckian, is reputed as being a fair judge of horse-flesh.

A true genius, a ripe scholar, and a polished gentleman, fearlessly professing and upholding his faith, he is a good type of true Catholic manhood, and one who cannot fail to accomplish much good.

A volume of Mr. Conrard's recent poems will appear early in the spring of 1897.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ON February 10, at the Tuxedo, Fifty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, about one thousand Catholics of this city gathered to congratulate the Rev. M. J. Lavelle upon the honor conferred upon him by his election to the important post of President of the Catholic Summer-School of America. The assemblage was notable in point of distinction as well as by size. Many of the prominent pewholders of the Cathedral came to honor their rector; all those who have been most closely identified with the active work of the Summer-School were present; and friendships formed on the beautiful shores of Lake Champlain were renewed at this, the largest assemblage ever held in or around New York in the interests of the school.

The Cathedral Library Reading Circles gave the reception to Father Lavelle, and their spiritual director, the Rev. J. H. McMahon, introduced Mr. David McClure, a parishioner of the Cathedral, as the presiding officer. In a very happy manner Mr. McClure introduced the speakers of the evening. Mr. Fornes spoke of the pleasant relations existing between the Champlain Club and the Summer-School, and pointed out the enjoyable features of this Catholic Country Club. Father McGuirl, President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, in an eloquent and vigorous speech emphasized the cordiality shown by the young men to the Summer-School idea, and referring to Father Lavelle's former connection with the Union as its President, saw a happy bond of union in the fact that he was now president of the new organization. On behalf of the Catholic Club, Judge Daly spoke of the warm interest the club took in the school as a powerful factor in the intellectual development of the Catholic people. He eulogized Father Lavelle very highly, pointing out his remarkable executive ability, and dwelling with emphasis upon his fondness for hard work, and his self-sacrifice in never asking another to do what he did not do himself. He foresaw much good from the presidency of so energetic and able a priest as Father Lavelle, who by his labors as well as his position had won the respect of all who knew his work.

Dr. Conaty, the new Rector of the Catholic University and retiring president of the Summer-School, said that in spite of numerous engagements he had come officially to New York to testify to the esteem in which the University held its younger sister, the University of the People. He pledged the influence of the University to the cause of the Summer-School. The fact that he had been its president was a guarantee of the bond that joined them. He said that New York had not yet done its full duty to the Summer-School. He was quite prepared to admit freely that New York had done more than any other city, practically; still if New York wanted the school to be a success the school would succeed. He called upon Catholic New York, therefore, to support Father Lavelle, not alone by good will, but in a more solid manner. The school needed money. He ventured to say that he was making the most eloquent speech of the evening when he executed a commission to present to Father Lavelle a check for two hundred dollars, which was the contribution of one of the Cathedral Library Reading Circles to start the fund for building the New York Cottage.

Father Lavelle, in rising to respond, was evidently much affected by the enthusiastic applause that greeted him. He said he did not know how to express the feelings of his heart. He knew that these kind words and this manifestation

of appreciative good will were meant not for him, but for what he represented. He hoped that New York would help him to carry the burden he had been called upon to assume. He would not detain his audience with words. He felt that they knew how much he appreciated their kindness, and was confident that those before him would help him in his effort to place the school on a sound financial basis. He drew a pleasant picture of life at the Summer-School, and closed with a wish that they might all meet again next summer at Lake Champlain.

On the platform, besides the speakers, were seated Archbishop Corrigan, Monsignor Mooney, Dean McKenna, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., Father McKinnon, S.J., Father McCormack, Brother Justin, General O'Brien, and others. Letters of regret were read from Father Pardow, S.J.; Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, and Bishop Burke, of Albany. The musical programme was excellent, the audience heartily applauding the exquisite singing of Miss Hilke and Miss Clary, both of the Cathedral choir.

The Fénelon Reading Circle at the Pouch mansion, Brooklyn, tendered a reception to the new president of the Champlain Summer-School. It was one of the most brilliant and largely attended social reunions ever given by the Circle. The programme opened with musical selections, which were excellently rendered.

Father Flannery, director of the Fénelon, introduced the guest of the evening in a brief speech. Father Lavelle complimented the Fénelon on its superior advantages in the way of a meeting-place, and spoke of the interest he always felt in Brooklyn, not only from very pleasant recollections of childhood days spent within its borders, but also from later association in college and seminary, Bishop McDonnell and others of the clergy having been among his oldest friends. Father Lavelle then went on to speak of the Summer-School, its advantages, intellectually and socially, and urged the Fénelon to form an association and become a permanent part of the Summer-School by constructing a cottage on the grounds at Cliff Haven, which would be a monument to the zeal, energy, and Catholicity of the city. Father Lavelle paid a high tribute to his predecessor, the Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., who resigned to assume the presidency of the Catholic University at Washington.

* * *

As education and the habit of promiscuous reading become every day more common, certain exigencies arise which those who have the care of souls at heart must always be prepared to meet. Education and reading resemble fire to a very considerable extent. Fire is perhaps the greatest physical blessing mankind enjoys. Without it every comfort of life would vanish. Civilization cannot be conceived without it, since all the arts which make up the comfort and refinement of life depend upon fire for their possibility. And yet this element, this great blessing, taken out of its proper place, is the most terrible instrument of destruction known to man. Thus it is with education and reading. Properly directed, they produce blessings untold. But misguided, their results are baneful in the extreme. This is a fact so well known that it needs no proof and scarcely requires a statement. As we stand at present our people can scarcely avoid coming in contact with principles that are false and thoughts that are either untrue or distorted. It is necessary, therefore, in this intellectual struggle to be constantly vigilant, and to guide the desire for knowledge so that it shall not become a curse. Our current cheap literature is full of insinuations and incorrect assertions with regard to the fundamental principles of reason and of faith. These errors are no longer confined to the attention of learned specialists. The plainest people meet them every day. Consequently, their refutation must no longer be restricted to the classroom or the university hall. It is neces-

sary to speak to all the people about them so that correct thought may be the source of correct action, and true principles the cause of faithful Christian lives.

In accordance with the plan just stated, the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Director of the Cathedral Library, New York City, assisted by some of the most active workers for the Champlain Summer-School, organized a course of lectures which have been attended by large numbers. The general subject chosen was psychology, and the object of the lectures was to state what is conceived to be the correct psychological teaching as against the psychological teaching contained in the books which are most widely read, but whose influence must necessarily be considered pernicious by any one who accepts revealed religion in the Christian sense. Among the practical results it was hoped not only to aid to a correct understanding of the principles of Psychology, but to enable the student to demonstrate the truth of these principles, to maintain them against the false principles that are so common.

Under the same auspices a very notable lecture on the Spiritual Element in Literature was given by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. The following synopsis indicates the line of his thought :

Literature, as one of the expressions of man's reflecting nature, partakes of his qualities. At the root man is physical and spiritual; and through those powers of the soul called mind he is intellectual. True literature is the perfect human expression of the physical, intellectual, and spiritual elements in man. In any literature the physical is the first to find expression, and the spiritual last; but what is properly called literature is composed of three elements. In particular literatures one element may be predominant. In particular writers the spiritual may be entirely absent.

The presence and the force of the spiritual element determine the power and beauty of a literature and of individual writers. Consequently this element is highly valued by all writers, even the materialistic, and is sought for with much earnestness. But in our day the spiritual element has almost entirely disappeared from a certain class of writings, and most of the popular and so-called classical literature of the hour will be in the rubbish-heap within this generation. The average novelist and essayist, poet and historian, is utterly without the spiritual element, as in the case of Howells, Allen, Emerson, and Froude. The decay of the spiritual element in literature has been accompanied by the increasing predominance of the physical, the sensual, and the purely intellectual, and the abnormal in our current literature. Hence, Nordau's cry of degeneration.

The Bible is the highest and finest expression of the spiritual element in man's nature, taking the Bible merely as a literary performance without regard to its divine inspiration. A modern example of the force of the spiritual element in literature is the poetry of Aubrey de Vere.

The application of these principles were shown in a second lecture on Newman and Emerson: their Spiritual Power. Every great writer, in spite of his errors in philosophy, or in religious belief, possesses in some degree the spiritual element; otherwise he could not be pronounced great. Emerson, the pantheist, whose religious beliefs passed from the fairly precise into the hopelessly vague, never wholly lost the spiritual element.

Newman, faithful to all sound beliefs, impatient of the unsound, merciless to the false beliefs and methods of his time, ever led by the spiritual sense within, rose to higher and greater truths, and ended his career as a master where Emerson ended as a failure.

Shakspeare was described as the great poet of Elizabeth's reign, the last and

noblest flower of the old order in England. The spiritual element is strong in all his work, and was evidently sought for with the conscientiousness of a great artist. It is especially emphasized in Henry VIII. Shelley was the premature bud of the new order of things introduced into England and into the world by the French Revolution. He wrote with the avowed intention of ignoring, and even destroying, the spiritual as we understand it.

A study of Tennyson was given by the Rev. William Livingston, A.M., which set forth the moving spirit of his life and works. His earnest support of law and order. His attitude toward the great question of life and death. The ethical impulse of his writings tending towards what is good and pure. Individual doubts and strivings, compared with faith.

Father Livingston regarded Longfellow's message to the world a spiritual one, though not of high degree. He was moved more by the heart's affection than by the spirit's growth. He sought to rise above what he called the forms of faith, but gave little in return except a vague trust.

* * *

A joint committee of Congress, consisting of three Senators and three Representatives, has under consideration plans for the organization and management of the National Library in its new quarters. One thousand tons of books have to be moved from the Capitol to the building with the golden dome, and it is yet to be determined how the transfer is to be effected. Next April or May the removal will be begun, and at least two or three months will be required for its accomplishment. The committee has called on Librarian Spofford for information respecting the administration of foreign libraries, and on these data will be based to some extent its conclusions respecting the method by which Uncle Sam's great book collection is to be handled and governed. Congress will be asked to make a large appropriation for this purpose, inasmuch as the new building will require a considerable force of engineers, firemen, electricians, etc.

The joint committee will make its report to Congress, setting forth a plan in detail. Then the money required will be appropriated without delay, and preparations for the transfer will be promptly begun. The government thus far has shown no disposition to be mean about the re-establishment of this great national institution, and its generosity has been encouraged by the completion of the new structure within the cost of \$6,000,000 originally estimated. Almost never before has a building erected for Uncle Sam come anywhere near the estimates. In this case, furthermore, the edifice may justly be considered one of the most beautiful in the world, and there is nothing in Europe which compares with its superb interior. Everywhere is yellow gold and rare marble, yet nowhere is there gaudiness or bad taste. As a library building it is a century ahead of the very latest abroad.

Mr. Green, engineer in charge of the new building, is disposed to favor transportation of the books by way of the underground tunnel which connects the Capitol with the Library Building. The tunnel is now finished. It is three feet below ground, lined with brick, and big enough for a man to make his way through, stooping. As yet the electric railway has not been put in, by which little cars conveying books are to be run. One terminal station of the railway will be close by the Capitol rotunda, and an assistant librarian will be stationed there with messengers who will carry books that are wanted by senators or representatives. Through the tunnel will run a pneumatic tube, by means of which orders for books, scribbled on scraps of paper, may be conveyed in an instant, and the volumes required will be shot back from the Library Building. Meanwhile, any member of Congress will be able to communicate with Mr. Spofford directly by telephone, the wires of which will pass through the conduit. M. C. M.

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